

LIFE AND WORK
OF THE
REV. G. THEOPHILUS
DODDS

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The life and work of the
Rev. G. Theophilus Dodds

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“Et de Hierosolymis et de Britannia aequaliter patet aula
cœlestis.”—JEROME, *Ep. ad Paulinum*.

“Si computes annos,—exiguum tempus : si vices rerum,—ævum
putes. Quod potest esse documento, nihil desperare, nulli rei fidere,
quum videamus tot varietates tam volubili orbe circumagi.”—PLINY
(the less), iv. 24.



Very affectly!

George Thomas Down

THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF THE
REV. G. THEOPHILUS DODDS,
MISSIONARY
IN CONNECTION WITH THE McALL MISSION, FRANCE.

BY
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

"Nul de nous ne vit pour lui même, et nul ne meurt pour lui même. Car si nous vivons nous vivons pour le Seigneur; et si nous mourons, nous mourons pour le Seigneur"—Rom xiv 7, 8.

NEW YORK:
ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS,
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1884.



PREFACE.

I WRITE this Memoir in the hope that it may be useful in such ways as the following:—

I. It may help to make known that great and growing Mission, which though only begun twelve years ago, numbers above eighty stations throughout France in full operation. The interior workings of that peculiar enterprise are here brought to light in the brief story of one of its chief agents. The inner life of the Mission is the true exponent of its aim; and it is worthy of being studied.

II. It will preserve the memory of one who, though dying at the early age of thirty-two, did a true work for God in France, “spending and being spent;” toiling early and late, not counting his life dear to him, till, after five years of toil, he sank down exhausted on the harvest-field, amid the sheaves which he had been reaping.

III. It will appeal to the young men of our own

land, especially to our students: stimulating them to undertake great things for Christ in the prime of their manhood; teaching them also to abjure earthly ambitions and mere literary distinctions; rebuking the love of fame, and gold, and honour; awakening them to self-denial, and dedication of all that they possess to Him whom they call Lord and Master; lifting them, it may be, to a higher platform both of character and duty.

IV. It will appeal not only to our students, but to their instructors. How much the maturer life of a young man is shaped by his Professors! And this not only in regard to sound doctrine, but as to fervour and zeal. Coldness is not a negation. It tells most actively on all who come near it. So warmth is infectious. It radiates on every side, apart altogether from eloquence, or logic, or learning.

The French proverb, "Many hands, easy work," has not yet been realised in the Paris Mission. It is still "short-handed," very much "undermanned." Recruits are slow in offering themselves; and yet the work increases.* Perhaps the picture I have

* Mr. Dodds, in one of his letters from Lyons, after mentioning the invitations from numerous places in France, adds, "It is a grand thing to see a country awakening and seeking the Gospel. I only wish there were labourers enough to respond to all these calls.

drawn may deter some. Still the truth must be stated, and the cost must be counted; though it has not always to be so sadly paid as in the case of Mr. Dodds. Yet the prospect of laborious days will not stumble the earnest, and it will stimulate the brave. Oftentimes the weary workers have felt what Edwards tells of his experience,—“How sweet it was to work all day for God, and to lie down at night under His smile.” So did this weary worker feel, when, after his five years of toil, he lay down in the loneliness of Buisson Luzas to “rest from his labours,” under the smile and in the home of God.

As M. Réveillaud’s name occurs frequently in the following pages, I should like to give an extract regarding him from an American journal. From the time of his remarkable conversion some years ago, Mr. Dodds was very strongly drawn to him, and looked to him as one destined to take no common part in the future religious history of France. An American journalist thus writes:—

I fear we shall have to *train up a generation of young evangelists*. Réveillaud told us as much the other day. French congregations, with a few exceptions, lack life. They think they have fulfilled their religious duties when they go to ‘la prédication’ once a-Sunday;—parties and dancing being perfectly lawful when the evening comes.”

“I have said that all the addresses centred around the one thought—more men ; perhaps two of them were exceptions, and they were among the most notable in the meetings. The first was a fifteen minutes’ address from M. Réveillaud, of whom *The Christian Union* gave its readers some account last week. M. Réveillaud is a man of middle height, jet black hair, fine presence, clear and powerful voice, and that something indescribable which we call magnetism. Every eye was fixed on him from the moment he was introduced, and every ear was attentive to hear him, though he spoke in a language unknown to most of his auditors. He was translated by Mr. Dodds, and, quite apart from the moral and spiritual fervour of the man and the rhetorical beauty of his compact sentences, there was a singular fascination in this double oratory. The translation was so apt and happy, the spirit of the French was given so admirably and in so elegant an English that I think it safe to say that a more extraordinary piece of extempore translation was never heard. The Frenchman carried the house by storm ; and some of his epigrammatic sentences will be carried away as memorials, by all who heard him ; for example,—‘The Frenchman is born Protestant.’”

When I began to write this Memoir, I projected only a small volume. But materials multiplied ; statistics, letters, incidents came in upon all sides, and I had to encounter the great difficulty of compressing and abridging throughout. This was especially the case with the letters. His correspondence was very large, both public and private. He wrote with great facility and graphic power. Many of his

letters are long, but always full of interest ; for he had an open eye, as well as a swift pen. A considerable number were to myself ; but these I have used sparingly.

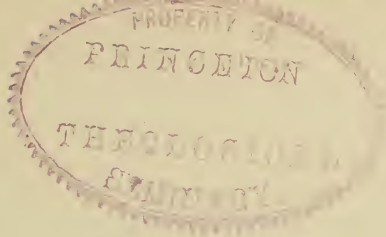
Though silent he yet speaketh. Though dead, he worketh still in his beloved France. Though departed, he is still amongst us. He has not died in vain ; nor (whatever we may think) has he left us too early.

If what I have written should speak to the Christian conscience of our young men : if this record of missionary life and labour should quicken our students to look their responsibilities in the face, and to remember that they have but ONE LIFE in which to do the work for which they were born, and for which they are studying, I shall greatly rejoice. The death of one may thus issue in the life of many.

Modern France walks everywhere over the graves of martyrs ; and no history has been like hers for faith and endurance to the death. It is specially interesting to observe how the martyr-spirit breathes through her ancient hymnology ; and to mark the prominent part which hymnology is taking in the present movement, and how, by means of it, the Gospel is penetrating "the masses" of her cities.

The two volumes of Bordier, "Chansonnier-Huguenot" are really the records of martyrdom. Yet she seems not to know all this: or at least she thinks not of it. Even her good men seem to have lost sight of the special honour which God has conferred upon their land. They take little notice of the holy dust that lies beneath their feet. But God remembers what France has suffered for His Gospel. And, in sending to her need messengers from other lands, He is not only answering the unanswered prayers of past generations, but summoning her to remember her noble ancestry of faithful witnesses,—an ancestry the like of which no other nation possesses.

THE GRANGE,
EDINBURGH, *December*, 1883.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BIRTH AND EDUCATION—DUNDEE—ST. ANDREWS,	1
II. CORRESPONDENCE AFTER LEAVING ST. ANDREWS,	46
III. STUDENT'S LIFE IN EDINBURGH,	92
IV. MISSIONARY VIEWS—INQUIRIES AS TO MISSION- FIELDS—REFUSAL OF A HOME-FIELD—RESOLU- TION TO SETTLE IN PARIS,	149
V. EARLY WORK IN PARIS—BELLEVILLE—LETTERS AND JOURNALS,	173
VI. LYONS—RETURN TO PARIS—BORDEAUX—OTHER TOWNS—VISIT TO ENGLAND—RETURN TO PARIS —SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND,	205
VII. AMERICA,	234
VIII. VOYAGE HOME—PARIS WORK—WORK IN DIF- FERENT TOWNS—SOJOURN AT CLERMONT-FER- RAND—VISIT TO THE HAUTES ALPES—RETURN TO PARIS,	270

CHAPTER	PAGE
IX. PARIS AGAIN—HOPES AND FEARS—SUCCESS— INQUIRY MEETINGS—PLANS ABOUT CONDUCT- ING MEETINGS—SPECIMENS OF USUAL WORK IN 1881 AND 1882,	309
X. THE LAST FOUR MONTHS—SUMMER WORK—PLANS FOR REST—BUISSON LUZAS—ILLNESS—DEATH— FUNERAL—MEMORIAL SERMONS AND LETTERS,	333
APPENDIX,	417

GEORGE THEOPHILUS DODDS.



CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION—DUNDEE—ST. ANDREWS.

WHEN in 1879 I wrote "The White Fields of France," I could go back to the simple but happy beginning of the M'All Mission in Belleville so modestly related by himself. He commenced alone; in fear, and yet in faith. It was a peculiar undertaking; and as to its future what could he say? There did not seem to be much of hope; and there was enough of difficulty to discourage ordinary men.

Comparing his first Belleville meeting in the Rue Julien Lacroix and its 106 sittings, in January, 1872, with the more than threescore meetings all over France into which that solitary station has grown, he will greatly rejoice; feeling

As did the Egyptian traveller when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathomed with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

In 1872 the prospect was not a bright one. In 1879 it was immensely brighter. And now, in 1883, it is brighter still, save for one heavy sorrow that has overshadowed it, of which we cannot yet penetrate the issue or the meaning. What the light is that may come out of this darkness remains to be seen.

In 1879 I could point to widening scenes of labour, and tell of new labourers raised up for these. Men and means were not indeed coming forward in proportion to the vastness of the field; but still the work was advancing;—no new disappointments, no formidable difficulties, and no serious checks. Many hearts, both at home and abroad, were cheered with the reports that came in from different quarters. A small periodical was started in that year, into which was gathered a great amount of intelligence from different stations and districts, with extracts from letters and journals of the various labourers. It grew in variety and interest in each issue, and gave to the Church at large the freshest and most reliable information that was to be found. Modest in tone, select in its materials, and well-written in all its articles, it was of great service to the Mission in England and Scotland. Its brief pictures of Paris missionary work were of the most telling kind, revealing the interior working of the enterprise; taking the reader into the very heart of the various

operations. Its quiet but vivid sketches of the different scenes were relished exceedingly.

Since then there have been changes, many and important, though the spirit of the Mission and its general machinery have remained the same. The fields have not grown less white, and they have not yet been reaped. The work has not become less hopeful; the sphere of activity has not been narrowed; the success has not been diminished.

But the workers are not quite the same. "The greater part remain unto this present; but some are fallen asleep." There have been changes; and it is with one of these changes that this volume has to do. It is certainly not a volume which I ever expected to write.

I thought that we might count upon many years of vigorous work from one whose name occurs frequently throughout "*The White Fields of France*." The promise was bright. He was just the man for the work. It would hardly have been possible to find one so singularly fitted for the singular service. Anything like failure seemed unlikely. He was in the prime of manhood, or rather in the vigour of youth, when he took the sickle in his hand: only twenty-seven years old; in sufficient health, both of body and mind; thoroughly imbued with a true missionary spirit, and "counting not his life dear to him

that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God." Hopeful, fervent, and buoyant, with all his large gifts and accomplishments, he girded himself eagerly for the enterprise to which he had been called.

His service was to be shorter than we had imagined. God's measure is not man's measure, and length of service does not always mean length of life. To do much in little time, and without parade or noise, has been the feature most memorable in some of the truest workers whom the Master has raised up, and the Church delighted to honour.

In the case of Mr. Dodds, much was accomplished in five years. Why the five were not made fifty is not for us to say. If the shorter space had been so useful, what would not the larger have been? The *outfit* seemed to be all lost; and it was no common outfit. The Master, however, it seems, could spare him, though we were saying that we could not. Who is to carry on his work? is a question not for us to answer, but for Him who gave and took him. The work was His, and so was the workman. The field remains, and He will see to the reapers. The lesson for us is to work while it is day.

No Christian dies too early; and no workman is

taken from his work too soon. The short time and the sudden removal are no doubt parts of the great agency by which the work is to be expanded and matured: perhaps I may specially add *deepened*; for work, like that among the Paris ouvriers, needs times of *deepening* and consolidation. How the sacrifice of one of its best labourers is to accomplish this, we see not. Man could not venture on such sacrifices; for he cannot calculate effects. But He to whom all such calculations are easy, and all such results open, can and may. We have but to look on, and wonder and believe. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." His way is in the sea; His path in the great waters; His footsteps are not known.

In our judgment, the labourer could ill be spared, when the fields were widening and the open doors multiplying. But in the judgment of One far wiser than we, his services were no longer required. The Master had got out of him all that He purposed; and the reaping must now pass into other hands. He knew, too, that His servant needed rest,—much more even than we knew, who saw him in his weary nights and busy mornings. Our hopes were broken; but these human hopes are not the measure of the Divine will. That will contains something better for us and for France than all that our hopes had sketched

or fancied. The Lord of the harvest knows what He is doing. There is nothing capricious in His movements. He knows when to raise up, and when to cast down. He knows, too, what workmen are needed, and what are not needed. The work is His, not ours. The instruments are in His hands, not in ours. We refer the whole case to Him; and hand over to Him both failure and success. He holds Himself responsible for both.

On the 9th of September, 1882, George Theophilus Dodds rested from his labours, at the age of thirty-two. Far from father and mother, brother and sister; far from his dear friends in Scotland, and from those no less dear, in the land of his adoption, he lay down upon a sick-bed from which he was not to rise. In a lonely dwelling, on the edge of a barren moor, five miles from the nearest post-town; no village near; in just such a retreat as in a day of health would have been very desirable, he was strangely stricken down; and the rest which he had come to seek was exchanged for one more perfect and enduring. After twelve days of illness, in great prostration and pain and weariness, with only his beloved wife and two dear Christian friends to soothe his death-bed and close his eyes, on the afternoon of a bright sunny Saturday he passed away.

Five years were the limits of his service: no more,

or rather somewhat less; for it was not till the beginning of November, 1877, that he went into regular work, and took up his abode at Belleville, settling down, as Mr. M'All had done, in the very heart of that wild district, and of the strange population whose welfare he had come to seek.

Into these five years he had crowded an extraordinary measure of work of all kinds,—patient, arduous, successful work, so that one could hardly believe that one so young could have undergone such an amount of fatigue, mental and bodily, and borne such a strain upon his constitution, as these brief years must have required. His career was short; but it was manfully begun, conscientiously filled up, and honourably ended. As an example of missionary self-denial, of enduring hardness, of manly perseverance, and of indifference to ease and comfort, it may well be set before the young men of our day for *imitation*; for it will not be worth the *admiring* if it be not also *imitated*.

Here is a record of self-consecration. It does not connect itself with foreign missions, but simply with European work. Not the less, however, on that account, is it an example for the youth of all churches. The work in Paris was quite as heavy and as self-sacrificing as it could have been in India or China; the only difference being the lesser distance from

home, and the fuller equipment in language of the workman for his special work before setting out. No one who may offer himself for the Paris field need do so under the idea that the work will be of an easier kind, demanding a more commonplace outfit, or offering somewhat of ease and leisure. If he starts with any such idea he will soon be undeceived, and find that he is not the man for Paris, where "enduring hardness" is the rule for all workers, male or female.

Tourists have seldom troubled themselves about missionary work in Paris. Even Christian men have hitherto overlooked it. They have visited the Louvre, the Madeleine, Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées; but the grandest sights of all,—the *Salles*, with their *ouvrier* gatherings, they have not inquired for. They have "done" Paris, and wearied themselves in body and soul; but they have rushed past these interesting halls which angels might "desire to look into," without even stopping to listen to the happy songs, or the good news, or the invitations to the passing crowds. Of the hundred thousand visitors who rush through Paris every summer from the British Islands, how few could tell you anything of these bright meetings! Some have never heard of them; some have heard of them, but they were too much occupied with sight-seeing to go out of their

way to find out even the nearest mission-station. Some, returning from the opera, might pass the mission door, or encounter the weary worker,—perhaps a lonely lady,—threading her way to the “Home” where the female workers reside; but what was she to them, or what was her work to an excited sight-seer, or a lover of pleasure, with the music of the opera still ringing in his ears?

The true sights of Paris are not what the gay crowd flocks to, or what the paid commissionaires can point out, or what forms the subject of conversation at the *table-d'hôte*, or what the handbook enumerates,—but those in which humble men and women, not counting their lives dear to them, are spending and being spent in gathering in the refuse of Parisian society,—the furthest gone of the waifs of humanity. The real “spectacles” of the French capital are the nightly gatherings of the poor ouvriers listening to the “new religion” with happy eagerness, and singing with all their strength, both old and young, not the Marseillaise or the profane song, but the “Cantiques Populaires”—the hymns of everlasting life.

Perhaps our Christian tourists, when next they visit the city of two millions,—the city wholly given to pleasure,—will think of these things and be less eager in their desire to see and hear all the gay things which Paris has to attract the eye and ear.

Perhaps, too, they will think as they pass along the Rue de Rivoli or the Place du Trocadero, of the toil and weariness of those devoted workers who, it will be admitted, present a singular contrast to the pleasure-crowds whose eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor whose ear with hearing the wonders of the gay city. The band of self-denying seekers of the lost, now toiling in the lowest lanes and in the midst of the most wretched population, is one that even the gay world might admire, if it would take the trouble to look into one of their halls, or go a-visiting with them for a single day.

Not that the workers think their lot a hard one, or wish to be thought martyrs. Far from it. They go about their work with glad hearts, and return from it, generally towards midnight, happy and undiscouraged. They feel quite safe in the streets of Paris, at all hours; and as for weariness and discomfort, these are common to all such labourers, in London, Paris, or Edinburgh. The fewness of the labourers is the chief complaint; so that when even one new reaper comes into the field with a sharp sickle there is rejoicing; and when one leaves, or is taken away in the Providence of God,—especially if that one be a foremost man,—there is no common mourning. The loss of one out of a thousand is not so sorely felt; but the loss of one out of a score is an

overwhelming calamity. Were the work not the work of God, such a loss would awaken despair. Yet sorrowful as have been the hearts of the noble Paris band because of Mr. Dodds' sad removal, and dark as the shadow has been that has rested over the Mission now a whole year, there is no despondency, but only increasing zeal and faith. The work goes on with all its former vigour and hopefulness, however deeply the blank is felt. He is missed; but his memory and example remain. The Mission-Salles are his true and best monument, and his converts are the *immortelles* laid upon his tomb.

He was born at Lochee, a suburb of Dundee, on the second of June, 1850. His father is the honoured minister of the Free Church there, and his mother, who died a few months after her son, was Isabella Gardner Dickson, daughter of the Rev. John Dickson, missionary for some time at Astrakan in Southern Russia, who, along with one or two other devoted missionaries, was compelled to leave that country and return home, in consequence of the jealousy of the Russian Government, and its dread of the freely-circulated Scriptures. It was well that these self-denying men got off with simple extrusion from the Czar's dominions and banishment to their native land.

Early in the present century some missionaries left Scotland for Karass, on the borders of Circassia.

Most of them succumbed to the hardships and dangers to which they were exposed in that uncivilised region. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson (along with another missionary) were spared for further usefulness. To replace those who were removed, another reinforcement was sent out. After some years, Messrs. Mitchell and Dickson removed to Astrakan, as a better centre for the translation and printing of the Scriptures and Catechisms already in progress. Here they had ample means of itinerating among the surrounding villages of Tartars. Mr. Dickson was engaged simultaneously with two translations, one designated Tartar-Turkish, the other Tartar. The formation of a Bible Society, the frequent and encouraging visits of the Archbishop, the arrival of missionaries and strangers, besides their constant intercourse with the natives, enlivened their sojourn in Astrakan. After some time the hierarchy began to look unfavourably on the mission work, and this ultimately led to the removal of the Missionaries. Mr. Dickson devoted himself to the carrying on of the translation, and completed it as far as the Minor Prophets, when death arrested his pen. His youngest daughter, Isabella, deeply impressed with the wants of the heathen world, wished to devote herself to the mission-field. She was thought too young at the time, and afterwards was married

to Mr. Dodds of Lochee, where George Theophilus was born. His mother, meditating on the gift she had received, consecrated him to the Lord, and proposed that Theophilus should be added to his name, —asking for him that he might early love the Lord.

In boyhood he was cheerful and buoyant; full of energy and vivacity; fond of the amusements and sports of his age; yet never idle nor indolent; always studious, and desirous of gleaning information on all subjects, wherever he might be; of retentive memory, and quick in application of all he knew. Thoroughly earnest and conscientious, he did not allow recreation to interfere with study or with duty. Uprightness and conscientiousness were his characteristics, even from childhood. It was remarked of him that he always seemed to know what was right. And what he knew he did.

He owed much to his beloved mother.* In her

* Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, records an experience like the above : —“Our early training was religious. Our mother was a Christian; she took us regularly to church, and carefully drilled us in the Westminster Catechism. There has never been anything remarkable in my religious experience, except that it began very early. I think that in my childhood I came nearer to conforming to the Apostle’s injunction, ‘pray without ceasing,’ than in any other period of my life. As far back as I can remember, I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking Him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book or plaything, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school, and out of school, whether playing or studying,—it seemed natural (“Life,” p. 13).

walks with him in childhood she taught him botany, having herself no inconsiderable knowledge of that science. Thus early he became imbued with that love of natural history, which developed itself in after-life. Being also a linguist, and knowing several modern languages, such as Italian, Russian, Tartar, &c., she gave an early impulse to his linguistic tastes. Above all, as the daughter of a missionary, she filled his young mind with missionary yearnings which never left him,—though the extent of his missionary ideas then was that “he would go and preach to the blacks.” We shall see how this developed itself afterwards, and that his work in Paris was the fulfilment of his early longings, though as yet he knew nothing of Paris or ouvriers.

His entrance on the narrow way had nothing about it sudden or marked. He had from very early days a longing after God, a desire to do what was right, and a wish to be of use to his fellow-men. A father’s and a mother’s teaching had early told upon him. But the clear light did not break in all at once. A few weeks before he died he said, “I have too little sense of my own sinfulness. Even when a child, I seem to have wished to do what was right,—if I had only known how.” Thus, imperceptibly, the Spirit of God wrought His work in him from the first; the light of certainty and peace did not come

till later on. But when it came it remained unbroken to the last. He shrank intuitively from evil. Both at school and college he turned away from words and scenes of impropriety. His decision in these things was very noticeable. His conscience in these years was tender ; sometimes it might appear morbid. In later years, while there was the same tenderness, the morbid feeling was gone, not a shade of it remained. No one ever felt more free to enjoy with thankfulness all the good things which God gave. Though not unacquainted with depression, few have worked more in the liberty of Christ.

He received his early education first at the Lochee Free Church School, and then at the High School of Dundee, which he entered in 1861, and where he proved his diligence as a scholar. He was satisfied with nothing short of success in what he undertook. Kindly, unselfish and obliging, he made himself many friends. But of those juvenile days there are almost no records nor reminiscences.

The classical department was then under Dr. Richard Low, whose unwearied endeavours for the progress and welfare of his pupils will be long remembered by all who knew him. Under him, George's love of languages, hitherto latent, was developed, until in college days it grew into a passion. The books in various languages — Arabic, Turkish,

and others—which he found in his father's library, he early began to examine; and there lies beside me a Turkish New Testament, with his name on the fly-leaf, indicating that he had resolved to attack it, though I am not aware that in after years he prosecuted his Oriental studies to any extent. His great work for the last five years absorbed all his studies.

Though at school he worked hard, he relished athletic sports and outdoor recreations of all kinds. In his numerous country rambles he carried out his love of natural science, and added to the knowledge of botany which he had gained from his mother. He never, indeed, became a scientific botanist; but he retained and enlarged his early knowledge in after years, so that wherever he travelled, at home or abroad, he had an eye on the flora of the places, and used to write to his friends about them, especially the ferns he met with, sending specimens in his letters. He was thus unconsciously furnished with illustrations for his Parisian classes and meetings in later days; and many a striking enforcement or elucidation of Divine truth he gathered from the fields and gardens and woods. In conversing with or preaching to the poor Parisian *ouvrier* he found his knowledge of natural history, picked up in various past years, most serviceable.

“His Saturday holidays,” says his brother, “were spent mostly in long walks, during which he laid the foundation of an accurate knowledge of many branches of natural history. . . . As relaxation from work he cultivated music and the arts, in which he delighted. At St. Andrews, as afterwards in Edinburgh, he was a leading spirit in the Students’ Missionary Society. Even in these days he displayed his marvellous capacity for work, and the enthusiasm which he showed in everything which he took up.”

The holiday rambles of a young student reveal character more than is generally supposed; and bear upon his training for future work more than he himself at the time would reckon possible; occasionally they may be unprofitable, no doubt; but at other times useful in the education both of mind and body; sometimes only the indulgence of youthful levity, but in other cases thoughtfully gone about as preparation for more serious life.

He entered the University of St. Andrews in November, 1866, and remained there during the greater part of the usual four years’ course; exhibiting proficiency in all his classes, but specially in languages and moral philosophy. In the latter class, besides other honours, he gained the prize for the best essay on the philosophy of Spinoza. His remembrances of college days, as he has more than once told

me, were of a somewhat mingled kind ; as, indeed, the college reminiscences of most of us are, both respecting ourselves and our fellow-students. Of our college companions how often have we seen that verse fulfilled : "The first shall be last, and the last first." He did not trifle ; and in after years he expressed himself strongly regarding the way in which some students loitered through their curriculum, evincing *no sense of responsibility*, nor concern as to their future career ; looking on college sessions as periods of deliverance from home control ; indulging their tastes, not cultivating their minds, nor bracing themselves for a life of energy and usefulness.

He had great patience with the honest doubter, but none with those who "played with doubts ;" and when asked once whether he had not passed through a period of doubt like other men, he said, "I have been attacked by doubt, but I never consented to it ; I hated it all the time." Thus he wrote to a friend, 15th February, 1875 :—

"How well I know that withering chill—'that boundless nothing'—these cold and false 'eternal silences.' I have felt as if entangled in the mysteries of some subtle system—error from first to last, I knew, with hardly a line of truth in the woven tissues that net-like surrounded me. 'As for me, my feet were *almost gone*, my steps had well-nigh slipped.' These times are in a measure gone—mental problems are hardly what trouble me now. I thank God that they are more spiritual

now ; not that they are less dangerous, but mental troubles are marks of an earlier stage, surely, in the Christian life."

He was always in earnest, with a high sense of duty actuating him ; so that while he was thoroughly social and genial, he was never led aside into frivolity or vice. He had a tender conscience, which made him shun evil, and as he looked along the opening years of life, he saw a future which, whatever it might turn out, would unquestionably be greatly moulded by the complexion of his college life. The responsibilities of being had begun to weigh upon him, perhaps unconsciously, as upon many a youth brought up in a Christian family. He was only beginning life ; but he wanted to begin it well ; and besides, his heart was even then set on the ministry. The inconsistencies or eccentricities of some of his fellow-students troubled him ; and in after years he frequently referred to them. But they were to him beacons, not models.

He did well in all his classes ; but his greedy love of knowledge of all kinds kept him from caring to work for honour or ambition. He had, all his life, a great contempt for "cramming" and "coaching." All knowledge with him had not so much to be *learned* as *assimilated*. Any one who conversed with him must have observed how thorough in his case this assimilation had been. All that he studied had

been absorbed into his mental and spiritual system, so to be really part of himself; and that not in the way of *conglomeration* or *accretion*, but of *assimilation*. In looking back on these days in 1874, he writes: "I have forgotten college metaphysics; not the science itself, but the weary pages of theories which I never cared for."

I could tell the young student, who may read these pages, many a sorrowful story of misspent college days;—and of some who, though spared to be useful in the Church, and delivered from many of the consequences of youthful idleness, or worse,—to the last bore traces of early folly, and lamented to me most bitterly the frivolities of their wasted youth.

He studied philosophy, both ancient and modern, investigating it on all sides, and in all its lights and shades. The Moral Philosophy class he specially enjoyed; and frequently spoke of it in later years. His remarks afterwards upon his studies and his professors showed how various had been his reading, and how intelligently he had passed through it all. He became early aware of the strength of the currents, both upper and under, that were operating upon the intellect of the day, and threatening to land it almost unconsciously upon the shoals of a most subtle and plausible unbelief. Perhaps the thing that struck him most was the amount which he would require to surrender

of all that he had learned to account precious, *if he surrendered anything at all*. Faith and unbelief were the two parties before him; with one of which he must identify himself. The points under discussion might be undefined, and the issues undeveloped, or rather hidden in mist; but the question presenting itself in embryo was, "Faith or unbelief, which is it to be?" With one of these he must cast in his lot; and he felt that his doing so was not a mere metaphysical conclusion, but a decision which had eternal bearings upon himself and others. He had gone through some struggles; but faith had prevailed, even though his full decision for Christ had not yet unfolded itself.*

* In the autobiography of Köllner, a German pastor of the last century—a most interesting but little known volume—there is a striking paragraph narrating his first experience of a German university. It may interest some student-readers:—"In the autumn of the year 1780 I entered the university at — as a good evangelical Christian, acknowledging Jesus Christ as my atonement and mediator, and God as my father and provider through him. Here began a new division of my life, which was highly important, but at the same time equally dangerous to my faith. Even during the first half-year my faith became like a reed, blown hither and thither by the wind, and like a ball, with which the professors might play, and *did* play at their pleasure, because my power of discrimination was still too imperfect rightly to estimate everything I heard, and because I was still totally unacquainted with the spirit of the times, which, even then, had powerful influence. I am now indeed aware that the path which had been prepared *by rendering the canon of Scripture suspected*, was, even at that period, universally trodden, and a heterodox theology was the first to enter upon it with gigantic step. For a short time only I was surprised at the exegetical expositions of Scripture, which were entirely opposed to my

One thing that helped to keep him safe was his system, and especially to those passages which I had hitherto regarded as irrefragable proofs of the divinity of Jesus. I was soon not only accustomed to hear the tendency of every such passage flatly explained away, but I also persuaded myself that it could not be otherwise than as I heard it delivered from the pulpit. Satan now began to carry on his work in me; and the first thing he wrought was a disregard and contempt for my former teachers when at school. In my eyes, they were only ignorant, weak-minded people, not worthy to unloose the shoes' latchet of the supremely wise heads of the university; nay, I even thought myself much more enlightened than they.

The idea, indeed, frequently recurred to me,—what becomes of Jesus Christ if He is not the true God, and my Mediator and Redeemer, if His death is not the great means of my reconciliation, and if He did not shed His blood for the remission of my sins? This idea occasionally made me suspect the mighty wisdom I heard from the professor's chair, but only for a very short time; for who could bring any objection against the arguments of these teachers—or rather, who could resist their persuasive eloquence? Not I. I attempted, indeed, a few times, to lay my perplexities before God in prayer, and to implore His light; but I soon clearly perceived that my heart continued cold, and no longer felt the emotion it had formerly experienced. The reason of this was quite natural—I was in reality already captivated by the new system; how, then, could my prayer be heard, seeing that James expressly demands of the Christian, in order to pray in a proper manner, that he ‘ask in faith, nothing wavering’? My earnestness in prayer diminished still more, when, according to the new dogmatical system, prayer was asserted to be no longer that which it had hitherto been to me. It was thus my faith was tossed hither and thither amidst a thousand doubts; and it would certainly have suffered a total shipwreck, if the adorable Saviour of souls had not intervened and raised up for me a patron and a friend, who made it a matter of conscience to draw me back from the gulf which yawned before me.” The title of the book is “The Return to Faith; exemplified in the Life of William Köllner; written by Himself.” The English translation was published in London in 1836.

modesty. He was manly, yet humble; willing to learn, and tenacious of what he had found to be true. Unobtrusive, but not timid, he thought and acted for himself.

Of theological controversies his knowledge was, of course, at this stage imperfect; but his early philosophical and philological readings at St. Andrews prepared him for the deeper and larger discussions of his after years.

His linguistic tastes soon displayed themselves, and his facility for acquiring languages found scope to itself in different channels, apart from his immediate and direct studies. It was now that he laid the foundations of that minute and correct knowledge of comparative grammar and philology which he carried with him to the last. The niceties of language, both classical and modern, were peculiarly his study, not only as regards grammar, but the origin and function of words,—the history of particles which sometimes escape notice from the common philologist. No one could converse with him on such subjects without feeling how completely he was master of the delicacies and beauties of words, and how well he had learned, both in conversation and correspondence, to make use of his linguistic studies. His leisure hours, or indeed any minutes that could be spared from the regular curriculum, were divided

between philology and the reading of Ruskin's works, which had cast their spell over him at this time.

Though he was obliged latterly, on account of his immense correspondence, to write rapidly, his letters were remarkably correct and flowing. Though time did not allow him to go through a philological course of study, still he did not read superficially, but pushed his way by a natural linguistic sagacity into etymological details with great completeness and accuracy. He made himself acquainted with almost everything that was in the line of philological discovery for many years; not only in English, but in German and French. The reading might sometimes be rapid in his busy years, but it was sufficient to render him master of such details as were new to him.

In all these departments of study his accuracy was conspicuous. His philological memory was very retentive, aided, no doubt, by the delicacy of his musical ear. Words were to him real pictures, or, rather, living things,—creatures with souls. The simplest sounds of language were fraught with meaning to his ear. To natural sounds as well as to natural objects he used to trace up simple and common words.

He loved the classics and studied them. The study of them connected itself with philology, which

would have ultimately become a "ruling passion" with him had not higher objects risen into view. But the love of Christ's Gospel and the desire to preach it to his fellow-men, far off or near, soon absorbed other longings. Philology was to him an intensely *human* study, branching off in so many various directions, such as the character and history of ancient races and religions, and capable of being used most effectively as a buttress of Christian truth. He thought that whatever there might be of doubt or conflict in scientific discovery, the evidence of history and language was overwhelming in favour of the Bible and its truths.

Mathematics lacked interest to him, though he studied them. They were not *human* enough for him. *Homo sum* might well have been his motto in the choice of his studies. Their abstractions did not contain enough of humanity to attract him beyond a certain point. The abstractions of metaphysics were more akin to flesh and blood.

At St. Andrews, however, he overstudied. Here that temperament, which was both his weakness and his strength, showed itself. Not only did he here manifest that true-heartedness in doing work, which came out in his after-life; but his love of knowledge impelled him. He had no relish for the follies of college life. It was not merely that he felt bound to

do well all that he did ; but he could not help himself. He went into all his studies with ardour and wholeheartedness. He loved study for its own sake. But he studied too closely and continuously. As in the last year of his life it was evident that there was a sort of almost morbid fervency in his zeal, impelling him forward, and leading him to forget both his bodily and mental frame ; so it appears to have been at college. He injured himself, and retarded by nearly two years, his projected curriculum of study ; perhaps, too, sowing the seeds of weakness and exhaustion in his constitution. The overwork and illness supervening hindered him from taking his degree, and compelled him for a time to retire from college study, and to relieve himself by accepting a tutorship, as we shall see ; in the discharge of which he not only secured rest, but was enabled to brace himself for future work. He then gave ample proof of his accomplishments, not only as possessing the needful knowledge, but as singularly able to communicate it to the young. He was a thorough and skilful teacher.

All the little things of early life tell in many ways upon the greater things of busy and more earnest years. The little movements of a child's life, or a boy's life, do not terminate with childhood or boyhood, but project themselves into the far future.

The trivial crosses, or sorrows, or joys, or occupations, or friendships, work themselves into our lifetime's history; and we are often, when least aware of it, making use of what we passed through in those years of whose events we remember but little. Our books of childhood, with their stories, their songs, their hymns, their quaint and rude illustrations, make themselves visible in manhood, and mould our later being. The traits of character, too, but half developed in youth, and sometimes unduly self-suppressed, or unfairly dealt with by unskilful instructors or parents,—sometimes, perhaps, unwisely cherished or left untrained through negligence or partiality, come out to tinge, with their peculiarities of good or evil, the manhood with which they are all inseparably linked. In such men as Mr. Dodds, it is interesting to connect the boy with the man,—St. Andrews with Paris,—and see how God was training His servant for his future brief but important work.

St. Andrews and Paris are somewhat distant from each other. The turret of St. Regulus is not to be discerned from the towers of Notre Dame. But here there is a link between them. Some one, perhaps, having heard the story of the St. Andrews student and his work on the banks of the Seine, will, the next time he ascends the tower of the great French cathedral, turn his eye wistfully northward and mark

the direction in which lie St. Andrews and Dundee, eight hundred miles between.

Yet it is Mr. Dodds the missionary, not Mr. Dodds the scholar or the student, that will be the connecting link in many minds between France and Scotland in our day. His early preparation for his French work, which we have thus briefly noticed, may lead some of our students to look the subject in the face, even in their undergraduate studies, and quietly consider what bearing "the Arts Classes" may have upon their ultimate career. Mr. Dodds, as we shall see, had his eye early upon the mission field, though he came to no final decision ; so they may look a little before them, and, without deciding anything in the early part of their curriculum, may so shape some of their studies that they may be more ready for mission work, should that be the door of usefulness which may open to them.

But it is hardly worth while to dwell on these things. The later part of his life completely absorbed the earlier, and his name will always be connected with Paris, not with St. Andrews or Edinburgh. Only one likes to draw together the various links in the career of such a man. They formed part of one life, and that not a common one : and though, at the time, unimportant, they all, with more or less power and distinctness, combined to make him what

he afterwards became. Our early college life is like the underground stage of the tree, when its whole future is wrapped up in a small brown seed, very unlike its full-grown greatness. But we have pleasure at times in comparing the seed with the tree, and thinking how much of the mature excellence was owing to the hidden process which foretold little of what was to come, and yet which was absolutely necessary to the development both of flower and fruit.

Before closing this chapter, we may notice his work as a student. It was while at St. Andrews, as we have noticed, that he wrote the elaborate essay on "*The Philosophy of Spinoza*," which obtained the prize at the Moral Philosophy Class in the year 1870. It occupies one hundred and fifty octavo pages—half-bound in a volume, on whose title-page he has transcribed a peculiar motto—

"A God that could be understood would be no God at all,"

in the German manuscript style,—showing how, even at this time, he had not only mastered that language, but had taught himself its peculiar style of penmanship. In order to write this essay, he must have read very considerably, and mastered several little-known volumes, both of philosophy and history, in Latin, French, German, as well as in English. The essay is

no copy or reproduction of other men's thoughts. It is the result of a most minute study of Spinoza himself, and the analysis of his works in general, as well as of his philosophy, shows how completely he had grasped Spinoza's thoughts, subtle as these are, and difficult to lay hold of. The brief sketch of the philosopher's life is very interesting. The precocious Jewish boy, Baruch (afterwards translated into *Benedict*) Spinoza, the pupil of the Rabbis,—the scorner of Rabbinical traditions, the questioner both of Judaism and Christianity, the subtle logician, the assailant of all religions, the accomplished pantheist, the proud egotist,—all these different revelations of character and intellect, displaying no ordinary power and genius, are brought out with great skill and vividness in Mr. Dodds' essay. It is the production of a man of forty, not of a student of nineteen.

We pass over the masterly analysis of Spinoza's ethics and theological speculations given in the first sixty pages of the essay; and we present an extract as to the logical and mental processes of the philosopher:—

“We have particular objections to offer to Spinoza's use of the deductive method, and his potent, rigid, but very irrational logic in use along with the deductions. There are dangers attending the exclusive use of logic. There are dangers attending the exclusive occupation of the intellect, apart from all other faculties which deserve as much attention as either of

these. Instead of becoming developments of our nature for aiding others, and for mutual help, these undoubtedly at last become mere excrescences. They become quite unnatural and stiff, because they have been so long accustomed to stand by themselves. They come to lose all inherent life, just as the arm of the devotee becomes stiff, and in a manner lifeless, by being held for a long period in one position. Thus, these faculties are unable to recognise their relative power: their dependence on higher principles. They cannot see the use of any other faculties, for they are deluded into a false idea that they are sufficient and self-supporting. Their lifelessness and rigidity prevents them combining with the other faculties of our nature. Thus, while these are lifeless and rigid—the others, by neglect, or denial of their existence, become no less so. Spinoza fell into error here. He developed his one sole idea at the expense of the most important parts of our nature, and whether he saw the necessity of not acknowledging or boldly denying their existence, it comes to the same result,—they have or cannot have any place in the system.

“We find fault with Spinoza’s use of logic, for logic is only the formal and instrumental part of truth. When logic occupies the place of reason, we entirely ‘lose the sense of elementary truth, and the very instincts of our nature.’ Then logic becomes irreverent of all truths higher than itself; becomes irrational by denying reason its place. ‘Nothing is so terrible as logic in irrationality.’ Logic may give form, and even energy to reason, but it cannot create the facts, or give us the impressions produced by facts, or produce in our minds conviction of the truth of principles founded on these facts: it may assist, but a logical deductive process will not stand alone and precede reason.

“Logic, as an abstraction, Pascal hints, may shake everything, do away with intuition, lead to fatalism and utter scepticism.

“The application of mathematical reasoning by Spinoza to his

ethics is most unjust and false. We know that we are to proceed onwards, and get at last to something by means of inductive steps. This, at least, holds true in a philosophy of the human mind. Geometrical reasoning is the very opposite. The subject in mathematical reasoning is identical with the attribute. Thus, two and two make four; when we have the word 'four,' we simply give a new name to two plus two; we do not describe a property of two plus two. This rigid logic of Spinoza became transformed into sophistry; he proved, or tried to prove, too much; and so his reasoning put reason at last to flight.

"There is nothing, on the whole, so entirely injurious to the mind, as a continual use of logic to the exclusion of all else. Spinoza is a remarkable example of this. Facts are nothing to him; and between facts and a logical exigence he never hesitates. His mind became, at last, utterly callous to all feeling or moral sentiment, by grasping with so firm a hold such a hard and heartless tool as that of logic. Scientific deduction, logical dexterity and potentiality are not what improve the judgments of a man's mind. They would seem to tend to make it less and less delicate in its perceptions; and the intellect thus treated finds itself embarrassed even in the midst of the realities of life.

"Spinoza's method utterly excludes the possibility of arriving at satisfactory results in the science of ethics; and yet he writes on all the subjects that are connected with such a science. The highest moral problems—man's most sacred and precious interests, are rigorously examined, and generally in a way included in his ethics. The cold, senseless weapon of his too potent logic could never fail to bring him to the conclusions he came to. It was indeed a 'free necessity' that led him or impelled him on.

"The use of a purely *à priori* method in treating of ethical or any philosophical subjects is vicious. It leads the reasoner to reason in a circle: he never gets one step beyond his beginning,

he repeats in different forms what was said at first. The employment of such a method leads to no results. The adoption of a synthetic instead of an analytic method is of no use for further knowledge ; it leads us round in a circle, but never conducts us on to anything else. There is a necessity of an *à priori* element in all philosophy ; indeed, it is a part of our philosophical basis ; but the exclusive use of it leads to no results whatever.

“ We object very much to his geometrical process of reasoning. If there is any method of reasoning that cannot with any sense be applied to metaphysics, ethics, or even psychology, it is that of geometrical reasoning. Metaphysics, in all its problems, is doomed to a kind of uncertainty, which cannot be got rid of. Ethics is not an established and unchangeable science in the sense that geometry and algebra are. We believe, no doubt, in facts connected with our mental and moral nature ; but every person does not accept these facts ; and even if he accepts them, does not build on them the same structure as we do. No person ever thinks of denying the axioms, postulates, propositions, corollaries of geometry. No person ever thinks of questioning the truth of an equation or an algebraical sum, after proof by the deductive process. When we come into the region of metaphysics and ethics, we are in an entirely different position. We feel as if we were in the twilight of knowledge, in a dusky and debateable land ; where, unless the ideas we trust in had some unresolvable substance of their own, darkness and gloom would certainly reign supreme. The line of the horizon of metaphysical and ethical truth is to some extent always irregular and undefined. It is sometimes as difficult to mark the time of sunrise as of sunset, uncertainty seems to be so strong ; too powerful for our eyesight. We are to lay what basis we can for a true development of metaphysical and ethical science ; and strive with our utmost power to show the tenableness of this basis, and the certain untenableness of all others. But we cannot demonstrate

in metaphysical regions and ethical regions, as we can in the dry and arid regions of geometry. Life has a mystery about it, which will not submit to the rigorous, cold, and untesting weapon of logic or geometrical reasoning. We must be content to accept what is given us clearly, and which is its own evidence. It is insolent to insist on demonstration : at a certain degree of evidence, evidence ceases to be found ; for what was evidence in the object, we have now certainty in the subject. For evidence is a quality of the object ; while certainty is a condition of the subject. It is a condition of the subject, and we are surely above all things, conditioned to accept—without questioning—that of which we may be said to be the condition. Spinoza could not see that the lifelessness and abstract qualities of geometry had nothing whatever to do with subjects which involve all the problems of our life. It is undoubtedly true that ‘algebra does not mingle with the air we breathe.’ Neither has it anything to do with the source—the cause of the *phases* of our mysterious existence.”

We add another extract which shows us how thoroughly the author had apprehended Spinoza’s views, and how clearly he saw the fallacies on which they were based. The general reader may not follow what we have quoted, but the student will ; and whether he agrees with Mr. Dodds’s argument or not, will acknowledge its fairness and acuteness :—

“Spinoza denies freewill to God and man. We have been attempting to show that there *is* such a thing as freewill in man, and it cannot therefore be denied to God ; for, again, fatalism—necessity could not give rise to freedom, but the very opposite. If it is established for man, it is also established for God. No more can the Infinite come from the finite, the

Unconditioned from the conditioned, than freewill from fatality or blind necessity.

"The application of such views of our nature to his whole philosophy does not make us at all wonder at the view he takes of God.

"There we are led into a very confusing and peculiar way of treatment. In his struggle to get face to face with undetermined being, Spinoza's God becomes a pure abstraction from whence there can come nothing. As he sees this, he goes on to subtle disquisition on perfection and imperfection. Even his own slighted consciousness condemns him, and he tries to account for his views, and show their tenableness; and at last exhausts himself in mere contradictory jargon. The dilemmas in which M. Saisset so clearly involves him, in his arguments about the nature of God need only be referred to here. If ever the logic of Spinoza received a destructive blow at all, it was when Saisset framed these dilemmas.

"Spinoza takes his stand on—

'Omnis determinatio negatio est,'

and he must get to undetermined being. He tries and fails, because from undetermined being he cannot proceed one step; if he does succeed in advancing, it is at the expense of contradicting himself at every step. Suppose a perfect absolutely undetermined existence: the very opposite, and not only negative of this must be determined and imperfect being. It is surely evident that one opposite is not the cause, or to keep in pantheistic phraseology 'an emanation' of its counter-opposite. Therefore, how can absolutely perfect being give rise to imperfect being; how could that which is of itself, and absolutely undetermined, give rise to determined being; how, in other words, could it determine itself. By Spinoza's definition, all-absorbing as it is, of substance as the one being, he cannot begin to add on to it consistently; and yet he does so. He tells us it is 'an absolute necessity' for the perfect to become

imperfect ; but, as Professor Saisset says, 'That is a big word, intended to palliate a perfectly arbitrary hypothesis.' The absurdity of this assumption prevents its refutation by us ; it refutes itself. A weighty sentence from Montesquieu strikes us as very appropriate here : 'Those who have said that a blind fatality has produced all the effects which we see in the world, have said a great absurdity ; for what greater absurdity than a blind fatality, which should have produced intelligent beings' ('*Esprit des Lois*,' Bk. I., cap. i.). And so it is as great an absurdity, and a patent contradiction, for Spinoza to say that the perfect begets the imperfect, the undetermined the determined. For Spinoza it is not allowable at all ; in other philosophies it is different, for our views of the created and Infinite Being have not the boldness and arbitrariness of his. We do not know the Infinite,—the Absolute ; Spinoza thought he did, and miserably failed in the attempted exposition of his thought.

"Spinoza falls into the same error likewise, in viewing God under the attributes he distinguishes or determines Him by. God, by Himself, has no ideas, and does not think in any particular (for that would be a determination) way. He is pure undetermined thought. Again the absurdity rises. As God is all, and includes all in One, how is it possible that ideas and souls, the avowed determinations of thought, arise ? This is just a repetition of the former fallacy. Undetermined thought cannot give rise to determined thought. Either perfection springs out of imperfection, or imperfection out of perfection ; and both are equally absurd according to the rigorous and clear definitions we have from Spinoza.

"The same fault comes out, namely, contradiction, if we consider God in reference to both thought, extension, and the modes. I am then a mode : 'I am part and particle' (Emerson) of God ; and therefore my own individuality is gone ; I am absorbed in God's nature ; by abdicating my individual

character, my personal identity is entirely lost, and how can I say any longer I exist; I think I act, I affirm. Thus (as M. Saisset shows), in affirming God, Spinoza contradicts himself; 'by distinguishing himself from Him, by placing himself in His presence as a real subject, as a thinking and living individuality.' The pantheist cannot escape his contradictions, but he completes what was wanting in his system of contradictions. By a sweeping generalisation he boldly postulates for his own convenience and his system, the greatest of all contradictions; he speaks of 'the principle of the identity of contradictions.' Nothing and being are identical, so are the unit and zero. In the Hegelian language, 'Sein=Nichts,—i.e., being=nothing.' Pantheism, after it has reached such absurdities as this, may truly be regarded as beyond the power of refutation; we cannot refute nothing. 'It has taken away every link to connect it with common sense, with any human thought, or with any human language.'"

We leave this very able essay by quoting in full its concluding pages,—acute, clear, and eloquent:—

"We have now finished our examination of Spinoza's philosophy. Many more objections might be urged, and much more said still against such a system, but it is enough that we have tried to show its chief and most evident defects. The faults we could easily find against a system that denies the liberty, and even the reality of the creature, would be endless, for a man who uses his liberty and employs his own reality as a being, to deny, what he acknowledges in using for that very denial, must necessarily involve himself in endless contradictions.

"It is a deplorable thing to see men who might have been truly great, coolly and coldly destroy part of their own nature and become a dialectical apparatus, a reasoning machine, without feeling and without even sense. It is a good thing that men such as Spinoza did not live as they thought and wrote, else the

very world itself would be scandalised. 'Thought,' says Vinet, 'may brutalise when separated from feeling, conscience, or evidence.' Again, he says, 'All the symbolisms in the world, all the efforts of the most vast intellectual powers, could never originate in the soul the least sentiment of justice and injustice, the least notion of duty. The intellect may fertilise this germ—indeed, this fertilisation cannot take place without the intellect; but the germ pre-exists.' And yet the great intellectual powers and vast comprehensive mind of Spinoza did not perceive, or would not acknowledge this.

"The system of Spinoza is one complete whole:—so rigorously fixed is it that it cannot change in one point that is important without changing altogether. And men admire this system, and hold it up as an example of patience—of untiring investigation. Mr. Hunt, in his essay on Pantheism, —a very ordinary book we think,—hints at some comparison between Spinoza and 'Him who was pre-eminently the teacher of religion to men.' He aggrandises Spinoza, but never thinks of showing—as he might and ought to have done—the impious assumption and blasphemous declarations of this 'God-intoxicated' man. It is a wicked comparison,—that of Spinoza and Christ. A man with any reverence for the Divinity and unapproachable holiness of Christ, the God-man, would never think of venturing even the thought of a likeness between the two. It painfully reveals to us the fact that pantheism has not been without its seductive, deceptive, and corrupting influences on Mr. Hunt's mind. He talks of wisdom being justified in her children, asserts the rights of reason to be heard in matters where faith—faith in God—is alone of any use. Reason will assert her right to be heard in *her* views of the divinest mysteries. This is what is continually being harped upon in our ears by other men than Mr. Hunt; as if the soul of man had not *her* rights, and must also assert them; and that transcendently far above the reach of reason's impious grasp. Then, if a word is

said against these philosophers, we are told '*ad nauseam*,' that their whole life was a pursuit of and a devotion to truth. The search for truth becomes multitudinous in its variety of objects. All get the name of truth, however much the one may deny the other. What is truth? Is it not one and the same thing for ever and ever? It, and it alone, does not accommodate itself to man's private convictions. Truth is made for man, and he cannot give it any shape he please. If he does, it is only a creation of his own fancy, and partakes no more of the real nature of truth than the shadow partakes of the essence of its substance. But we are told: 'These men had their convictions.' Yes, that is true; but every man must have his convictions tried by a rule which is outside of himself: our will cannot be the law of our will. Truth is not the 'ego' of any man; it is something which is uncreated and independent in its existence, which nothing can bend into shape. 'There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain' (Ruskin). How many insults have been heaped, and stains given to man's holiest feelings, truest aspirations, to all that is good and best in his nature, by these German transcendentalists. Fichte considered the whole external world the projection of a universal ego proceeding according to the self-evolving laws of the universal mind. Is this truth? and if it is, who can understand it? To what part of man's nature does it address itself for apprehension? It is quite true that every man has his convictions, but whence came they? 'Each one aspires to order his life upon convictions; but if these convictions be only *his will disguised*, in what a vicious circle is he constrained to turn.'

"It was mournfully so with Spinoza, with him morality passed into intellect, mere notions, or the dimmest notions of ideas took the place of affections, and the mind supplanted the soul. The inner life was dried up; the functions of the soul were deadened, and not allowed to act, and the intellect was substituted in their

place. True it is that Spinoza was a 'dupe of his own drama.' Long-continued study of Spinoza's philosophy has left us with strangely mingled thoughts, and still stranger feelings. We cannot admire, we cannot call him a truly great man, for he wanted the essential element of greatness. Was he humble? Historians say so, and yet he regarded humility as a weakness, and considered that of all the follies that ever entered into the minds of men, the folly of repentance was the greatest. Strange contradiction this, that a man should possess and exhibit that very quality which he despised. Rénan supplies us with a remarkable saying: 'Great intellect knows no resipiscence, and high art has nothing to repent of.'

"Spinoza was very much of a Stoic in his own way. He regarded life with supreme indifference, and lived careless of consequences. Absolute scepticism led to the dissolution even of thought, as exclusive thought led to continued and confirmed moral indifferentism. Spinoza had nursed a stoical nature, peculiar in its kind, and not to be compared with the sublime Stoicism of these 'seekers after God,' Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, and Epictetus. His life is a beacon of warning to those who are tempted to go to utter wreck and ruin on the shoals of moral indifferentism.

"If man is to continue a religious being or a moral agent, and if he is all that already—then Spinoza's philosophy is false, absolutely false. No man could worship Spinoza's God; no man could rise to that communion which all earnest, truthful spirits long for and cherish. No man could love the metaphysical entity—lifeless—while it strangely possessed the power of extinguishing all life in the soul of man. No man can look forward to the so-called immortality which Spinoza provides for him, unless he desires annihilation; and that, we know, man will ever desire in vain. Repentance, and all the graces of humility—the beauty of self-denying love, and charity, of mercy and meekness—are banished from this system. No man could,

therefore, feel his lost estate, and the need of a Saviour, which is an uneradicable instinct in the heart of men.

“Spinoza speaks of Christ ; but it is plain he does not regard Him as Christ, the only Son of the living God. Sadder shadows could hardly flit before our mind’s eye than do now ; for they are shadows from the darkened and polluted sanctity of a man’s soul, which, had it been listened to, would have been the light of life. The damping breath of *pride* came upon the glass through which he saw darkly, and once for all completely darkened the glass. But the man no longer believed it to be dark ; he thought he saw clearly through it. He was deceived. It was his own abstractions which he saw reflected in that glass, and he mistook them for what was now completely enveloped in eternal darkness beyond. The words of Schleiermacher can be appropriated by us. ‘He delighted to contemplate *himself* in the mirror of an eternal world, where, doubtless, he saw *himself* reflected as its most lovely image.’

“There is nothing so dangerous as knowledge, and the pride of knowledge, the effects of which we have strikingly exemplified in Spinoza. ’Twas knowledge brought sin into the world, or rather the imprudent desire of knowledge ; and men, true to the disorders of their nature, are ever sinning the old Eve-sin again. What does the extreme and exclusive application of one’s mind to knowledge not do ? It dispels that necessary sense of wonder which keeps down pride ; that preciousness of childlike simplicity which is the characteristic of true greatness ; it quenches in man the capacity for devotion, and silently though surely saps the strength of a man’s soul. That water which ripples round the boat sparkles in the dim light of an autumn evening with a phosphoric radiance, most wonderful and most lovely. Eagerly desirous, the boatman stretches out his hand to take some of the water in its palm, and discover for himself what this wonderful light can be. The water is in his hand, closely shut, and the treasure he believes to be contained

within. But he opens his hand, and the subtile, mysterious light is no longer there. It is gone, and the water lies in the hollow of his hand colourless and wanting the beauty it had there on the open sea. The wonder is gone from it, and all the fine colour which it had when first he took it from the sea. In despair and disappointment he lets go the oars, and flings himself headlong into the glittering and crested waves, there to satiate his longing. Was it not thus with Spinoza? His monument was his tomb;—there he buried himself, where he expected life; but where all life was paralysed, and knowledge was no longer itself, but a delusive though dead imagination.”

“Every student’s name is *legion*,” said Whitefield, speaking of the importance of college life. To get hold of a student is to get hold of one whose future life is likely to tell more upon the world than that of any other. The college responsibilities, both of students and professors, are thus beyond all calculation. Affection on the one side and reverence on the other have, in the case of many a missionary and minister, wrought wonders. Such a reciprocity of feeling cannot commence too early. Dr. Arnold’s power was one worth having, and a position like his was immensely responsible. Next to that of a Christian parent, the influence of a Christian teacher is immense. In the life of Bengel there is an interesting extract given from his travelling diary which may very suitably be quoted here, as containing hints for students and professors worthy of consideration:—

“Dr. John William Bayer, Professor of Divinity at Altorf, holds private meetings of his students ; at which he gives them select passages of Scripture to explain, and their expositions are finally enlarged and corrected by himself. As he disapproves of too strict a mode of education, he insists rather on such superintendence and admonition as shall not remit even during those youthful recreations which his own free and liberal disposition cheerfully allows.”

“Stolthe, of Jena, says, that piety is at a low ebb in Holland, because they have nothing of the Cross there. Election to grace, he said, is general ; but election to glory, particular ; and that the ninth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is to be understood of the election to grace, not of the election to glory. That the merit of Christ is not the *original moving cause* of preventing grace. That tears should not be suppressed in the pulpit, as they will often speak to the hearts of some of the audience ; and that ten persons at once had recently been first affected, and spiritually awakened by such simple means. Stolthe frequently recruits himself with bodily labour. He is very prudent, and never hastily puts confidence in any one.”

“Junker, of Altenburg, is a most kind man. He admires the regulations and methods at Halle. In teaching the classics, he says, we should carefully explain the peculiarities both of Latin and of German words, though it may take up much of the time ; and that rapid reading is only useful to more advanced pupils. He construes first, and the pupils repeat after him. He delivers all his instructions in the vernacular tongue. He reads the Greek Testament through with his pupils in the course of a year, taking every occasion for practical observations and exhortations as he goes on. Pupils refusing to submit to order after two or three admonitions, are dismissed from the seminary, that he may have no occasion for any severer discipline.”

“Pritius, of Frankfort, observed, that all successful education of young persons depends quite as much on attending to the

proper direction of their *will*, as on cultivation of the understanding. He speaks highly of the writings of Poiret, as leading the mind so directly to God ; and recommends Spener's 'Advices.'

"Tennhardt received me very kindly. He is moderate and abstemious ; mortifies the flesh, and is much concerned for the health of his soul. He cordially hates every false way."

"Breithaupt, of Halle, is inclined to regard it as one of the signs of 'the last time,' that the present generation cheats itself with the notion of its own excellence, dreams of being on the point of enjoying the very best condition, and regards the ancients as no better than old women in comparison with itself. These, he says, were just the thoughts that men had of themselves immediately before the deluge ; but as 'God is not mocked,' so He is not to be imposed on by such thoughts as these."

The paternal care exercised by these continental professors of the last century is all the more remarkable, because religious declension, both in life and doctrine, had already set in, all over Europe, in the early days of that illustrious scholar. Bengel's affection for his pupils was not in vain ; and it is touching to find him, in one of his letters, telling his correspondent that he preferred correspondence with his old students to that of the literary men of his time. The chapter in his *Memoirs* on "Bengel as Tutor of a Theological Seminary," is specially full of interest and instruction. Some tutors have spent their strength in perverting the faith and undermining the religion of their favourite pupils. Bengel

is a fine specimen not only of a thorough teacher, but of an experienced spiritual director; of one who knew his students well; who won their confidence; who drew them to himself by Christian affability and tenderness; who sought them out in their struggles and perplexities; who bore with them in all their frowardness; who not only made them scholars and critics, but who pointed them daily to the one Cross, and led them to the one Teacher and the one Comforter; who instructed them with wonderful power and sagacity in the knowledge of the one Book.*

I am, however, anticipating somewhat. The St. Andrews work was preliminary. Theological study was to begin in Edinburgh.

* The following paragraph gives us a specimen of the man and his mode of teaching:—"In Greek, I employ set times for their recollecting and clearly comprehending the paradigms and grammatical rules. We go through the Greek Testament in two years, during the first months of which I require the text to be translated quite literally; but afterwards, when I find we can get on quicker and with more confidence, I let them read off sentence by sentence into Latin. The more important passages are learnt by heart. To increase our (*copia verborum*) stock of words, I conduct them through Leusden. After the whole course of these Greek Testament lectures is completed, I lecture with them upon Chrysostom's Treatise on the Priesthood; recommending to the more advanced pupils, Nonnus's 'Paraphrase of St. John's Gospel;' and 'Macarius.'"

CHAPTER II.

CORRESPONDENCE AFTER LEAVING ST. ANDREWS.

HE has made friends at college ; and the friendships there formed remain. Some, of course, are soon broken up, but others are life-long. Mutual sympathies and congenialities make them permanent.

These college friends now pass into correspondents; widely separated from each other in place, but united in affection. Their letters now reveal their college experiences ; recording reminiscences of study, trial, conflict, disappointment, success ; letting us into the secrets of a student's life, with its vicissitudes, hopes, doubts, fears, and sometimes sadnesses, —making us also acquainted with its socialities of mirth and jest, and pleasant interchange of thought and feeling, of joy and sorrow.

Mr. Dodds' letters, even in these early days, indicate the same facility of style which he showed in after years amid the bustle and weariness

of Paris. They are thoughtful, yet full of pleasantry; with nothing morbid or morose; the overflowings of an affectionate and happy spirit; always in earnest, yet sprightly and elastic.

The correspondence of college friends is full of interest in after days, even though at the time it may have been so little valued as to be thrown aside. In the present case a great deal has been lost; for Mr. Dodds wrote long letters to his companions, full of the thoughts passing through his mind at the time, and of the incidents occurring, as well as of recollections of student life and adventure.

Every student has something to tell of his university, his professors, his fellow-students. In general, these reminiscences have nothing in them of the malicious, though often of the ludicrous and peculiar. A book of such memories, written faithfully and intelligently, would be one of surpassing interest; and the materials could be easily gathered. Each university has its floating anecdotes of former or present professors; many of them worthy of being recorded, some better forgotten.

One professor (not of St. Andrews) Mr. Dodds used to speak of as manifesting his religious sentiments from the chair more than once in a peculiar way. "I have never heard a sermon for half-an-hour without hearing nonsense." To some of his students this

was rather annoying ; to others it was rather gratifying, and they used to repeat the dictum of their teacher, sometimes as his experience, and sometimes as their own, when they wished to say a specially clever thing against the evangelical pulpit.

Dr. Chalmers, in a very different strain, one day startled his students. He had been dwelling on the *simplicities* that make up the Gospel of Christ : a theme on which he loved above all things to dwell. He “expatiated” on the “good news” as that which, when simply believed, brings peace to the tossed spirit. He then came to speak of those who mystified faith, and held it up as one of the most complex acts of the human mind, consisting of no small number of separate emotions which required to be gone through, tested, and approved of by the conscience, ere the sinner could take rest or be entitled to extract peace from the thing believed. Laying great stress, as he always did, on this simplicity of the Gospel and of faith, he waxed vehement as he spoke of these mystifiers, and, starting from his seat, uttered the memorable words, “Gentlemen, these men may be tolerated, but they are much to be pitied.”

Such incidents of college life are not soon forgotten, and impressions made rise up in after years and reproduce themselves in letters such as those from which I wish to give a few extracts,—characteristic

of Mr. Dodds and illustrative of his training and companionships.

He accepted a tutorship near Liverpool, in the family of R. P. Wood, Esq.; moving about with his pupils, sometimes to Yarrow and sometimes to Edinburgh. Of that period I shall only say this, that it was a period of profitable quiet, and of great enjoyment to himself. His affection for and interest in his pupils were quite paternal. His frequent visits to his old home, the manse of Lochee, during this period of changes, showed where his heart still was.

His correspondence at this stage of his life is worthy of being preserved; and we cannot pass from St. Andrews to Edinburgh without taking note of his progress, mental and spiritual, as exhibited in the following extracts.

The Rev. J. Forgan, of Cullen, thus writes to his brother, Mr. J. D. Dodds:—

“*29th March, 1883.*—I send you a few of my old friend’s letters, or parts of them, that I happen to have preserved. It has been a pleasure to me to read them over again; and I find I can scarcely add anything to the picture they disclose of my friend. They are so true and like himself in every way, as I remember him in those old college days. They exhibit his genuine kindness of heart, his willingness to help and oblige a friend in any way that lay in his power, and at the same time his sprightliness and cheerfulness of disposition. Honest kind-

liness lay at the very foundation of his character ; and I can recall his bright smile and cheerful greeting as I used to enter his lodgings ; and I remember well, too, his hearty laugh when anything amusing occurred in our intercourse. Ruskin was his favourite author in those days, and he delighted to introduce his friends to the world of truth and beauty he found in the works of that great writer. But his range of reading was wide and varied, including philosophy and theology, as well as general literature. Vinet's 'Outlines,' and Duncan's 'Colloquia,' were favourite books with him. He took good places in his classes, but college work did not arouse the deepest energies of his nature, and he had no great ambition for college honours. The study of languages always interested him, and in private he was breaking ground in the department of philology, for which he had a special aptitude. I did not see the goal whither his linguistic studies were tending at the time, but I have frequently reflected since how Providence was even then preparing him for the work that lay before him in France. All along his college course he was in fact pursuing a process of self-education in philosophy and general literature, and especially in the study of languages. His spiritual life was, I think, to some extent overborne by the predominant intellectualism of college life, and suffered from the want of any helpful spiritual influence in the atmosphere that surrounded him. He came in contact also with the doubt and unrest of the present time ; and although his fundamental convictions were never shaken, his spiritual life declined in an atmosphere of doubt. He believed thoroughly in all lawful inquiry, and was willing to admit that doubt might be at a certain stage a natural, although by no means a necessary experience, and one from which a person might emerge with a more assured faith. Many of his own doubts he came, however, to regard as sinful in their origin. At the close of his college course there was, I think, a requickening of his spiritual life. His letters then assumed a deeply spiritual tone,

and dealt largely with experimental religion. I did not fully sympathise with the views he presented, and, in fact, only dimly descried their meaning; but I have often since loved and respected him for the way he wrote to me then, and the real desire he had for my spiritual good. He was much pleased when we afterwards came to see eye to eye in regard to the Gospel of Christ, and the way of acceptance through Him. Such are some reminiscences of your brother as I knew him at St. Andrews. It so happened that our spheres of labour lay far apart in later life, so that we did not come much into contact. I knew, however, the noble work he was engaged in. His work is now over, and he is at rest. I would wish to hear the Master's voice saying, with ever deepening solemnity, 'Work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work.'"

In a subsequent letter, dated 5th April, 1883, Mr. Forgan again writes:—

"I am very glad I happened to preserve the letters I sent, and can well believe that they will be of much interest to your family. He doubtless wrote me others at an earlier date, but they have been lost. . . . I have thought that I might in a few sentences define more exactly George's attitude towards the speculations and inquiries of the present time during his college career, so far as I can recall it through the mists of the past. I should be disposed, perhaps, to put in the words 'to some extent,' in the sentence of my previous letter in which I said 'that he came in contact,' &c. He never paraded his doubts or difficulties. So far as I can remember, he did not speak of them even to his closest friends. I am inclined to think that his letters to me at the close of his college course, gave me a clearer disclosure of what had been passing in his mind than I had received from my intercourse with him as a student; and but for these letters I probably would not have

associated an experience of doubt with my recollection of him. I should not have expected him to go along with me in the expression of doubts and objections to orthodoxy, as a matter of course. He never gave himself out as a 'liberal,' nor was he in any way identified with 'heterodoxy.' We regarded him in the main as orthodox, and imputed his more settled convictions and more definite ecclesiastical sympathies to the fact of his being a son of the manse. At the same time, he could not but come under the influence of present-day literature and the atmosphere that surrounded him; and the awakening of his own mind still more brought inquiries for him. His correspondence gives evidence that the struggle, though in the main carried on within his own breast, must have been a pretty severe one. So far as I remember, he was in a state of inquiry during the last years of his arts course, and perhaps a general expression of intellectual unsettlement would have awakened some sympathy in him, or at all events, would not have met with very decided opposition. Some snatches of conversation I happen to recall confirm me in this impression. During those years he dealt with religion mainly on its intellectual side, and our intercourse was more of that of the better class of students, moral and intellectual; with no want of happy intercourse, but not expressly religious. In him, however, there was more of fixity of religious view, and somewhat more of reverence, and something more of strictness here and there, than in some others of us. I think I used playfully to call him my 'News of the Churches.' He cherished all along a loving remembrance of our Disruption leaders, such as Chalmers, and Candlish, and Guthrie; and we used often to speak about them. He was more *en rapport* also with anything of interest that was transpiring within the Free Church and other Churches than I was. I remember his lending me Dr. Dykes' sermon on the 'New Apology,' as he was ready to lend me anything of interest that came out."

These two extracts give some idea of his mental condition during these early years. It may be said that at this time his passion for Ruskin was all-absorbing. It seemed like a spell. Whole pages did he copy out. "Ruskin," he says, "taught me to watch the skies and their colours. It is such a pure pleasure to watch the clouds." Paintings were a great delight to him, especially landscapes. Speaking of the Turner Collection in the National Gallery, he writes: "What a time I have spent of delight and interest! How grand a sky he paints! scowling often, but none the less natural. His mind could not have been playful at all. Even his mythical subjects want the cheerfulness which a Greek would have put into them."

No man, even then, could appreciate culture better than he; yet no man in after years saw more vividly the dangers of that so-called school, in which culture is substituted for spirituality: as if culture could reach the depths of a human conscience, or cultured essayism supplement the theological failure of the pulpit. His progress both in music and painting showed how dear *true culture* was to him, and yet how well he could subordinate it to his great work as an ambassador for Christ. Though in later and busier days he ceased to paint, yet he never regretted the time saved from hard college work

which he had devoted to this. His musical tastes and acquirements did not terminate with college days. They were carried with great effect and skill into his after-work.

His love of Church order was even then beginning to show itself; and his reverential bearing in the house of God, so genuine yet so unostentatious, was of itself a revelation of his character. He was one of the few students who *regularly* attended the weekly congregational prayer meeting in St. Andrews.

In my own early Edinburgh college days there was hardly such a thing as a congregational prayer-meeting or weekly lecture; but we had our students' missionary prayer meeting on the Saturday mornings, and it was well attended. Many of these students went forth to missionary work—Wilson, Ewart, Anderson, Johnstone; others remained at home—M'Cheyne, Miller, Hewitson; all of them greatly honoured.*

Yet he relished society,—shone in it,—and was always a welcome guest. Genial and polished, he repelled none, but made himself most pleasant in his different circles of companionship. Levity in handling Divine things he shrunk from; equally so from

* Dr. Hodge records a remarkable fact as to Princeton: "Almost all the College attend the prayer meeting, which is held every evening at eight o'clock."—"Life," p. 34.)

any affected gravity. His manners were simple and natural. So was his style both in writing and in speaking. As a classical scholar, as a lover of poetry and art, he knew what refinement was, and knew how it should express itself. He knew also how little is gained by parading æsthetics in public. He was not to stand up, and astonish his hearers by expounding "development" or the "science" of religion. Had such ambitions ever occurred to him when a student, the work in Paris among the *ouvriers* would have swept them away. The "æsthetics" of the Master sufficed for him. There was enough of "culture" in the discourses of the Son of God for the most refined Parisian. He was to take these for his model. The childishness of modern attempts to deceive the public by means of fine words, and to make little thoughts seem great by cloaking them with peculiar phrases and mannerisms, he despised. He went straight to the thing he wanted to say, and he said it well; not waiting to consider whether it was the language of "culture," or "æsthetics," or "philosophy." It was no object with him to dupe his hearers into the belief that he was a grander man than he really was, or that he was formed out of

"The precious porcelain of human clay,"

while the majority around him were but coarse

earthenware. He assumed no airs, either at this time or afterwards, nor sported any peculiar "style" of thought and language "above the heads" of the people; a "style" remarkable chiefly for its non-simplicity and want of definite meaning.

"Shall I enwrap my thoughts in cloudy words,
To make men think me greater than I am?
Shall I enrobe myself in dreamy mist
To hide my conscious poverty and shame?
The eternal future of a thousand souls
Hangs on my words; shall I not then be plain?
The herald of God's love to dying men,
Shall I court transient praise or earthly gain?
The truths I teach are the great truths of heaven,
Shall I defile or dim what shines so bright?
Shall I proclaim myself a man of thought
By darkening that which God has made all light?
The wealth this Book contains is for the poor;
Shall I then hide this gold from poor men's eyes?
Shall I bemist the untaught multitude,
To win the plaudits of the great and wise?"

Some of his letters at this time are specially interesting as going back in their reminiscences upon college days. It would be unfair to give these in full. They are the letters of confidential friendship, and, as such, contain allusions to individuals and events which need not go forth to the public. There is nothing in any of them to be ashamed of; nothing ill-natured or unkind; nothing of mere

gossip ; no retailing of idle incidents or malicious reports. They are most pleasant and affectionate ; but circumspection is required in publishing even a student's playful remarks about his professors or his fellow-students. Yet one almost regrets striking out these references ; they are so natural and happy. The letters are racy and genial,—perhaps not always free from the juvenile tendency to sport a little wit,—but the tone throughout is altogether pure and healthy.

Thus he writes to his friend Mr. Forgan. He dates—

“BANK HOUSE, MAGHULL, LIVERPOOL, 6th February, 1870.*—
MY DEAR FORGAN,—It is truly dreadful to think that you and I have not seen each other for more than six months now, and have not written. So I shall write now ; and don't you let a week pass before you write me a long letter. I had a letter begun to you on the 26th of December, which I never finished, and I have not written since, to you or any one hardly, for a month past almost. I have been suffering most keenly from neuralgia in my face, with toothache and earache ; all which have driven me nearly wild. I have hardly known what it is to sleep at night ; so you may be thankful you did not get a letter from me written when in that state ; or my condition and disposition would both have been reflected in a peculiar manner in such a letter. Instead of my writing mildly, as I am now doing, I should have vented my wrath on you ; for, remember, if any of us is in debt, it is you. Last letter I wrote,

* It would appear that this date ought to be 1871 ; only on the letter itself, in his own hand, it is 1870.

and did not send, contained a great deal of wondering as to what had become of ——. Would you believe it, I wrote *three* letters,—two long ones,—to him, and got no answer? I thought he might be ill, or dead, perhaps, or gone off to join some Pantheist society in Germany, instead of living a decent life at St. Andrews. He had become a mystery. Finally I wrote a postal card,—I suppose you have seen these said articles in your outlandish place,—a card in French, to save it from prying eyes, and sent it off. Yet no letter. Then I got one from home. He had called and told my friends that he would write and send an apology. A good while after came a letter. He has a fine faculty of generalising; putting the chief and one trenchant point in a forcible manner. The passage is really good, so I will give it. I had been speaking of my student sympathies being awakened up by being away from college. He says: ‘Your reflections on your past college life were such as were struggling in my own bosom unexpressed. It only reminds one of the fleetingness of all earthly things; a common observation, but true (now here is the generalisation), and one which has been forcibly illustrated in my case by the flight of Forgan a hundred miles north, and you two or three hundred miles south.’ I doubt if you or any one else could make so fine a generalisation as that! I must say I often find it coming up to my mind. Do you know, I often feel *queer* at the sudden launching I have had into another kind of life. Did you ever feel the truth of a sudden experience of ‘reverse the process’? I feel exactly as the words express it. Instead of having as much time to study what you like,—Ruskin, Spinoza, *e.g.*, and philosophy,—why I am compelled to look after two young fellows, and to train their minds in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and French. I have no time to indulge in the strange themes I used to elaborate about the end of each session. I have no particular companion,—I mean student companion. You can’t feel for me here, separate as I am from

all that is dear. I know you will laugh, you stoical wretch. I can't help it. I live on distant dearness. I treasure up all memorials of all kinds. Ah, well ! the day shall come when — ; but to return from such details, this my mode of life is totally different ; I feel the beneficial effects already. It is systematising my mind. You knew we were both (pardon me including you) rather given to be fine, literary, philosophical young men ; to study just what we chose, and nothing more ; to fling C.'s Greek to the winds, and to laugh at W. S. and his discoveries. Well, we have had all that ; and now we are at sterner work. I must say I do not know anything that is doing me more good. Whether it may possibly be that my mind is just maturing, I feel more mental accuracy in what I do than I did before. For instance, you remember me reading an essay on 'The Law of Life in Relation to Temperance,' or some fanciful title of that kind ? Well, I was reading it over the other day, and I was really surprised and confounded to find how I had let my mind wander. I had thought it was practical, and that I had said practical things in it ; but they were struggling to get expression beneath the load of mysticism, and fancy, and idealism which crowded the essay. I could not write anything like that now. The study of Spinoza's philosophy did me a world of good ; and ever since I have been reading some clear philosophy or theology to keep it up. Both of these sciences grow always in interest to me. . . . From another point of view, Ruskin may have done me good. If one is ever to get imbued with *good sensuous* literature, or poetical literature with fine idealistic thoughts, don't you think it had better be at college, or in one's earlier years ? Afterwards you have to get disabused from that sort of thing. It cannot guide you practically, however much good it does in helping you to take a fine and sensitive view of practical things. That is the one thing it does. You look at practical things in a finer light when you do come to experience their present and abiding

influence on your life. Dreamy day-quietism won't do. I must say I rather feel for any one who takes a sort of wild fancy in his college days for some sort of phase of literature—for one who shows a *bias*. Now, staid and sober fellows like —— and —— never feel these things. —— used to laugh at me for my devotion to Ruskin. . . . This is a land of brick houses and bramble lanes. The country is as flat as a pancake. There is faithful preaching here ; no ritualistic nonsense, and none of the bad effects of Broad Churchism. I must say that for the saving of the Church of England God seems to be raising up many young men who take their place as defenders of their ancient faith. If they are not to save the Church, they are, I am sure, to be witnesses. . . . The absolutely same service of prayer every Sabbath is rather tiresome. I never felt so much the rugged grandeur of our Scotch metre psalms ! Nothing here but hymns—vapid and meaningless. Somehow or other one of our paraphrases—‘Come, let us to the Lord our God’—was sung, being in the hymn-book. It was a pleasant, old, familiar sound in my ears—almost brought tears. But then it also wonderfully suited my feelings at the time. I think I shan't weary for hymns after this. There is nothing like the Psalms ; they go into all human experience. Two things or three I like in the English service—the people respond ‘Amen,’ and read the Psalms verse about with the minister. The Commandments are read every Sabbath ; and when a collection is being made, sentences are read from the Bible on giving. . . . I don't know anything more contemptible than ritualism. . . . They seem to think that God is pleased when they wear embroidered petticoats, and wave incense before Him. Can you imagine anything less earnest than serving God by symbols ? I am getting intolerant against these innovations, which are hankered after, not for the glory of God, but because they delight the senses. For such reasons I am inclined to resist the use of organs. They are not for the spiritual good of the Church.

“I have been reading the third and concluding volume of ‘God in History,’ by Bunsen—by far the most interesting and best written of the three. He goes over a vast extent of ground; and secondary intellects should be thankful that the labours of such a man are of practical use to them. Bunsen gives Bossuet a pretty hard overhauling, which is rather necessary for the admirers of that pre-eminently silly churchman and philosopher—rhetorical preacher as he may have been. There is a fine notice of Luther, of Calvin, and all the great reformers. Boehmé, the mystic, too, I find reviewed. . . . Strange to say, I am still taking a particular interest in the controversy about the *unconditioned*. I read Mansel’s ‘Bampton Lectures’ with great interest. He writes, besides, a small work called the ‘Philosophy of the Conditioned,’ in reply to the examination by Mill of Hamilton’s philosophy. I do not think I ever read a more interesting book of its kind. It has awakened in me a great admiration for Sir W. Hamilton. I do not think there ever was a professional philosopher did more to show the true connection between Christianity and philosophy, and how they are one; and when apparently different, can be reconciled. . . . I know no one like him for logically clenching all his metaphysical conclusions. I am afraid I agree almost wholly with Mansel, as I understand him, in his view of the impossibility of conceiving—making a conception of the infinite or unconditioned; though Stuart Mill hammers away pretty hard on him, and even Duncan, in his ‘Peripatetica,’ differs from Mansel. All that Mansel says, as far as I can see, is that we cannot make the Infinite an *object* of conception, else we destroy our personality and our consciousness in time. As I am speculating boldly, I would like another word for our knowledge of the Infinite and of God, and say that we have an *affinity* to both, inasmuch as we are recipient and percipient of God, being made in His image, and so divine—*i.e.*, is recipient, and so, consequently, percipient. I wonder if you saw a long

letter that Carlyle wrote to the *Times* on the war. If you have not, I shall be glad to send it to you. It is very interesting. The old man is wakened up, and how he speaks in it! I have a conviction that he is right. I must say that I can understand a man of his mind and nature looking out on our nineteenth century, and despairing of the world; for though we are increased in our wealth and discoveries, are we progressing in morality? I often think not. So I can understand Carlyle saying that Britain and all Europe are going to hell. Fancy an earnest, upright man like him living in the midst of all the nonsense in Church and State, and not feeling dreadfully aggrieved and disheartened. If you like I can also send you the *Congregationalist Magazine*, where there is a short notice of James Russell. You knew him, and would like to see it. I felt and still feel his death much. Reading that short notice of him makes one feel how we ought to work for Christ. When I look back on my twenty years, I think how little I have ever done. I do feel as a cumberer of the ground in God's sight, though I may not be so in man's. My dear friend, do you feel with me the awfully solemn thing that life is, especially with us who intend to be teachers. Oh, I think if there are any who especially need God's guiding Spirit in everything that they do, it is we. I must confess, when I despair of this world, the only refuge from dreadful and dark views of everything, is in prayer and communion with God. How little do we avail ourselves of what should be a solace, a comfort, a delight! How often to me is prayer rather a duty to be performed! How we need Christ's spirit to make us not only earnest men, but earnest Christians. The times to me are full of solemn events and solemn futurities. 'The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder, and its miseries heaped heavier every day.' Is not this too true? Often when wandering through the densely crowded streets in Liverpool, I study the faces of the people, and think. There is an immortal soul; how is it with it? I confess I am

sometimes made, in an evil hour, to doubt the Almighty's love and goodness. Such doubt is devil-born. Faith is enabling me to throw the *burden* of my doubt, *not* my doubt, on Christ. 'Father, I know that all my life is portioned out by Thee.' Experience, long and severe, long struggle with besetting sins, has taught me this,—that when I am tormented (and *I am* tormented, for the devil does not like to leave hold of those who are escaping), the only way is to pray—pray that if my doubts of all kinds cannot all be cleared up, faith may enable me to pierce such clouds, and rest on God's providence, and say, 'He doeth all things well.' Our part is not to listen any more to doubt; it is to work against both doubt and those evils which cause it. Then I go back to the experience of great Christians who came through as great and painful seasons; and if they emerged, and lived afterwards in peace, and worked in faith and love, why not I? But it is a dreadful thing to be tormented with doubt of any kind. How it wears one out,—body, soul, and spirit! I hear men praise the 'doubting' school. Well, I must say that the worst thing is to systematise into a school the wasting principles of doubt. The picture which Bunyan draws of Doubting Castle lets me see that the less we are in it the better; though when, by God's grace, we get out, if we get out, we know by experience what it is, and are doubly stronger. True it is that my doubts have been blessed to me. I am so strong in some points now that what man could do would little avail to shake my faith; and yet the old enemy knows the point of assault, and if I am tormented in any way it is by doubt. I am often tempted to envy those who are at perfect rest. Have you never found it so? I find prayer a great antidote to these things, and yet how little we pray, or read and study the Word! I have got much good from reading Dr. Marsh's Life. It is a wonderfully helping and satisfying book. I wish more of us would live and act like him. I don't know anything that grieves me more just now than the controversy going on in our

Free Church. And yet if there is anything I am determined upon, it is the great fact of national religion. I want a comprehensive union. I don't want to sneer at the Established Church because she has come to see what patronage is. I cannot see that a nation is a Christian nation, in the full sense of the word, till she is bound all together in faith and polity; till there is a State fostering the growth of religion, and religion, on the other hand, influencing the State. Such things may not seem important, but I have studied these points independently. I can say most fully that I am not a Free Churchman at all by *tradition*; I am so by conviction; and on the question of the civil magistrate, I hold most definite and clear opinions. People say that Chalmers' view was too ideal. I don't think we can aim at a too ideal view. Dr. Duncan says it is a monstrous thing that while the State may give money to any object whatever, it is not to give money to the cause of Christ.* What do you think of that? I cannot join in union with a Church whose principles tend to unchristianise a State, by assuming a negative position towards it, offering no safeguard for national religion and national Protestantism. I have studied the subject deeply and long, and I am perfectly convinced about it. Have you read Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall's speech? It is about the best I have ever read. But I am done with this subject. Do write me a letter soon,—a long letter. I have little time here. Would you like to read my Spinoza essay? I could send it you. Good-bye, old fellow, for the present.—Your attached friend,

GEORGE T. DODDS."

A letter such as the above shows us the reader, the student, the thinker, and the observer of passing events. Perhaps among many students reading is

* Dr. Duncan used to quote the aphorism of one of the Greek philosophers, "No government without the gods."

less systematic than it ought to be. Arrangement, classification, method, are often lacking, and the youthful mind is left too much to its own tastes, unhelped and unguided. At such a stage to be let loose over literature is a great calamity, and one which tells for evil upon mental habits; affecting both intellectual and spiritual health, interfering with the formation of true character, and impairing that orderliness and compactness of thinking which every student ought to cultivate. Studios desultoriness is sometimes as pernicious as idleness. In this respect a great deal depends on the professor, though more upon the student. But it is often long before the latter learns the value of consecutiveness and arrangement in reading. Skipping from volume to volume, or from subject to subject, is the cause of permanent instability of judgment, and onesidedness in reasoning. This capriciousness of study during the first four years of university work tells far more upon character and accomplishments in after life than is generally believed. *Regularity of hours* enters largely into mental as well as moral training, and Mr. Dodds was too neglectful of this, both at college and during his tutorial life, to the injury of his health, by late hours of study. He lacked somewhat the art of *packing up* time. At schools the pupils are, by the superintendence of masters, shut up to regularity.

At college the pressure is withdrawn, and each one does what is right in his own eyes. This relief from restraint operates seriously upon mental discipline and preparation for life, even though no moral evil may follow.

How far our Scotch professors enforced *systematic* study in all their different departments I do not know. Mr. Dodds always spoke in high terms of Professor Flint, at that time Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, now of Theology in Edinburgh, and seems to have owed a great deal to him.

“I think,” says his friend, “that it was in the summer after his fourth session that he wrote to me in the serious strain of his later letters. So far as I remember, it came upon me as a somewhat unexpected revelation of what was going on in his inner life. It struck me as being like one who had been somewhat undecided becoming now very decided, to a degree beyond my sympathy or full understanding at the time,—as the closing of the door to a good many things that had previously found entrance. I have no doubt there was a deepening and re-awakening of his religious life at the close of his college course, and probably earlier. I can well understand what he told you about the *glamour of culture* and the confusion thence arising.”

He had not gone to St. Andrews to trifle, and he came away more in earnest than he went. He knew what he had gone for; and of that he had gotten not a little that would serve him in coming years, and help him in prosecuting his great life-work. Bright and cheery he naturally was;—none brighter or

cheerier among his companions; though sometimes, perhaps, reserved, and giving way to depression. Unambitious of distinction, he pursued knowledge for its own sake. But the training of mind and discipline of spirit, through which he then passed, were followed by lasting results. The educationary process went on in silence; but it did its work effectually.

But here is another letter which, like the former, carries us back to college days and scenes. It is written from the old home that he loved so well:—

“FREE CHURCH MANSE, LOCHEE, 31st May, 1870.—MY DEAR FORGAN, I wonder what you are doing; whether you are grinding Hebrew, and have crammed all about the Dagesh forte and Dagesh lene, &c. The sooner you begin the better; which advice I may take to myself, as I am not very far on with it. I am reading all sorts of literature: . . . transcendental philosophy; that vigorous thinker, M'Cosh; that refined and subtile analytic, Vinet; and last, not least, Morell's 'Critical Review of Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century,' which I am delighted with,—able, candid, grasping, and very clear thinking for any one who wishes an elementary, but by no means small acquaintance with the philosophy of our day. I have also been reading Hamilton, Schlegel, and amusing myself with Blair's 'Lectures on Rhetoric,' which are rather pleasant. But I object to a man's laying down such defined rules of taste,—in short, making a grammar of all rhetoric, and writing as if (in the words of a writer whom you may recognise) the tongue, wit, and invention of the human race were supposed to have found their utmost and most divine mission in syntax and syllogism, perspective, and the five orders. I am deeply versed, you will see, in all about art, especially the Renaissance, or artificial and

scientific period ; for, sad to say, I have beside me at this present moment no less than three of my admired Ruskin's works, viz.,—Vols. IV. and V. of 'Modern Painters,' and Vol. III. of 'Stones of Venice.' But, after all, I am not reading them so much as would be expected. However, now and then I refresh myself from the drier studies by reading them. . . . I am just beginning to feel strong now in the least degree. For weeks after I came home I was very unwell,—the manifest result of stupid grinding at subjects which sap and undermine all that is natural and healthy and soul-like in a man. A thousand woes on the man who invented M.A. degrees, and as many more on the professors who confer them. I am sure you will agree with me. I think we have more serious life-work before us than spending our precious time in cramming for degrees. I doubt if I shall trouble St. Andrews' professors again. Adieu! I say to them, adieu! . . . Have you seen a very remarkable book called 'Colloquia Peripatetica,'—conversations with that very extraordinary man, Professor Duncan of Edinburgh—Hebrew professor—one of the most remarkable men of his time, but so eccentric that no one could make anything of him. The sayings are very remarkable ; the newspapers call him a second Pascal. There is one place in which he says, 'Carlyle's earnestness touches me much. What of hero worship? Aye, he and I have to meet with a strange hero yet, *Θάνατος*,—Death.' Duncan was a wonderful man. He was a sceptic in his youth, also a great Spinozist ; and is one of the most remarkable men converted from extreme scepticism to the clear knowledge of Gospel truth.* It is a pity we shall not be under him

* This is hardly correct as to Dr. Duncan. His very peculiar mind did lead him, when a student, into much that might be called sceptical. But he was, at the same time, always shrinking from his own conclusions. He never *revelled* in scepticism, as some do, nor reckoned it manlier than faith ; and he was continually seeking to extricate himself from the meshes of that unbelief into

at the Divinity Hall. I hope you are getting on with the work for the Board. If I may offer a word of advice, it is to set yourself to work steadily at the more difficult parts of it, and resolve to pass. Work up the Hebrew with a strong resolution. If you don't, you won't have a very favourable opportunity afterwards. . . . Now do take an old fellow's advice, and don't be behind. Besides you have not much to do except the Hebrew. There is, I see, some Scripture history,—the Pentateuch. There is a particularly useful book which would help you in that—Angus' 'Bible Handbook.' It epitomises, and gives a great deal of information; there is also a book which I find very useful, Vinet's 'Outlines of Theology.' That part on the doctrine of Christianity on faith and works is particularly able and good.† I think it is a very necessary thing that when students go up to the Divinity Hall they should go up with their minds quite settled in the prominent features of Christian doctrine. I remember Elder noticing this to me one night. There is nothing I feel the truth of more than this. If we go up with our minds

which his amazing power of metaphysical analysis sometimes led him. One day he said to me, and said it sorrowfully, in one of our many walks: "I was as nearly an atheist as I believe it possible for a man to be;" implying that from his own experience he was inclined to conclude that there never was such a being as an out-and-out atheist. His dread of his own doubtings was seen strikingly in what he said to a friend regarding the breaking of the light: "When first I saw *there could be a God, I danced for joy.*" It was when walking out alone that this light broke. It was on "the Brig o' Dee" that he "danced for joy."

† He afterwards was led to modify his opinion of Vinet on one important point,—the position which faith holds in justification. Vinet, in opposition to the Reformers and subsequent sound theologians, held that faith justifies because it contains in it the seed or germ of good works, not because it connects us with Christ. Against this subtle error,—which is only another form of justification by works,—Melancthon protested. Mr. Dodds came afterwards to see this.

still in a doubting state we shall do little ; our study will be comparatively useless and *unbenefiting*. I have felt this so much of late that it has been completely taking up my thoughts. There is nothing I should contemplate now with greater fear and regretful anticipation than a continued state of doubt and unsettled mind. It is a most unhealthy condition ; just as Vinet says, it is to the mind what indolence is to the body. Besides, though I know there are some men who must doubt, or they are never themselves, we too often get into the habit of doubting,—of encouraging doubts ; our mind, our whole nature dwells in a doubting atmosphere, and we cannot determine anything. We are not intended to doubt always, and we are intended to doubt *not sceptically or unbelievably*, but sincerely, and most of all prayerfully. I can look back with sorrow on the time when I was in such a doubting spirit that had any person applied to me for light on any of these subjects, I positively should have felt myself totally powerless to assist him. I don't say that I envy the man who never had his painful, inquiring, sincere, and saddening doubts, . . . yet I have a strange feeling that too much doubt is very bad for any man. Too much of the doubting we have comes from the devil. Doubt is 'devil-born.' I know it, and I feel it. There are things which I have doubted which, as a *creature*, a created being, I should never have doubted. I am under a moral government, and a just and loving God presides over all. I know and believe this ; and am perfectly certain that I shall not fail to get justice at the hands of a just and merciful God. It may seem strange my writing thus, but I have no one to whom to say all this ; and perhaps it may be beneficial for us both. I know that for a long time past, though I have neglected to do what I ought, to pray as I ought, to think as I ought, God's hand has been pursuing me and leading me in a way I knew not. I often look back with amazement at the lovingkindnesses which have really been mine, notwithstanding all my wanderings. I am

sure that many of my doubts (I do not say all) have been offensive,—insults to God,—and that makes all the more wonderful the fatherly care and providence that have been watching over me. I often feel now as if God had been leading me nearer and nearer, to see what I am and He is, when I was keeping afar off. I have never been without convictions of a certain kind. Indeed, I can say that, years ago, I thought I knew what Christ was. It would be a chequered religious experience mine if it were related; but there is one fact of which I am indubitably convinced, and that is God's care. During the last two or three months of last session, when I was so ill, there was nothing I felt so much as God's kindness and love through Christ. I had communion with Him. I had a measure of peace; but I can say, as I dimly felt then, that it was not a full measure of peace. I could not say I was satisfied with myself. I thank God I have now a deeper view of the sinfulness of sin and the *depravity* (obnoxious as the word may be) of our nature. Had we not been desperately wicked we should never have needed God's only Son to suffer crucifixion for us. There is nothing gives us so deep a view of ourselves as the habit of prayer (for the promise of God is not simply to the *act* but to the *habit* of prayer), therefore we are told of praying always and praying without ceasing. There is nothing which I think will bring us to see ourselves sinners in need of a Saviour as constant, unfailing prayer. It is prayer, more than anything else, that will and can through Christ unveil the mysteries which our natural man cannot and will never comprehend. There is often the objection urged against continuance in prayer because of no immediate answer—*i.e.*, because we have not got the needed grace. But why? There is grace in the very act of heartfelt prayer. We are not to expect an answer all at once; and how often have I found my prayer answered, not in my own short-sighted way, but in a far greater and fuller enlightenment. There is no duty I would inculcate more on men seek-

ing for light than the habit of prayer. I don't scorn an infidel on his knees, beseeching the Author of his being to show him His existence. I don't scorn a doubter on his knees seeking that God would show him the divinity and co-equality of Christ with Himself. In both these cases there is the intercession of the Saviour. Though the man does not know it, it takes place ; and there is assuredly in both cases the working of the Spirit. If our prayers are not answered at once, we must wait, and wait 'in patience continually,' and the answer will come, and many glorious sights will be obtained,—such as a view of our own guilty nature and the absolute necessity for a Redeemer. We often puzzle ourselves about the Atonement. Well, I have found,—and all who are to enter heaven through Christ's merits must also come to find that it is only faith that will give us peace ; it is only by prayer that our doubts will be cleared up. We may get to an imagined philosophical settlement of the question. This will satisfy the intellect ; but it will have no influence on the soul. Faith is the harmony of the conscience, the reason, and the heart, all combined. And then how answered prayer does clear up all *difficulties* ; leads us to accept of the Bible as our only guide and rule ; and to accept it with little more of that questioning doubt which we had so much of. In salvation a man *must* feel the nothingness of his righteousness, and see the righteousness of God. There must be a complete self-renouncement and abdication of our own merits to obtain peace through the merits of Christ. Oh, that is, and always shall be, the only way for men who feel themselves sinners. We must accept God's conditions of salvation, and see that there is not on earth any other principle, any other system, whereby men can be saved. When I look at it now, the Atonement appears to me the most wonderful exhibition of God's love that we can imagine. God is love. He loved His Son, and yet this Son He gave up for our salvation. And if people begin to talk of a partial atonement, and say that this man *cannot* be saved,

because he is not elected, I answer, you have nothing whatever to do with the doctrine of election. You are not to settle whether you are elected or not ; you are invited to come, invited freely. . . . Attending on every prominent doctrine of Christianity, you will find there is a mystery. But shining and burning truths lie beside the darkest mysteries. As Dr. Duncan says, 'The Cathedral has its crypts, and cannot be without them.' There is always sounding in my ears that grand old truth of Paul's, that we see in part, and know in part. Our present concern is to obtain pardon and peace, and God is a liar if every one is not invited. . . . There is also this one indubitable fact, which every one who has prayed can testify to, and that is, that we are conscious of an answer from God to our prayers. No man ever prayed believingly, and from his heart, but received an answer (perhaps not a direct one) to his prayer ; and we know and believe that any one who comes to the mercy-seat *will obtain* an answer. . . . There is nothing the world needs so much as the labour of praying ministers. There is no new Gospel obtainable. If a man is an earnest Christian (we talk too much of earnest *men*), I say an earnest Christian, and speaks from the heart the truths of the Gospel to sinners, then we shall need no gospel of reason, which I hear talked about. It is true our Gospel is a reasonable Gospel, but it is also a faithful Gospel. I often think of the noise that some men make now-a-days about the want of something new, and preaching to the age. But many of these men have itching ears, and their hearts cannot be touched. I have made up my mind to walk about with my own eyes open as to what these men do for Christ, and shut my ears to a great deal of their talk. I know too well that there are ministers not a few who do not preach as they ought. They spoil the old story which is ever new. They are denounced by men like Gilfillan ; but the question is, Is this or that denouncer advancing Christ's work—doing any good for Christ's cause ? Are they prayerfully acting

thus? are they asking Christ to give them strength to denounce the orthodox? It is curious to see how these very liberal men are so willing to hide the faults and errors of infidels and men who had no religion at all. Let us take a lesson, and hide the faults of those who err on the right side. Every man's duty is to ask counsel at the throne of grace, then to act and speak. However sincere a man may be, all is unavailing without prayer. We must regulate ourselves by a rule above us, and if such a man looks more clearly at his 'sincere' convictions, he will find that his own convictions are his own self-will. We must stand up for 'Christ or no Christ,' in the present day; be on one side or another. Our duty is to preach Christ to men, and not to spend our time in finding fault with weak brothers. . . . We shall be of little use in the world if we are in a state of uncertainty. We can do nothing for Christ, unless we are totally for Christ. And who has not felt it? I have. The Christian walk is very difficult, but it is attainable. . . . It will be well for us to walk life together; but better, oh, better and more blessed far to look forward to the time when this life shall end, and together we shall begin another life, an eternal one, in the presence of Christ, and rejoicing in His merits. That this may be is the earnest and often-repeated prayer of your very attached friend,

GEORGE T. DODDS."

His Christian character we see thus beginning to unfold itself. He is speaking out to his fellow-students. He lets them know what he is, what he means to be, and what he wishes them to be. The well-known shyness of students in speaking to each other of religious experience is giving way. It is not philosophy that is uppermost in his mind; nor even his beloved philology; nor is it theology.

It is the inner experience of the soul that has at length realised the difference between light and darkness ; between groping after a divine abstraction and enjoying conscious relationship to the living God.

I do not know how far he was successful in dealing with his fellow-students at this time ; but I know that in after years, by means of personal intercourse and faithful dealing, he did signally succeed in turning some from the broad into the narrow way. His influence in Paris among many older than himself was very remarkable. And it was the firm hold which he himself had of the truth which enabled him, in his own clear direct way, to bring it home to others, as well as to dispel the mists with which he found some enveloped. His letters show this ; yet they are not what we should call out-and-out religious letters, but letters in which his own religious feelings and opinions come out in intermixture with all the occurrences of the day. In these everything is natural ; and so more effective.

Here is another, dated " St. Mary's Loch, Tibbie Shields', August, Friday, 12th, 1870." It is addressed to Mr. Forgan :—

" I am staying a few nights—in fact this is the last—at that famous hostelry, Tibbie Shields', whom everybody knows. She can boast of acquaintance with more great men than either you or I can ever venture to expect—Wilson, Wordsworth, Sir

Walter Scott, Sir D. Brewster, and others innumerable. She is a fine old Scotchwoman, a real type of the common specimens of last century, with all the distinguishing points of a remarkable person. She has books presented to her, some of which are lying at the head of my bed, from all kinds of people. Looking over these, I found such a mixture—Owen on ‘Indwelling Sin,’ ‘Old Mortality,’ a pack of cards, ‘Addresses’ by Brownlow North, Winslow’s ‘Sympathy of Christ’;—Carlyle’s ‘French Revolution,’ was evidently well read. . . . My bedroom is off the kitchen, behind the kitchen fire; my door leads into the kitchen; and you may imagine that in this hot weather I am not very cold; and in this bedroom I hear all that goes on. Tibbie is very quiet just now; I think is asleep. Her son, Willie Richardson (her married name is Richardson), is discussing with some English fellow the comparative merits of Prussians and French, holding his own most tenaciously. So you see I am having experience of a very varied kind. To-day begins the shooting, and the unlucky grouse are being startled in their peaceful solitudes by an intruding set of human (humane?) beings. Whir, whir, and a covey rises of splendid birds. The old cock leads the way with his peculiar cry, Kok, kok, koka (only *he* cries out), shouting defiance, for he is cunning. But *crack* the rifle goes, and generally the game basket gets a couple of beautiful grouse or grey game. I dare say it is pleasant to some, but I don’t care for it. I love to wander among the hills, not to kill grouse, but to botanise; admire the beauty and grandeur all around; to sketch, at which I am becoming quite a proficient; and generally to meditate for a while on all subjects. There is no place that I know which has more of beauty,—greener hills, with a pastoral glow of light and peace,—finer sunsets. I think Wordsworth says, ‘The peacefulness of heaven broods on the sea.’ Some fool changed *on* into *o’er*. What a change! I have realised the beauty of it,—the expressiveness and truthfulness of the ‘on,’

over and over again. I don't think I am inclining at all to mysticism when I say that the word 'on' expresses the spiritual presence of heaven,—of God's power and love, which I can see so fully in all around. I remember standing one night at my window and looking across the lake to where Yarrow,—that word of sorrow,—enters. The patriarch's moon, 'walking in brightness' (Job xxxi. 26), was actually before me,—the patriarch's moon really 'walking' among the clouds, and the silver shadows cast on the loch came to the very edge of it, just where I stood. There was something inexpressibly beautiful in the sight."

Tweston, the German professor (fifty years ago), went to the theatre from a *sense of duty*, to "cultivate his taste"! Mr. Dodds preferred the mountains and lakes. They were realities, and he found them best fitted to cultivate his taste.

"Sometimes in the morning the water was perfectly still, and the hills reflected so perfectly in it that you could see the sheep grazing. I never tire looking at the hills. How they gradually come out in the morning; colour unceasingly as changefully under the sun; rest in the twilight; hold the stray clouds in their courses as by a spell; and melt away later on in the most perfect and unbroken sympathy, till the remotest seem to colour with the lightest shades of the most delicate blue, purple, and tender green, and blend with the sky! And then there are burns—not plain and unspirited lowland rivulets, but brooks with their cold ice-water sources, tumbling over rocks, running on golden gravel; then confined to a narrow miniature gorge; then becoming larger and forming some of the finest and most picturesque pools. Large rocky boulders soften their severity and let the water flow over them. Ferns of the purest green fringe the banks, and purple heather, with

many other plants. The rocks become lichen-covered, grass-overgrown. Your eye can rest satisfied with this abundant gratification, while the ear delights in the never-ceasing cascade of music that pours over the rock. I never can forget a favourite verse—‘His tender mercies are over (or *on*) all His works.’ ‘How manifold are Thy works ; in wisdom hast Thou made them all.’”

His love of wild scenery,—sea and sky, streams and mountains,—comes out romantically in these letters. The painter, the poet, and the musician get vent to themselves amid these splendid solitudes. This passion for the beautiful grew upon him, even after he had ceased to sketch ; and in his visit to the High Alps, made after he was settled in Paris, we find it in his descriptions of nature. Above all, it was the *sky* that he admired most, with its dissolving views and changing colours. He had a quick and discerning eye for *colours*.

Amid these pastoral solitudes, I doubt not, he looked into his own future,—meditating on missionary life in some land of the far East or South. But I do not suppose that Paris ever then entered into his plans. He little thought that his work was to shut him up within the walls of a crowded city, far from the green valleys and clear streams that he loved so well ; and that at last, when he went out of the busy streets into the solitude of Buisson, it was only to die.

The next letter breathes the same spirit, and shows the same man. It is written a month later (10th September), and is dated from Lochee :—

“ I left St. Mary’s on the 13th of August ; drove by omnibus to Selkirk—such a splendid drive ! You scarcely miss sight of the Yarrow all the way. And the hills—now bare, but purpled with heather, then deeply wooded—extend almost the whole way. There are so many associations connected with it that the drive is one of the finest you could have. I saw what remains of the ‘dowie dens of Yarrow.’ But they don’t look so very poetic now. . . . Stayed in Edinburgh for a few days ; then here (Lochee) ; then went to stay with some friends at Kenmore. . . . I had never been north of Perth before. The scenery all the way above Perth is grand,—the Tay watering the valley all the way down, and the hills mostly wooded ; not as at St. Mary’s, with Scotch pine. Fir and larch form a very fine combination of colour ; and the fields in the valley are studded with beeches,—of all trees, the most pleasing in the level part of landscape. We went to Loch Rannoch one day,—such an unequalled drive ! I cannot forget the perfect purple and yellow sunlight on the hills, nor the way the grim and grey Schiehallion rose over all the rest against the sky, with grey-green birches near its foot, reminding me of the old trees you see in stucco paintings. I have not seen many Highland lochs, but Loch Rannoch was silent, solemn, grand. The great extent of its water and the partial bleakness of its scenery made it remarkable. I stayed and painted it while the rest of the party wandered off. Then we had dinner at the inn. Strange experiences you have in travelling ! I looked through the tourists’ book. Every fool scribbles in it,—writes his name, exaggerates the number of fish he has caught ; so that if all the piscatory statistics were true, the loch would be pretty empty

just now, whereas it seems to get fuller every year. I wonder how many people there are who travel just for the sake of saying they have been at such a place ; not to admire it, but just to say they have been there. . . . Then the Pass of Glenlyon—which the hills seem to shut in, and over which they keep watch in terrible silence and jealousy, as if no one might dare violate the grandeur of those Highland hills. I was silent when I saw that Pass of Glenlyon : its awful grandeur, its impressive gathering round it at one single point of so many hills ; rough here with loose boulders, green there with fir-trees, that fretted the sky with their dark, needle-like points. I drank in with purest pleasure the joy that came over me when I saw this Pass. What it must be in a clear moonlight night, just darkly visible, I leave you as well as myself to imagine. Would that I could have seen it at such a time ! I saw, however, Ben Lawers rising from the shore of Loch Tay, the hills closing round the loch to a point. You could almost feel as well as see the peacefulness of the moonlight “brooding on” the hills and loch. Every part of the scene had lost the glare imparted by the noonday sun, and the colours were toned down into quietness. Most wonderful of all, a pure fleecy cloud, apart from all the rest, descended the hill, and stretched itself out along the middle, while the clouds above wore gradations of colour, dark and light. The water had that sombre gleam, with moonlight glints of light, which forms its finest appearance. I was then on the brow of a hill, and wandered about a long time, looking at and drinking in the beauty. Such sights always do me good. You feel the purity of God’s creation, the impurity, the vileness,—let men say what they will,—of your own heart ; how we, who are able to become, through His grace, the temple of God, pollute *our* sanctuary, and the purity of nature also. . . . I have got a piece of news for you, which will but illustrate how I sometimes follow your bad example. I can fancy you start at the intelligence. The Woods have asked me to stay all

winter with them. . . . I think it will be greatly for my good. I shall run no danger of getting again into such bad health as I was in when I left College, and I shall have time to mature my mind before entering the Hall. Unfortunately at the time, fortunately now, I was quite laid up when the Board examination took place, and had to get a medical certificate to qualify me for an examination in November. I'm thankful I sha'n't need it now. I had been ill with a horrid kind of chill fever, contracted in an expedition to the hills, when caught in a thunderstorm. . . . I have been reading Carlyle's 'Cromwell.' It is a grand and noble book. I shed tears, I am not ashamed to say, when I came to the account of his death. 'So dies a hero,' says Schiller. May Carlyle die a like death ! . . . I was bothering my head lately about a metaphysical question : Does every cognition involve a judgment ? You will be none the wiser for answering it. I heard, a good while ago, Mr. Wilson, of Barclay Church, Edinburgh, preach a mission sermon on *the leaven*—'Until the whole was leavened.' The earnestness, power, and vigour of thought were very remarkable. I wish you could have heard it. It did me a great deal of good."

Again he writes to Mr. Forgan, on 20th July, 1871, from St. Mary's, Yarrow. An extract will suffice :—

"The Edinburgh people, like Vandals, wished to build a dam across the Yarrow,—that sacred, classic Yarrow ! I declare the materialism of our age is alarming ! They wanted to cut a sluice between St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. . . . Edinburgh bailies came out to investigate, and generally carried away pitchers of water slung under their conveyances. I could have soused them heads and heels in water ! I'm thankful they have not got their Water Bill carried. Let them go where they like, if they will stay away from this place. It is too bad, after they have disturbed all the old and revered places in Scotland, they should attempt St. Mary's ! Do you remember that passage

in 'Colloquia Peripatetica': 'We are drifting—drifting into an awfully materialistic age. They will be tunnelling Olympus, and watering the engines at Hippocrene.* I wonder that any one with any classical reverence could think of tunnelling Olympus, and just equally so of disturbing Yarrow and St. Mary's Loch. . . . If you go to the hall this year you will be a year before me, for I am to be another year at Maghull. You see I enjoy my teaching immensely. It does me much good; develops and benefits my mind, and gives me such an insight into many things, human nature included, that as I am not old I do not grudge another year. I was twenty-one in June, and so shall be twenty-two next June, so that I shall be twenty-six years old when I am finished with the Hall. . . . I am always thinking of subjects connected with my future studies,—generally those questions which arise at the conjunction of philosophy and theology. I have been reading Newman's 'Grammar of Assent,'—a very remarkable book. . . . Do you remember once saying that at last one came to *think* in philosophy independently of all systems,—that one formed a system for themselves. I have found it true. I am independent of all systems. I find myself during my wanderings here indulging in speculations of the most fantastic kind. I have got a theory of nescience or ignorance which I should like to impart to you, if I could have a talk with

* Dr. Duncan's forebodings remind one of the warning given many years before by the German Von Gerlach: "Be on your guard against materialistic politics and the false liberalism of the infidel French and English of the last century: Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, &c. &c. Compare not only your doctrines, but also *your feelings*, with those of the blessed Lord, of St. Paul, and of the saints of former times, on the one hand, and with those of the liberals of our own time on the other; but compare thoroughly and candidly, without prejudice, as before the all-seeing eye of the Holy One, and shudder if you disagree with the former and agree with the latter. Alas! that Satan should always prefer to build chapels close beside the churches of God!"

you. I have so much to speak about. If we do not see each other, I may manage to put some of my thoughts on paper about all I have to say. It is a grand thing to look forward to opening life,—to feel that in the future your work lies; to feel that you are to go into it with all the enthusiasm you are capable of. It is true that the opening of life appears very fine to a young man; but I would rather not be one of those creatures who, of lymphatic nature, go into their work, such as it is, without any corresponding change in their character, as it issues from a state of comparative repose, meditation, and reflection, to one of action and trial of capabilities. I feel that I have got a work to do, and I pity any one who does not feel the same. The great fault of many at present is that they think the world is moving on smoothly and pleasantly to some fine goal of the perfection of humanity. Whereas, I would say, 'The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder, and its miseries are heaped heavier every day.' We are not in a state of perfection, or even tending towards it. We are like the nations of Greece and Rome, gliding into the state of life which produces human beings, who have all qualities but those of a man. We are getting corrupted under a delicate, effeminate, and silly civilisation. There is a want of open truth and courage, of moral and Christian earnestness. There is a horrid amount of diplomacy, diplomacy and nothing else, in our character and conduct as a nation. I wish we had some great man like Oliver Cromwell. I even wish we had Bismarck, who would use a strong will. In our public life there is a sort of delicate consideration for all aberrations and sins, which being no longer mere toleration of bad is becoming direct encouragement of it. The eruption of the volcano must come some day. We are living in the crater. . . . I am much struck with the view which Froude takes of our present social life. He scorns the idea that all our material prosperity, and our advances in discovery, are encouraging. He desires a return to the pristine simplicity of

the Reformation. I have heard it said by some one that people speak as if God had settled all things at the Reformation ; I feel inclined to say that He settled many things, but that we do not at all recognise the *hints*, to use the expression, which He gave us for the formation of a basis of society in which religious and secular matters would not come into collision, but work hand in hand. When I read the history of Alfred the Great and his times, I see he was far in advance of us in many things, and had more enlarged views on many points. His rule was one of Truth beloved and encouraged, religion fostered. Our time is one in which while Truth is confessed and believed in, it is not acted on ; and falsehood of every kind is admired, encouraged, and employed—expediency ruling all the affairs of our nation. I often try if I can perceive a single act of public character or wide influence done in the direct interest of truth or to the glory of God. As Ruskin says, the present generation believes in a God, but it does not believe that He can rule,—Christianity confessed, and Paganism beloved. I am glad to get some of my ideas put on paper. They have been in my head too long. I don't think I am taking an extreme view of our state. I wonder what progress your mind is making in religious questions. These never fail in their interest to me. They are tenfold more important. . . . Did that verse ever strike you : 'Ye are *complete* in Him.' The whole man is out of agreement with himself, and there is a jar in his constitution. But the Gospel puts all things right. What a hyperbole 'Ye are complete in Him' would be if said of a man and his opinions ! Christ and His gospel is the only panacea for all the ills of humanity. I could say much about my own state ; how I have experienced the gradual and wonderful leadings of God. I turn round and look back on my past life, and wonder at love so free. This is Christian experience. If you ask how we come to such experience, I may say that my custom has been to carry every difficulty, doubt, and sin, to God's throne in prayer. Then you are led in a way that you know not."

A short time afterwards he writes to the same friend a most earnest letter, of which the following are the concluding sentences. They show how spiritual things were taking a firmer hold of him, and how earnestly he desired that others should be partakers of the grace in which he was resting:—

“I have long wished and yearned to have a talk with you on religion. It is the all-important and engrossing subject. Our character, as it is being formed now, will decide and influence our future life. . . . I daily pray to God on your behalf. The years of recess I have had have been those of trial and discipline amid much sin. *Blind*, I have been led in a way I knew not. I have been taught to give up my own striving and working, and look to the finished work of Christ. If you cannot say you feel this, pray, my dearest friend, that the Holy Spirit would give you light, and show you the way. That was the way I got it; and that is the only way. Let me be plain, and say that as light is given me, and my eyes are opened to see Christ, and believe, next to the work of preaching to all, the wish that lies nearest my soul is to know that you, my dearest and most valued friend, have found, and are resting in the same Saviour. May we have a ‘strong consolation’ given us to lay hold on that only hope. Your ever affectionate friend, GEORGE T. DODDS.”

Writing once more from “St. Mary’s, Yarrow,” and dating “Wednesday, June, 1872,” he gives his friend a full and graphic picture of his daily tutorial life. He seems to have enjoyed it much; and of the Yarrow hills and streams he was never weary. We get a glimpse of his philological tastes, and of the way in which he prosecuted his linguistic studies in

connection with his teaching. I had frequent occasion in after years to notice this faculty which he had of *generalising* philology, and looking at each language through the medium of other cognate tongues; also of leading his pupils in the same peculiar road. He familiarised them with all the ramifications of classical tongues, knitting languages together in a most ingenious but natural way:—

“I have learned this in my teaching, that if one is to teach he must be a scholar; and, without conceit, I can say that in several departments of human knowledge, I have made slightly satisfactory progress. Of course, teaching Latin and Greek constantly, one necessarily comes to be expert. But there is a kind of scholarship which, even in teaching, depends on our own personal exertion. I am deeply engrossed with philology just now. I teach the Latin, Greek, French, German, and English, all as cognate branches of the great European Japhetic family; and surpassingly interesting it is to do so. Then I give my pupils lessons on Scripture history. They have read St. Paul’s voyage and shipwreck in Greek, with Conybeare and Howson on the same; they are just now reading the standard work, Smith of Jordanhill’s book, on the same subject. They have done more than 160 deductions on Euclid, and are doing more. They study Heath’s ‘Natural Philosophy’; and are fair chemists in the experimental department. . . . I am glad Mr. M’Crindle is to be with you. I should dearly like to be there too. He is a good scholar, and a great friend of mine. I like the man very much. He was out in Africa after his divinity course, as secretary to some Government department. At the Disruption he came home. He preaches here every alternate Sunday; the Established Church minister the other. . . . My mind is in a curious state. You know how long I was of *coming*

out ;* and only now are the feelings and affections developing ; and I regret to say they are giving evidence that I am to be a nervous, excitable, anxious, and mentally-depressed man. I am never free from depression of some sort or other, and that is not good. Nevertheless, I am in God's hand ; and in dark attire the embassy of grace doth often come. Ah ! my friend, we need learning in the lowly school of affliction ; we must not blindly obey any human authority, only God's. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind ; that is my feeling ;—it is curious you should have come to the same conclusion at the same time. I pray that both of us may be strengthened, and guided, and preserved. 'Let the entrance of Thy Word give light !' Make wise the humble ! Humility and truth—let us have these ; they are eternal powers, and rule secretly but surely." †

* Giving utterance to his mind.

† The story of Hengstenberg's revolt from rationalism, and the contempt with which he was received in consequence of his avowal of the change, is thus told by Tholuck: "Tholuck says, that Professor Hengstenberg of Berlin was formerly of Bonn, and a very warm and decided rationalist. Although now not more than twenty-five years old, he was already so distinguished that professorships in several departments were in his offer : Greek, Oriental Languages, Philosophy, and Theology. He determined, however, to leave Bonn, and left behind him a strong and open declaration of his principles. Shortly after, he was led to attend a religious service among the Moravians. The discourse made such an impression on his mind, that his confidence in the truth of his own opinions was very much shaken. He betook himself to the simple study of the Bible, and at last came out a firm and practical believer in the great truths of the Gospel. He is now Professor of Oriental Languages at Berlin, and exceedingly bold. In one of his first lectures he said : "It matters not whether we make a god out of stone, or out of our own understanding, it is still a false god ; there is but one living God, the God of the Bible." This declaration was received with hissing and scraping by a large part of the students, by which he was little intimidated. He often asserts that "it is only the heart which doubts." When Professor Harms of

Two months later he gives the following account of himself. The depression that he speaks of arose in great measure from physical causes, temporary in their nature ; though he was perhaps too apt to give way to such dejections :—

“I was so ill that I did not expect to pass. I have passed, and wondrous to say, was highest in natural philosophy. What would —— say ?—Oh, ——, you are no judge of a man’s attainments. You could not teach. A teacher needs a discerning eye to find out all the qualities, often latent, of his pupils ; to bring them out and cherish them. Education is not so much putting something into a man as bringing something out—turning up the mind to the light. I hope you are prospering in your work, and that a blessing from on high is given you. Your remarks in last letter are identically my own sympathies about the age we live in. Our Christianity is reconciling ; but, at the same time, it must be antagonistic always to certain schools. I cannot give credit for an entire absence of moral obliquity to many men. They know what they are doing, but don’t care. We must be aggressive,—given to attack ; but the reason of our attacks must ever be love,—love to all mankind. ‘The terrors of the law in love’ is a grand reason for our work.”

Several expressions in these letters indicate the grave suspicion with which he regarded some with whom he was brought into contact. They thought themselves warranted in continuing to belong to Churches whose creed they had ceased to homolo-

Kiel came out on the side of the Bible, at the tercentenary of the Lutheran Reformation, he was overwhelmed with abuse. At least eighty pamphlets in German and Latin were launched against him. But his protest was not in vain.

gate and to teach. His transparent, straightforward character shrunk from such unmanliness. He would not subscribe the standards of a Church if he did not *thoroughly assent* to them, and if he were not prepared to *teach the subscribed doctrine fully and without reserve*. We live in a land, certainly, where any one may think what he pleases. And so long as a man does not offer himself as a teacher in a Church, there is perfect liberty to believe and to teach what his own conscience or convenience dictates. But in *choosing an official creed he voluntarily curtails* this liberty, and he is no longer entitled to promulgate the "diverse and strange doctrines" of modern thought, or to withhold the teaching of those other doctrines, by professing to accept which he had secured his position in one of the denominations which, before entrance, demand such a profession from its teachers. Hence the reference in the preceding letter to "moral obliquity;" and that judgment which he passed on them: "they know what they are doing, but don't care."

The last letter of this series which I shall quote is somewhat later than any of the preceding, but it brings us up to his theological studies in Edinburgh, and is dated "St. Mary's, Yarrow, Tuesday, 23rd June, 1874."

"Glad I am to be in this lovely spot once more. To lie quiet among the green hills, and beside this fair loch ; to hear

no city-hum of busy, noisy, perpetual work ; only to listen to the wild curlew crying as she sweeps round some heathery hill, or to watch the plover complaining as she sweeps so close to you, luring you, as she thinks, from her young ! This place is as lovely as ever. I never tire watching the changing clouds,—and the fading and growing colours on the hills,—how the misty sunlit vapour touches their retiring ridges ! You have got something of that down at Roberton ; only your hills are not quite so picturesque—flatter, and not so shut in as ours are. Nevertheless, you have a lovely spot to abide in, specially that Harden Valley of yours, which is more wooded than anything here. I thank God for this opportunity, during my student life, of coming here and resting, and having a time of comparative quiet ere I go out,—where ?* To work more directly for Him, to spend my life for His glory. What a privilege we divinity students have had, of living—merely being alive—to see that work in last winter. It seems to be deepening and spreading over the whole country. You must have returned refreshed for your work at Roberton. I hope we shall have the like blessing next winter when we return to Edinburgh. . . . I preached here last Sunday. It was rather an ordeal. If we could just

* In the Life of Dr. Hodge of Princeton, the following note occurs, which the reader may place alongside of the several hints Mr. Dodds gives us of anticipations regarding his own future life : “ Young men are sometimes disposed to determine present duty by their anticipations of the future. Mr. Baker told me that he expected to spend his life in preaching the Gospel in the mountains of Virginia ; and therefore would not need a thorough theological training. On this account he declined to enter the Theological Seminary. In less than a year after leaving College he was married and licensed, and entered on his work. The first thing we heard of him, was that he was called to be the pastor of an important church in Savannah ; then he was called to Washington, where he had Senators and Congressmen for his hearers. He subsequently discovered that God had called him to be an itinerant, and as such he was eminently successful.”

get free of self when preaching, and speak for God, or rather let the Spirit speak in you. . . . The inclosed hymn is by my youngest pupil, and a translation by myself in Latin."

To the last he took a deep interest in his fellow-students; referring with much sorrow to some who had turned aside, and with satisfaction to others who were pressing forward. Some curious incidents connected with both of these classes he could tell; and in the letters, from which I have been extracting, there are not a few remarks, interesting and discriminating, but which would hardly bear quotation.

What was the exact import of Dr. Hodge's (American) impassioned address to the students from the Princeton pulpit, now half-a-century ago, one can only venture to guess. But it is recorded that in the midst of his sermon he turned round to the right hand gallery where the young men were, and conveyed to them a message from the death-bed of one of their number who had just departed, "Tell them from me," said their dying companion, "to stop; THEY ARE MAD."

"It is young men *in dead earnest* that we need," said another, "to fill up the gaps of the ministry." And the earnestness which the age and the Church need is the earnestness not of unbelief, but of faith; the earnestness of men who have measured time, but found that they could not measure eternity.

CHAPTER III.

STUDENT'S LIFE IN EDINBURGH.

THE preceding letters, written during his "tutorial" life, will give an excellent picture of his mental and spiritual progress during that interval of partial rest between his St. Andrews and his Edinburgh career, which insufficient health (chiefly from what he afterwards called "his old enemy," intermittent fever) had unwillingly compelled him to take.

That interval had not been altogether an unstudious one, though college work had to be, for a season, lost sight of. The last year of his curriculum had been cut short by illness through over-study; it was needful that, before entering on his Edinburgh course, he should have a certain amount of mental repose, though still prosecuting his favourite studies and pursuits, reading a good deal, and relaxing himself with out-door employments, such as gardening, which, with his botanical knowledge, was always a pleasure

to him. Touring about, also, with his pupils, was a great refreshment to one whose eye and ear were ever wide open to all sights and sounds around him. His frequent resting-place was St. Mary's Loch, which he has described in one of his letters, and which he enjoyed amazingly. He taught, and yet, all the while, he quietly looked about him on the beauty which surrounded him: not discontinuing his studies, yet enjoying the quiet of a Christian family, and the opportunity of training up two young men, both by companionship and varied instruction, for the futurities of active life. In the capacity of tutor he did his work thoroughly. He liked the tutorship, he loved his pupils, and he threw himself into the work of these two years with the same wholeheartedness that he had done into the work of college years. I need hardly add that his affection for his pupils was returned by them to the full.

This season of retirement from college life was not only a peaceful but a profitable time, with bearings upon his future missionary work, though he knew it not. The experience he thus gathered was of a new kind. Though he had a great deal of teaching power and skill in his constitution, he had not yet learned the art of teaching. He soon found that he could teach; and the discipline in this respect, through which he thus passed was most suitable; and in the practice

of it at this time, he acquired a proficiency in "the art of instruction" which was most helpful afterwards. He learned how to make use of his previous acquirements, and he taught in earnest. The minuteness with which he entered into every part of the daily lessons, especially in the language department, made his instructions the more lucid and lasting. While teaching he learned, and while learning he taught; with this only drawback, that he was led into late hours of study, which told upon his health. How much this experience was needed for his Paris work, and how it was brought out in his intercourse with both young and old among the poor *ouvriers*, I need not here say.

He had little thought in these two quiet years how much he himself was gleaning for his great though brief life work. But God generally trains us in the dark. He does not tell us what He means at every step. We go through His process, His discipline, unconsciously, and find out only in the end what He meant, and how wise the training was; hard perhaps, and unpleasant, but always suitable. We could not have done without it.

In 1871, he came to Edinburgh, and commenced his theological career at the New College. He passed through his full curriculum there; entering with characteristic fervour into the work of the different

classes, and undergoing with high credit the different examinations. His quiet room in Archibald Place, hard by the Meadows, could bear witness to the ardour with which he prosecuted these studies, and no less to the devotional spirit in which they were all carried on. For "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*" was his motto from first to last. The classics he did not throw aside; but Biblical philology was now his more peculiar study, and the niceties and beauties of New Testament Greek occupied him intensely.

It was during the last of these years that he set himself to study Sanscrit under Professor Aufrecht (now of Bonn), and in it he made great proficiency. Though his busy after-life arrested his progress in it, he never allowed himself to forget it. In that comparative philology in which he delighted, he was constantly recurring to it, bringing it to bear upon the various languages, ancient and modern, which he was studying or using. To trace a modern word whose origin was wrapt in mystery to its Sanscrit affinities, was his delight; and his power of explaining and illustrating these linguistic niceties was peculiar. He did not use many words, but what he did use went to the point, and brought out the simple, or it might be great, original idea which the syllable or sound was intended to convey. These derivations had quite a charm to him; nor did he fail to make them inter-

esting to others. He never *bored* anybody with his philology; but he was always ready to give out his stores. In one of our last walks in Paris, we came to the railway station at Auteuil, over which is inscribed, *Gare de l'ouest*. I asked him how it was that both English and French languages had that word *west* in common. He reminded me that they also had *east* in common; explaining that these names of opposite points of the compass carried us back to the Sanscrit, in which the words described a peculiar sound or breathing supposed to be characteristic of both these quarters. He imitated the sound with his voice, which, with his fine ear, he could do well. But as to the setting it down on paper, that is hopeless. You could hardly ask him any such philological question, but his information was at hand, and his answer ready.

He studied also the Gothic, and very thoroughly; making himself complete master of its grammar, as well as of its vocabulary. This led him to investigate the history and opinions of Ulphilas, the apostle of the Goths; especially with reference to his famous translation of the Bible into the Gothic language about the year of our Lord, 370. He had read up all the literature of this most interesting subject both in English and German. He had made it for years his favourite study, and though not satisfied as to the

soundness of that Gothic apostle and translator, he felt intensely interested in his history, both as a scholar and a missionary. Into the history of the period he had somewhat minutely entered, and thought that he was able to throw some light upon the opinions of Ulphilas. He had collected large materials for this purpose, and had woven them into a narrative of some length. He had made considerable progress in a monograph of Ulphilas, and he has left behind him a valuable manuscript, in which he had worked up his materials somewhat fully; yet, perhaps, requiring to be recast and rewritten. Wherever he went,—to Scotland or to Clermont,—with the prospect of a spare moment, he carried it with him; adding to the materials out of which he was perfecting it, though unable from want of leisure to remould and rewrite it. He hoped in his retirement at Buisson to do something towards its completion, and he had brought with him this labour of love,—so often revised, so often turned over, so often corrected, so often fondly handled, to that place, thinking that he might do something towards its completion. For during his five years of work in Paris he rarely found it possible to touch it. He had so far used it that it furnished him with materials for some lectures which he delivered, not only before he left home, but in Paris. But as to remoulding it

or rewriting it, that was impossible, unless some months of leisure should turn up, which he could hardly look for. In this his self-denial came out strongly. As the man of letters he would gladly have thrown himself upon that history, to which he had so fondly devoted years of study, and finished it. But, as the missionary to the *ouvriers* of France, he had other work to do. He must let Ulphilas alone. He must let Gothic and Sanscrit stand by. The urgent work before him was to preach the Gospel to the Parisian poor night after night. To that all literature was a secondary thing. The history of the old Gothic translator could wait, but the Gospel could not. The story of the Cappadocian captive and his missionary work was marvellously interesting and romantic, but the story of the great Redemption was a thing of far higher necessity. It did not matter much to the poor dwellers in Rue St. Honoré, or Gare d'Ivry, or Gros Caillou, or Batignolles, or Grenelle, what the Gothic version of Scripture was worth, or what was the exact nature of the translator's Arianism; but it mattered everything to them to hear without delay and with a most earnest voice, the tidings of eternal life through Him who died and rose again. Ulphilas must be locked up in the meantime; the Codex Argenteus must lie peaceably in the Upsala Univer-

sity Library; and the literary materials lie upon the shelf till he could spare time from preaching the Gospel to take up once more his beloved work, so eagerly entered on and so devotedly carried out in his peaceful Edinburgh hours. The prospect of a little leisure in September, 1882, was soon and sorrowfully ended. It was but a glimpse; no more. He had thought to resume his Gothic studies in that September in which he lay upon his death-bed. But the wished-for resumption was denied him. He retired into solitude not to study, but to find at Buisson the gate of heaven. At his death the well-thumbed MS. was found on his table,—untouched. A strange relic it is of studious industry. It ought not to lie on the shelf. It is so far complete, and very valuable. But there are few who could undertake the labour and research necessary to perfect it, and fewer who could throw themselves into the subject with such enthusiasm, or to whom Ulphilas could be what he had been to him,—the companion and comfort of many a morning and evening hour.

These Gothic studies had been, during his Edinburgh sojourn, a source of intense pleasure. Though he did not allow them to interfere with his class-work, they seemed to be uppermost in his thoughts. From the time of our first acquaintance in 1873 I saw this. For, as I happened to possess some

materials which he needed upon the subject, several of his visits to me were specially to get the use of these, and thus I knew all along the bent of his mind, as well as the progress he was making. And before he left for Paris he delivered an admirable lecture upon the subject in the hall of my Church,—brief, comprehensive, interesting. For even in these his student-days he made a capital lecturer. He could state his facts and draw his conclusions in a most clear and orderly manner; nothing high-flown or juvenile, but everything compact and well-put, the produce of minute study and ripe judgment.

Few things gave him greater pleasure than to communicate to his friends (as he did often to myself when he came to consult my Gothic dictionary with its curious Ulphilane fragments) his philological discoveries in the Gothic language, and the frequent light shed upon passages of Scripture from these discoveries. He could not clear him of Arianism, but he was fain to minimise it or excuse it. The “Little Wolf” (Wulfilas=Ulphilas) had become quite a friend. He wrote an essay on the man and his work for Professor Rainy, to which a prize was awarded. This he afterwards extended and offered to a London publisher. The offer was accepted, and he set to work upon it to perfect it. For on such almost unbroken ground he wished to be exact and

full; and he delayed the completion for the purpose of making more extensive research. Tomes of intricate German were waded through, and the results carefully chronicled. But before they were reduced to order his Paris work (as we have seen) began.

Through the various metaphysical and philosophical discussions of the day, he made his way most manfully. He read on all sides, and knew all arguments *pro* and *con*. He faced all difficulties, and weighed the statements of an antagonist as honestly as those of a friend. He had ripely made up his mind upon the chief theories afloat; and it was easy to see in conversation how aptly he had laid hold of all their points, whether strong or weak. For some declamatory philosophers he had little patience, but for the calm reasoner, on whatever side, he had sincere respect. Alive to the folly of dogmatism, he was not always disposed to speak gently of those who seemed to think every one wrong but themselves.* He learned, even in these college

* Philosophical storms are not uncommon in universities. Here is the description of a German professorial battle :—"It is said that the Ministerium wish to send Professor Hengstenberg to Bonn, or force him to relinquish the *Kirchen-Zeitung*. It seems as if a storm was brewing. The Ministerium censured the Theological Faculty respecting the petition of the students, and particularly Neander. The Hegelians are working strongly against the Evangelical party. Marheineke had the amazing presumption to say to Neander, in a meeting of the *Senatus Academicus*, "Thou ignorant man, you are

days, to lay some stress on style ; and his own, down to the very last, was remarkably direct and perspicuous. He never squandered words, nor lost himself in a labyrinth of sentences or parenthetical clauses. He said what he wished to say, and was done ; he wrote what he intended to write, and came to an end. It was the same afterwards with his prayers, sermons, and addresses. His mind was well disciplined and well ordered, and what he said partook of these qualities.

He had threaded the intricacies of many languages, ancient and modern ; and there were few difficult points in connection with their formation, their variations, their affinities, which he had not considered, and on which he could not offer a judgment : a judgment quite modest, yet indicating careful consideration and study. His hints thrown out in conversation on the etymologies of words were those of a scholar : of one who had not merely mastered the conclusions of others, but who had thought out all for himself. In these discussions he was never chargeable with onesidedness ; and there was always willingness to hear what could be

unworthy that I should answer you." "Happily," replied Neander, "you are not my judge." When some person present exclaimed at Marheineke's conduct, asking how he could call one of the most learned men in Germany an ignoramus, he answered, "He knows nothing of philosophy," *i.e.*, Hegel's system.

advanced against his views. Whilst deferential to those on whose judgment he could confide, he was quite decided in his own conclusions, and was prepared to give well thought-out reasons for them. His study of Sanskrit had opened up a wide field to him, and enabled him to trace out links otherwise invisible, as well as to bring out the shades of significance in words which only one who could bring these links together could observe.

The theological questions of the day he took up honestly and calmly. In the Theological Society he showed his mastery of them. In conversation he evinced the same. His sermons, though completely uncontroversial, gave the results of thought and critical investigation. He learned at this time the necessity of studying on all sides every subject on which he was to preach; and of sifting out the meaning of each word with the original before him. Though an attentive and respectful student, he was not easily satisfied with prelections from the chair. He had a very high standard of professorial accomplishments and character. His own studious habits had taught him what a teacher should be. He aimed high himself, and he expected others to do the same. Each year was to himself a year of rising, and he expected it to be the same with others. Stagnation in study was to him intolerable. "Stereotype" in

chair or pulpit seemed inconsistent with mental or spiritual progress. With the profoundest of all profound books before him, how could either minister or professor fail to rise? The *excelsior* of the student was to begin with the *excelsior* of the professor. The power of the professor's chair for good to the student, both as to piety and learning, seemed to him illimitable. It was a power which went over the whole of a student's life. The spirit of his teacher should be such as to haunt the pupil to the last: like an attendant angel.

Here I cannot refrain quoting a sentence from Dr. Hodge's historical sermon at the reopening of the Chapel, in 1874. His description of the Princeton professors is a striking one:—

“They were, in the first place, eminently holy men. They exerted that indescribable but powerful influence which always emanates from those who live near to God. Their piety was uniform and serene; without any taint of enthusiasm or fanaticism. It was also Biblical. Christ was as prominent in their religious experience, in their preaching, and in their writings as He is in the Bible. Christ's person, His glory, His righteousness, His love, His presence, His power, filled the whole sphere of their religious life. When men enter a Roman Catholic church, they see before them a wooden image of Christ extended upon a cross. To this lifeless image they bow. When students entered this Seminary, when its first professors were alive, they had held up before them the image of Christ, not graven by art or man's device, but as portrayed by the Spirit on the pages of God's Word; and it is by beholding that image

that men are transformed into its likeness from glory to glory. It is, in large measure, to this constant holding up of Christ, in the glory of His person and the all-sufficiency of His work, that the hallowed influence of the fathers of this Seminary is to be attributed. . . .

“There are theologians who exhort men to think for themselves, and to receive nothing on authority ; . . . and others who crave after novelty and aspire after originality ; . . . and others who have a philosophical disposition.

“It pleased God that the first professors in this Seminary should belong to neither of these classes. They exhorted their students to be humble rather than high-minded. They had no fondness for new doctrines, or for new ways of presenting old ones ; and they dreaded the thought of transferring the ground of faith from the rock of God's Word to metaphysical quicksands. For this reason Princeton Theological Seminary was regarded by the illuminati in every part of the land as very umbrageous, impenetrable to any ray of new light. This did not move the men of whom we speak. They had heard Christ say of certain men, that the light that is in them is darkness. And knowing that man is blind as to the things of God, they thought it safer to submit to be guided by a divine hand, rather than, with darkness within and darkness without, to stumble on they knew not whither.

“As to the method of instruction adopted by our first professors little need be said. They both used text-books where they could be had. Dr. Alexander's text-book in theology was Turretin's ‘*Theologia Elenctica*,’ one of the most perspicuous books ever written. In the discussion of every subject it begins with the *Status Quæstionis*, stating that the question is not this or that ; neither this nor that, until every foreign element is eliminated, and then the precise point in hand is laid down with unmistakable precision. Then follow in distinct paragraphs, numbered one, two, three, and so on, the arguments in its sup-

port. Then come the *Fontes Solutionum*, or answers to objections. The first objection is stated with the answer; then the second, and so on to the end. Dr. Alexander was accustomed to give us from twenty to forty quarto pages, in Latin, to read for a recitation. And we did read them. When we came to recite, the professor would place the book before him and ask, What is the state of the question? What is the first argument? What is the second? &c. Then what is the first objection and its answer? What the second? &c. There were some of my class-mates,—Dr. Johns, the present bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, for example,—who would day after day be able to give the state of the question, all the arguments in its support in their order, all the objections and the answers to them, through the whole thirty or forty pages, without the professor saying a word to him. This is what, in the College of New Jersey, used to be called rowling. Whatever may be thought of this method of instruction, it was certainly effective. A man who had passed through that drill never got over it. Some years ago I heard the late Bishop M'Ilvaine preach a very orthodox sermon in the Episcopal church in this place. When we got home, it being a very warm day, he threw himself on the bed to rest. In the course of conversation he happened to remark that a certain professor failed to make any mark on the minds of his students. I said to him, 'Old Turretin, it seems, has left his mark on your mind.' He sprang from the bed, exclaiming, 'That, indeed, he has; and I would give anything to see his theology translated and made the text-book in all our Seminaries.' The Jesuits are wise in their generation, and they have adopted this method of instruction in their institutions."

To this I add Professor Wakefield's description of Dr. Hodge's way of exegetical teaching:—

“He taught exegesis only to the juniors, and although five years have elapsed, the impressions made at that time remain as vivid as though it were yesterday. His very mode of entering the room was characteristic. Infirm as he was, he was not bent by extreme age or infirmity ; his carriage was erect and graceful, and his step always firm. The mantle that hung from his shoulders during the cooler months heightened the effect of graceful movement. I well remember that when he stepped into the aisle of the First Church to welcome Drs. Dorner and Christlieb on their visit to Princeton, in the autumn of 1873, I thought I had never witnessed a finer spectacle of strength and grace combined. And yet it was but an example of his ordinary bearing ; he gave me the same impression every time he entered the recitation room. After his always strikingly appropriate opening prayer had been offered, and we had been settled back into our seats, he would open his well-thumbed Greek Testament—on which it was plain that there was not a single marginal note,—look at the passage for a second, and then, throwing his head back, and closing his eyes, begin his exposition. He scarcely again glanced at the Testament during the hour, the text was evidently before his mind, verbally, and the matter of his exposition thoroughly at his command. In an unbroken stream it flowed from subject to subject, simple, clear, cogent, unfailingly reverent. Now and then he would pause a moment to insert an illustrative anecdote—now and then lean forward suddenly with tearful, wide-open eyes, to press home a quick-risen inference of the love of God to lost sinners. But the web of his discourse—for a discourse it really was—was calm, critical, and argumentative. We were expected to take notes upon it and recite on them at our next meeting.”

Mr. Dodds went expectingly to his classes,—with prayer. He returned home to digest, and to pray over what he had learned. Progress in what he

undertook was his aim. He did not lounge over his studies ; nor treat lightly a solemn subject. Even then he realised in some measure the eternal consequences dependent on the acceptance or rejection of truth. It was *truth* that he sought, and he rested not till he found it. Neither mind nor conscience would be satisfied till he had grasped it. It was not an abstraction that he sought ; it was doctrine such as he could build on for eternity, doctrine for which he could clearly claim the authority of God in His Word.

The spirit of the age is twofold. On the one hand it tries to materialise religion, and on the other to evaporate Christianity into a mediæval myth. The treatment of Scripture by Ritualism and by Rationalism respectively, represents the evolutions of this spirit. Thus, man will make his own God, build his own temple, and construct his own ritual.

This dual form of unbelief, reducing all revelation to an uncertainty or a falsehood, underlies the controversies of our day ; and students such as Mr. Dodds, getting below the surface of logical discussion, have learned how much depends on true teaching, not merely as to certain superficial points, which may not be difficult either to argue or to settle, but as to the roots out of which all these controversies have sprung.

As he studied languages, so did he study theology. The ramifications both of truth and error must be thoroughly sought out. The connection of modern departures from Bible integrity, with the restless or disbelieving spirit of the day, both outside the Church and in it, must be ascertained. The true meaning of modern free-thinking, or independence of thought, must be searched out. The extreme desire (first exhibited some forty years ago in Maurice's "Religions of the World") to prove the great amount of truth that there is in all falsehood; to show that the difference between a false and a true religion is merely one of degree, and that there is substantial and venerable truth, as well as beauty and grandeur, underlying all idolatry and superstition, must be sifted and exposed,—held up to view in the light of the one revelation of God to man. This admiration of unbelief, this unsettlement of faith, this reduction of the Bible to an uncertainty, this levelling up of Paganism, this levelling down of Christianity, this erasing of landmarks, this minimising of error,—what do they all amount to,—these were the real questions, lying deep underneath the apparent ones, which met the ear and eye of the thoughtful student. The subtle complexities of unbelief, with their wide and invisible ramifications, were coming up on every side, demanding the most rigid consideration. A true student is compelled to

confront these, both for his own stability and for his future power as a minister of the one true Gospel,—the defender and expounder of the one true Book.

Into the various Biblical questions of the time Mr. Dodds entered fully; and no less into the cognate theological discussions. That his own faith had ever at any time been shaken I have no reason to believe; but that he had gone into these controversies with fear and trembling, I have as little reason to doubt. He did not waver, but he wanted to make assurance doubly sure; and he turned over all modern difficulties in his own mind most carefully and conscientiously.

He came a good deal into contact with what is called “the culture of modern thought;” and being himself “cultured” above most, he was able to understand and estimate the assumed superiority of mind and accomplishments to which that designation has been attached. Thus he writes of it:—

“14th April, 1875.—Culture is so much *veneering*, beautiful polish, *superinduced qualities*—and it makes a man with a bad heart look as good as one with a good one. There are bad men and good men among the culturists. If only —— were face to face with the sternness of life, and saw its *awful* side more; for culture hides that, and shrinks from human misery, and shuts itself up in its theories. It wants the laying bare of the evil of the heart—the fall of man—and so the discovery that man is incomplete in himself, and can only be made complete out of himself, in Christ.”

He sometimes spoke to me of the supercilious way in which the adherents of old doctrine were treated. He complained too of the intolerance displayed by some who called themselves liberal and broad. He mentioned several occasions on which sneers had taken the place of argument in debate; in which the advanced school had laid exclusive claim to independent thought and impartial research. But he was not shaken; and he had reason to know that some of those who, as students, were thus illiberal toward ancient creeds, became afterwards thoroughly settled in the faith. Towards those fellow-students who thus differed from him he showed no resentment. In after days, when he heard that any of them had carried out their liberal views into open unbelief, he expressed the deepest sorrow. He had reached the one Rock himself, and his desire was that all with whom he had associated might attain to the same light and peace; for he cherished old friendships most tenaciously, and delighted to talk over the companionships of college days. He had had his own mind fully cleared up, and he longed to see all his companions standing in the same sunshine.

The great personal question between him and God as to acceptance and relationship, was slowly but surely cleared up, and every mist rolled away. I wish I could recall our numerous conversations

together as we walked together or sat at my fireside. Many an hour was spent in earnest conference on the freeness of the good news, for the preaching of which he was specially training himself; and when I remember the clear, pointed way in which, when telling the tidings to the poor of Paris, whether in addresses or conversations, he proclaimed the free love of God, without a condition or a barrier, I can only rejoice that such hours (often prolonged till midnight) were not spent in vain. The following extract from a letter to me, of date 10th July, 1882, will not be thought out of place as illustrating his way of dealing with the poor and dark :—

“I’ve been visiting instead of having a meeting. Last night we had a very good after-meeting at Grenelle. I had a most interesting conversation with a woman. She is well known to me. She had gone to the hall that night by some irresistible desire to ask how she should be saved. Miss Matheson called me to speak to her in the after-meeting.

“‘I believe in God,’ she said; and then added, ‘He has always given me what I asked.’

“I said, ‘The devils believe, and yet are afraid.’

“‘What, then, must I do?’ she said.

“‘Have you ever asked the pardon of your sins?’ I said.

“‘No,’ she replied.

“‘That is what you must do,’ I said.

“‘Is that all?’ she inquired; ‘and will He really pardon me?’

“I read some verses to prove that what I had said was true, —such passages as that about the woman that was a sinner. We then prayed, and she seemed to get light. But Miss Mathe-

son followed her to the door, and then she again expressed her astonishment that that was all.

“ ‘Sauvée !’ she said ; and added, ‘ Quel bonheur !’

“ This morning I saw her, and she said, ‘ When I left you, I felt an immense burden taken off my breast. I was like a butterfly with wings.’

“ I was deeply interested in this aspect of her case. She simply did what I told her God wished her to do—ask forgiveness, and believe that she should receive it.”

Yes ; he just bade her to do what he himself had done, and what he was doing every hour ; and the good news brought instantaneous light. This touching incident took place just two months before he passed away.

I do not know the exact process through which he passed into spiritual light, further than as it came out indirectly in our conversations. He seemed sometimes to be stating his own difficulties to me, and sometimes those of others. He appeared to me at that time as one pressing into fuller light, and determined to have every doubt dispelled, and every mistake corrected. He was altogether in earnest. But in all his inquiries he showed no misgivings as to the divine accuracy of Scripture. If he ever did entertain the modern doubts as to that accuracy, or lent a favourable ear to recent theories of the imperfection and uncertainty of the books of the Old and New Testaments, he had got beyond all this ; for when at times

our conversation turned on such discussions, he showed how he had studied and mastered the different points of controversy, and was prepared to take his stand upon the absolute certainty of the revealed Word. Unsettlement as to this, especially on the plea of "free-thinking,"—independence of "traditional criticism" and superiority to "antiquated theology,"—he dreaded. It was the Church lifting her anchor, and deliberately consenting to drift before the wind of modern thought. Without a *certain* Bible he could not have a *certain* hope; and in the discussion of "settlement" or "unsettlement" he felt he had a personal interest for eternity; not the interest of a scholar merely, but that of an immortal being. Without inspired words he could not have inspired thoughts; and if neither words nor thoughts were trustworthy or reliable, what was he to do? Which way was he to turn his eye, as one who knew that eternity lay before him, and that his first concern was to make sure of that eternity? Unsettlement in philosophy was no great matter. Unsettlement in philology was comparatively a trifle. Nay, unsettlement in points of theology, within certain limits, might be conceded without alarm. But unsettlement as to that Book which professed to reveal the mind of God, and on which the security of his eternal future was involved, could not be contemplated without dismay.

One of his Parisian converts in after days said, in describing the first steps of his conversion, that he learned that "God counted for something in the world." So in reference to revelation, the young student had learned that "the Bible counted for something in the world." His faith in it might be sneered at as *traditional*; but he knew that what is traditional is not necessarily either false or stupid; and that he could give a good reason for the hope that was in him, both logically and critically. He knew also that the use of the word *traditional* by modern critics was fitted to mislead, and that the Bible, thus stigmatised as traditional, was truly *historical*,—the Bible of Christ and His apostles,—the Bible of the early Church,—the Bible whose canonicity, as matter of history, rests upon surer evidence than that of any book, ancient or modern.

The *canonicity*, if I may use the term, of Homer, or Herodotus, or Virgil, or Livy, has not the tenth part of the evidence to lean upon that the Bible has. It does not do for traditional believers in Tacitus or Xenophon to speak superciliously of traditional believers in the Bible. Intuitive criticism can make clever guesses; but historical criticism must be called in to put these guesses to the test. Intuitive criticism has effaced the first ten chapters of Genesis; it will not long hesitate to erase the rest. It has swept the first

Adam away; and it will do the same with the Second. It has deleted Moses from the Old Testament, so that "we wot not what has become of him;" it will next try its obliterating skill upon the Prophet like unto Moses in the New. Making no provision for *reconstruction* in any of its efforts, its destructive propensities are fitted to disquiet faith and to inspirit unbelief.

Resting his faith on a certainty, — a Divine certainty,—he realised his personal acceptance, in believing that Divine testimony to the Christ of God which he found contained in this Revelation. He did not ask the question, Is it reasonable to think that God would condemn a man for not believing a doctrine, or save him for believing it? He knew that such was the explicit statement of the Son of God Himself: "He that believeth shall be saved." This was a sufficient resting-place.

He did not confine himself to theological studies. He read on many subjects, and would have been reckoned "æsthetic" in his habits and tastes. A skilful musician, he could not only use his own voice well, but could play on several instruments. And this musical skill was of great service to him in his Parisian work, in which he was called on sometimes to lead the service by voice or organ.*

* We need *expressive* singing, and his was such; but in order to the expressive singing of the people there must be the expressive

All his examinations did him high credit; his papers in all the different branches showed his superior attainments. At the close, in competing for the Cunningham Fellowship, he came out third. I saw him immediately after the result, and he mentioned a mental struggle through which he had just passed. His papers were faultless in all but one section, and that he had left blank. He could have answered every one of the questions, but it so happened that they related to a portion of Church history in which he had made for himself a sort of brief technical memory,—marks for names and dates on the boards of his Greek Testament. He found that this artificial memory would have helped him to recall the whole history, and answer all the questions. But he asked himself, Would this be fair? He decided not to answer. I said to him that I thought he had been over-scrupulous, as these few brief marks were mere suggestions for memory, and made with no idea that the questions would take up the points which, along with others, he had happened to mark. “No,” he said, “I could not do it; it was like taking advantage over others.” And then he added solemnly, “I had just risen from my knees to go to that examination, and I had specially asked direction as to

reading of the minister. The want of the latter is often a very serious drawback, and is more injurious to right singing than many think.

every part of it; and I could not bear the thought of doing anything that might be counted unfair." He never regretted this step. He had satisfied his conscience; and in a matter which he had considered doubtful he had taken the side against himself. That was enough. His conscience was tender, sometimes morbid, and to this it was that some of his friends ascribed his last exhaustion. He thought he was too much occupied with the externals of the mission, and he tried to make up for this by working the harder at the spiritual part of it, when he should have been resting. He more than once set out on a Saturday evening to visit in the wretched lanes around some of the stations, though he had been working all the week, and expected to preach three or perhaps four times on the morrow.

In 1875, the last of his college years, while yet attending classes, he was appointed missionary to the district of Causewayside, Newington, in connection with the Grange Church. On his work here he entered with great energy and zeal; though it was only temporary,—a preparation for more permanent duty elsewhere.

This home-missionary work was most congenial. Though hitherto more of a secluded student than a visiting missionary, he threw himself with his whole heart into the work among the poor. One thing

especially noticeable about him at this time was the interest he took in individuals. He was not content with preaching two or three times a-week in our mission-hall, and having classes there; he set himself to seek out the poor, following in the footsteps of his two admirable predecessors, Mr. Murray and Mr. Barnetson. He watched all cases of spiritual concern; visiting them assiduously, instructing carefully; and when the good seed began to spring up, rejoicing heartily. Many in that district remember his kindness and affability to this day. The interest which he took in these special cases came out in his conversations about them afterwards with myself. He was like a physician detailing to another the symptoms of a difficult case, and asking advice how to deal with it from those more experienced than himself. This anxiety to deal rightly with such inquirers was no less evinced by the way in which he bore them on his heart in constant prayer. His eagerness to follow up impressions, to solve doubts, to meet objections, to instruct ignorance, was characteristic of his whole life. He forgot no one, however poor and wretched; and his patient way of treating them, showed how carefully he had studied each case. He never spoke to such at random, but always with well-chosen words,—having thought out each difficulty for himself.

In August, 1876, he was married to my daughter Mary, and with her went, in the month of September, on a short tour up the Rhine, returning by Paris. His passing visit to that city was to be the link between it and himself, and to determine his great though brief life-work for the *ouvriers* there.

In arranging as to the marriage, no reservation was made as to his future field of labour; that was to be determined afterwards. With his father he corresponded at great length as to the foreign mission-field, seeking counsel of him; yet not concealing his own decided desire not to remain at home. A missionary in some foreign field he was resolved to be. What might be the sphere most suitable to his gifts and his health remained to be seen. He was totally unbiassed.

Some months after his marriage he had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which prostrated him for nearly two months, and which, I fear, left traces behind it of evil afterwards; for though he resumed his mission-work in our district, he had to take special care of his health, and watch against a recurrence of the malady.

After completing his missionary engagement in connection with the Grange congregation, he prepared to leave for Paris. He had put his hand to the plough, and he would not draw back.

His student-life in Edinburgh had, notwithstanding some drawbacks of health, gone on well; comfortably and successfully. He had completed his curriculum and was "licensed" as a preacher by the Dundee Presbytery on the 14th of June, 1876.

Life lay before him. He looked into it, or rather he kept it continually before him, in what he did or in what he refrained from doing. Distrustful of his own powers, and perhaps sometimes disposed to be desponding, he held back when he might have taken a more prominent position, and done more conspicuous work. But, if he had possessed more "self-assertion" he might have been led into a different sphere, and would not have done the same kind of work,—work (in the eyes of some) of a very humble kind, and withal arduous and self-denying. He did not seek pre-eminence. He was only desirous of doing well what the Master called him to do. No amount of labour discouraged him; though he sometimes wrote and spoke despondingly about himself. College examinations were nervously, perhaps morbidly, dreaded by him, from his persistent underestimate of his own powers. Yet he always came out among the highest in each department.

In July, 1874, he thus writes:—

"I feel myself becoming more of a secular student than is

good. I feel particularly persuaded, that for the ministry one needs to make a thorough study of the Bible.”*

He would fain have pursued his Sanscrit and Gothic studies, but felt that they were encroaching on his ministerial preparations. The “work of the ministry” was in his eyes paramount; and, lest it should be interfered with, he curtailed,—I do not say abandoned,—his philological researches.

In July, 1876, after the removal of examination burdens and anxieties, he thus writes:—

“I never know how often and how much I ought to thank God for my restored strength. I wish that a song of thanksgiving were ever in my heart and on my lips. I am so different. True, examinations are over, and well over. But I used to fret my conscience about little nothings; and now that is gone, and I am not afraid to pray that my conscience may be quickened with a spirit of holy fear and recollection of duty. This makes me live in and breathe a different atmosphere. This change affects my whole being, and my mind becomes clear and energetic.”

Just before his last examination he had been indulging in some such anxieties, as the following extract reveals:—

“10th June, 1875.—I have just been looking over my work, and I can tell you it will need more application and steady effort than I thought, and more ability to get it up than I have

* “The Bible is the great text-book for students,” said one. “In my student-days we used also to read Calvin, Gomarus, Maestricht, Ames, Turretin. These seem to have disappeared. Yet they were giants in theology and criticism.”

got,—that is all true ; but I do know, what I could not have said a short time ago, I know that God will carry me through in His own way. That *I do know*, and I have this much faith in Him, that His way will be best, whatever the result. I know He will help and guide me. My inability to do examinations, and to gain bursaries, are God's cross given me to bear ; very likely it is best for me that I should not win scholarships or stand high in examinations."

His mental experience comes freely out in his familiar letters. Extracts from these I propose now to throw together. They are of course miscellaneous in their contents ; but will not be the less interesting to those who wish to know the writer thoroughly:—

"*February, 1875.*—During a slight illness he wrote, 'Satan back with his darts again. They wound me, and I wound Christ by my unbelief. I tried to comfort myself with George Herbert's lines,

'Lord, Thou hast lived and died for me.'

but the tempter followed me there, and I could only say,—how often have I said ! (Ps. xxxviii. 9)—'All my desire is before Thee and my groaning is not hid from Thee.'

"It is the presence, abiding and supporting, of Christ,—the full manifestation of Him as the Light for my darkness, that I desire. I can only cast this burden too on the Lord, and wait in faith to have it

rolled away ; and I *can cast it* on Him. But, oh ! how I long for more than that, for the perfect reconciliation, the sure tokens of His gracious presence, the support of His loving arms round about, and beneath, and *all from above.*”

“*6th April, 1875.*—God is working daily in me, and would work more were I not so hard and resisting. I have been looking back upon some of His past teaching, and some of it seems so clear. This was often my earnest prayer, that instead of the Divine work in my daily and past life seeming obscure and puzzling, that it might be definite and thorough, and that I might know and keep the lessons I had received. I am so thankful that I can now see stone after stone of His *hewing* and *placing* laid upon the *one foundation*. I do not think he intends us to be kept in ignorance of His building. He likes us to see how He works. And He *has* been working in me both to *will* and to *do*. I rejoice to see and know this. When the work is obscure one does not feel so near to Christ. One does not walk with Him. One does not sit in *heavenly* places together with Him. I have been praying that He would not only manifest Himself *to* me, but *in* me more and more. How comforting it is to be shut in within the walls of salvation by Christ, to know the power of His

resurrection, and His daily intercession and care for us."

What he had already known of Divine truth was becoming more and more a reality. He was learning more of himself and more of that heavenly doctrine by which he was to be delivered from himself, and prepared for coming work :—

"*28th April, 1875.*—I have daily cause for daily thanks for so much teaching, so much light, so many solutions of difficulties or dispersion of false perplexities, so much real life with God, and so much sense of the value of Christ and of the daily need of His grace, and of His own personal preciousness, and also a growing fear of backsliding, and sense of sin. All these I have been blessed with so thickly more or less during these past weeks."

"*1st May, 1875.*—God's teaching is so sure, and real, and precious to me now that I doubt not but that He will teach me all things I need, and fire me with zeal to serve Him constantly, and faithfully, and successfully.

"I am sure I do see the evil of encouraging or fondling that habit of allowing oneself to entertain doubts ; my daily prayer is that I may not doubt or limit Christ's love to myself, and especially to all

men. I have had so much of it lately, so gracious a sense of His love, that I do not doubt; but the Evil One comes and suggests doubts about others—nations, people living in ignorance,—but I think what we have to learn is to believe on God's bare word; and why should I not get this? Christ is the Way, the *Truth*, and the Life, and if He not only shows truth but is it Himself, then He must be true in all His purposes concerning salvation. I must keep fast hold of this; but would that it were so firmly mine that I had no shadow of a doubt. I came on a good saying the other day: 'A man in perplexity may be able to keep his belief, but he cannot impart it to others.' That thought has been in my mind for ever so long, but could not *get out*, and here it is. How true! It is only when I have a firm hold of God's truth myself that I can impart it to others. The want of this is the cause of weak preaching. I put it once aphoristically thus: 'Restlessness (engendered as it is by doubt) has no resistlessness; but faith has it alone and always.'

"I should like to ask, How far do you think speculation is necessary, nay *proper*, in regard to truths that are revealed, and can only be known by revelation?"

"19th April, 1875.—Intolerable as it is to me just

now, how much more intolerable and evil will it be if I begin work in June, not having a firm grasp of the truths I speak of, but lamely holding them. One thing I am being taught to say : ‘ Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief,’—that is Christ, outside, *for* me, making belief *in* me.”

Sailing from London to Dundee he gives vent to his feelings in a paragraph which I shall quote at length ; and I may preface it with saying that his state of feeling during these student years is not a little remarkable for its *intensity* and reverential awe. He was to be, not an orator, not a logician, not a leader in Church Courts, but an ambassador for Christ. He knew it ; and he acted under the impression of coming responsibilities. The duties before him were grave and solemn,—not worldly, but unworldly ; and they threw their deep (not dark) shadow over him ; at times, perhaps, leading him to be severe upon those who came short of his standard. He felt called to a higher kind of Christianity than many around him seemed to realise ; and he could not but be in earnest. Anything short of this would belie his profession, and cast a doubt upon his sincerity. It was *the future minister of Christ* that was now being moulded. His future usefulness, in whatever place he might be called to labour,

would depend very much upon his earlier religious progress:—

“3rd June, 1875, steamship *Hibernia* (London to Dundee).—I have had a long time of prayer and thought in my cabin this morning. I was praying for light. I have so great a desire to see everything clearly, to have God’s truth in Christ, in its bare aspects and exact meaning made mine. I had such a lesson in 1 Cor. i. about the “wisdom of the world.” I saw how little could my intellect comprehend God’s plan and truth. Again and again does the devil come back with his cavils, and seek to remove me from my rest. I *know* he cannot do that. But, oh! to know even more than that; and I think I got it in ‘Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God,’—the *Power*, because able and willing to save; the *Wisdom*, as one who knows *best* all that is good for me, and who will teach me the way of truth. I know that I have deliberately *chosen* the way of truth, and I will rest in this choice; and yet I cannot help thinking that for *me*—it may not be necessary for all—there is a further teaching, and my whole nature, heart, and soul, and mind, yearns to know the *why* of God’s proceedings. I do pray that if this is God’s will He may teach me it; if not, banish it utterly. For instance, gladly, knowingly, do I take refuge in Christ as my Saviour, yet this morning, when the

devil said, and my own heart took up the doubt, 'How can you see the *use* of the blood to cleanse?' I just prayed, 'Lord, by Thy blood shed for sin, show me the use of the blood and its power to take away this doubt,—use as an antidote the very thing I have doubt about.' And what a comforting glimpse I had, in the words that came to me: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin.' I am content to rest in that alone until God shows me more, but I pray with my whole heart against the return of these doubts. I fear them,—I hate them,—I know that they are *sin*; but surely there is something else than resting in a mere glimpse. I wish to *see the fair sphere* of Christ's truth in its perfect completeness, so satisfying, so excluding everything else, that there shall not be room in my heart, nor power in the devil's suggestions to make me doubt.

"I may rest upon what God has taught; but, when these doubts prevail, I cannot use what I rest upon as a weapon to defend and attack for Christ in behalf of other men.

"Did you ever watch a sunrise and see the time before the sun's appearance? I have watched the landscape dim and undefined, and mingled together, and then seen the sun rise and touch with light so gentle and so lovely the ridges of the hills, and the prominent points of the whole scene. This is like the

rising of *Christ the Light* upon His great salvation, which we have been contemplating in the dark. Then all the *prominent* truths are made clear,—His life, His death, His ascension, His present intercession. But none the less does His light penetrate the valleys and the dark recesses where night still lingers ; and is it not true that in the valleys grow the fairest flowers, and flow the freshest and coolest waters ? All may not care to go down there,—they may like the mountain-top, or the sunny plains of the hill-side, and others may be content to take the water, and look at the flowers that have been brought up with toil and anxious search by those who have descended. Now I know the facts of Christ's life and death and ascension to be mine, but I still think, from all God's dealings with me, and from my own mental constitution, that God's plan in letting me still seek for further light is that He may lead me in His own way into these valleys, that thence I may look *up* with still more wondering love, having found the greatness of the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of Christ, and say, ' Thy righteousness is like the great mountains ; Thy judgments are a great deep.' I can so well understand ——'s trouble about speculation. It is necessary to some minds, but it is none the less true that the first duty,—*the duty*, is to get one's heart right with God, to believe on Christ as His Saviour,

and then, with God's leave, and if with His leave, with the Spirit's help, to search the valleys."

7th June, 1875.—"I am so thankful that, bit by bit, in His own way, my Father is putting out my spiritual enemies, and solving *all* my perplexities. If only all young men would try this plan of carrying each doubt,—each perplexity to *Him*, and leave it there each day until it is taken away, how many faithful Christians should we have instead of the doubting and wavering ones?"

He was now educating for his special work, though unconscious of it. He was being taught the lessons that would make him strong to "attack or defend" when confronted with the doubters of France. It was in this training-school that he learned what I may call missionary wisdom. His skill in "turning the flank" of the Atheist or the Romanist or the scoffer, in after days, was learned now. His own mental exercises and spiritual conflicts prepared him for meeting the doubter, not with logic or argument, but with the weapons with which he himself had fought his way to truth and light. To know "the deep things of God" was a frequent prayer with him. Some of the lessons which he was now acquiring in various ways served him afterwards in France, where often the mind is so ignorant, so

stuffed with error, so untrained to observe its own workings or define its own beliefs, that often he used to say, "I do not see how the Spirit can work in a soul in the midst of such error; and yet I see that somehow or other He does work."

21st September, 1875.—"I am being led into a new region altogether, where one sees the deep things of God's salvation. I do pray that I may be kept humble."

Writing from England of one to whom a "simply believed" Gospel had brought peace, he says:—

6th April, 1875.—"She seems to have simply believed; doubt never seems to have troubled her. You know those kind of people,—they are not Scotch in their type of character; they are not introspective. They believe, and stop there. They rest in the faith, and somehow the reasons of that faith, which, to us Scotch people, are to be proved even after believing, never need solution to them. One never knows what these sort of Christians know and what they do not know. The Church here does so little for them; and they merely seem to have a heart knowledge of the one great fact of Redemption through Christ, and never to get further; but they seem to hold all the more tenaciously to that one thing, like the limpet holding to the rock and that *alone*.

“I do not think, however, that such Christians are to be desired in our day. More knowledge of the *bearings* of Christianity, its living *power* to touch and mould all life, its *reasonableness*, seem to be needed. But I must not begin to speak against some of God's people.”

22nd April, 1875.—“How I do hate these High Church doctrines that stand between a man and Christ; and how I feel for those High Church people who are under their influence.”

19th April, 1875.—“We were talking last night on the answer to prayer as a thing of Christian experience. One who speaks thus is a true Christian, and yet what would I give to know that the ideas of church power and sacramental grace were less in the way of the grasp which one should have on the Gospel of Christ! But I learn a lesson this way from conversing with one who differs slightly from me, that it is by *Faith* a man lives his Christian life. His experimental religion is the real thing. God accepts our faith, however little, however imperfect, and it is there. We cannot tell the workings of God in the heart, even of our most intimate friend, each one is left with God in that matter.”

6th August, 1876.—“I have been learning many

lessons. I have got to see the hatefulness of sin, and God's purity, His holiness and my defilement; how terrible and vile is our state of enmity, and our unbelief how strong and yet how unjust. And I have been shown wonderfully clearly what *mercy* is. In studying the publican's prayer, I have had such glimpses of the meaning of *mercy*, of how suitable it is to man, how needful. I have felt what a glad sound this word mercy has, how it rejoices the weary heart, how, when every other plea fails this stands secure and undiminished. Our sanctification is His will. *His will*,—so strong a will,—makes us *strong*. *His will*, so Divine, so wise, so constraining, how comforting that it is *His*, and that it is *for us!*"

Referring to a case that had been brought under his notice, he thus writes:—

1st February, 1875.—“My whole soul goes out in deepest sympathy and anxiety for such a man. . . . I know the modern ideas of the school that wishes to make religion a cultured and æsthetical thing,—a revival, as it were, of the Platonic doctrine of the *Harmony* of all the faculties of man. There is no doubt that refined natures and sensitive minds cannot help striving after that; a vain pursuit it seems to me, as long as they *begin* with affirming culture and its necessity, forgetting that *there is one thing needful*,

which is lacking to all such attempts, which are wholly human in their origin, while Religion is a Divine (and yet human) thing—and must *exist* as a Divine thing—a thing *per se*—like to which there is nothing else; and therefore, because of its unlikeness, it is to be treated from the very outset as a subject of study which is not subject to the same canons and tests as others.

“I had a time of like ideas too; only, that I never was adrift from my early beliefs. It is difficult to get words to describe such a state of mind, for the confusion between culture and religion is so great, that that of itself prevents the correct description. I know that I clung with all the more passionate earnestness to the truths I had been taught when young, and only thought of making the one a help to the other. Evangelical truths had got so *ingrained* in my mind that I hated the very thought of dispensing with them. It came about with me from reading Ruskin; I used to read nothing else, I went through his ‘Modern Painters,’ his ‘Stones of Venice,’ his ‘Seven Lamps,’ and all his minor works. The beauty and depth of his thoughts entranced me; and I never dreamt that he was not a Christian, and a religious one. I do not know very well just what he believes; but I can see now, most clearly, that one might read and admire and

assimilate all his teaching, and the heart be as sinful as ever,—as offensive to God in its thoughts and ways, as if it had been coarse and impure and *positively* wicked, and consciously doing the work of the Evil One. I find that the reading of such works, and the encouragement of such tendencies, in all ages, has not prevented *sin*; and herein lies the difference between Culture and Religion, that the first has for its object to *cultivate* “culture” and delicacy of perception; but that the Bible,—the handbook of Religion,—has for its object to *convince of sin* as the first and most necessary thing, and that to the critical and suspicious attitude of a man of culture it opposes the necessity of humility and obedience, and *Faith* as the starting point of all (let us use the culturist’s word), harmony of our nature. Culture comes without any authoritative demand; does not come as a Judge, or Lord, or Convicter; does not say that we are rebels against its rule, or that we hate it, or that we need a Mediator to help us to the attainment of the restoration of our nature; but the Bible comes bearing and assuming both authority of *position* and *character*, commanding because of its power, persuading because of its character; it addresses us as rebels, as haters of its words, as alienated, except we accept its appointed means of reconciliation. And it comes, not granting liberty to

us to construct our system and then to test it by our construction, but, saying that it is the *rule* of morals and religion. I wonder how many men, who have set out to construct a system, even from the smallest assumption, found that it was only stubble and rottenness, when they were convinced of their lost estate and their absolute need of a Redeemer. I do not mean to say that men do not learn from their former experience ; that cannot but be, because as Dr. Duncan says, 'There is no whole lie but the sceptic's, and even that is not wholly a lie ;' and so in culture (for man cannot live without truth), there is an element of truth which remains and may be useful afterwards, but *then* only as reconciled through the presence of religion and its acknowledged supremacy. It is not religion which is an enemy of culture, it is culture and æsthetics which are enemies of and neutral to religion. Religion is never neutral, and its very non-neutrality makes it impossible that even after all, culture can be neutral very long.

"I wish I could see —— to talk with him on the relations of Faith, and Reason, and Truth. I am fond of putting the matter this way.

"Faith is always reasonable ; it contains all that is reasonable. But Reason is often unfaithful ; it has lost the very first principle of its nature, that is

Truth; and the very proneness or habit of Reason to be false in its processes—(1) Is a direct proof that man cannot construct a system out of the Bible or any other source; (2) that for that very reason he needs a system constructed for him, and which to be acceptable must be *Divine*, and which to be useful must be accepted as *Divine*.

“The account of man’s fall is a proof of this. Adam’s reason was *faithful* to God, and had for its first principle, *Truth*. The devil, a liar from the beginning, gained his point by falsifying Reason; he assaulted it by destroying its *foundation* on *Truth*. Reason’s duty was to believe, but he taught it to suspect God’s goodness, and the first step was a fall, and that fall was brought about by man trying to construct a system for himself; and that system, even at that early time, was not so very unlike the system of the culturist of the present day. Culture keeps a man from coming near to God; it is hard but beautiful enamel put over the heart to prevent it softening to the touch of God.

“No man can construct a system, even on partial truth; it never has been done and never will. The first duty of every man is to inquire, how am I what I am; how am I to account for my yearnings for perfection and holiness, and how am I to account for my inability to reach these; and above all, how am

I to account for the strange fact of experience, that when I would do good evil is present within me. No man can get rid of this, and no man can get rid of the other question of a hereafter. These are questions only to be settled in one way—before God in prayer. Doubt is dishonest when it cannot take its troubles to God; the promise is sure that if we come we shall not be sent away empty. All our questionings are to be solved by God, and I quite understand, nay I believe, that a man would do right if he left off critical questions, such as alleged discrepancies in the Gospels, and even such a question as the Atonement, and go with them unsettled to God's Throne, a Throne of Grace; and never cease to pray until they were settled and the way shown. And what a way! Not I *show* the way, but '*I am* the Way, the Truth, and the Life.'

He looked forward with fear to his ministerial work; conscious of unfitness for so great a service as "the ministry of the reconciliation." He had high thoughts of what a minister of Christ should be, and of what his preaching should be. The plain, direct delivery of the message of love was what he aimed at. To wreath the sword of the Spirit with flowers, whether intellectual or oratorical, was only to blunt its edge. Not the wisdom of this world;

not florid declamation; not artificial verbiage making the hearers wonder, but hiding the cross of Christ; not these did he seek. He was resolved to go straight to the mark, for he knew that his message was to tell for eternity upon immortal souls. The best of human philosophy was not to be compared with "the foolishness of preaching." It might secure fame to the preacher here, and render him noted for his talents; but it would not add to the weight of his crown, nor win back the wanderer to the fold. What a mistake some of our young men are making just now in their estimate of the true nature and object of the ministry! Truly said Richard Hooker, "be careful to build and edify first yourselves and then your flocks in this most holy faith. He that would set on fire the heart of other men with the love of Christ, must himself burn with love."

"What a world," he remarked, "one human soul has opened up to my view." Referring to some interviews he had with the spiritually anxious, he says: "It makes preaching a different thing to me altogether, and opens up to me so much that was sealed before." He used, even to the last, to lament his want of experience; but it was remarkable how his words went to the heart of some in the depths of sorrow, sorrow such as he had never passed through

himself. "I have often wondered," says one, "how he learned that deep sympathy. I believe it came from his habit of putting himself in the hand of the Spirit for every word; and from his way of learning something from every little circumstance." His was no circuitous or ambiguous gospel. Hence the poorest understood him, and yet none were offended. Thus, he writes of himself:—

9th March, 1875.—"You little know how unable I feel, owing to my habits of study, to speak of the Gospel offer clearly, and to men's hearts. I tremble to come out next year, if I have not had some experience of human nature,—otherwise than in books. We had two inquirers after the Sunday-evening meeting (Grange Church), and I spoke to them both. It was the first time I ever spoke to inquirers at a meeting, and I felt very unfit, but I think God blessed my words about trusting to Christ, not feelings, as I had come through all that myself."

10th June, 1875.—"In some respects preaching does not look so hard. I *do* like it, in spite of all my nervousness and my fear of going into a pulpit. But the brain-work of writing two sermons a-week is a thing I never think of if I can help it. It is true that my mental strength has come back to a degree I never expected, and that the blessed experiences

I have been going through all furnish groundwork for preaching, and helping people on the right way. But as one's mind grows, the ideal grows also, and the nearer one comes to the *real* work, the more does it require all *your ideal* to realise it. I am sure I do take courage again and again from all the grace that has been given to me, so undeserving of it."

2nd September, 1875.—"I have not known a night's sleep for more than a week now (from neuralgia), but it has been for my good. I spoke to the people at the prayer meeting last night on 'Come unto Me all ye that labour,' &c., and, I think, I never spoke so practically before, because I felt that this gift of *rest* was so true, even in affliction and trouble, and *little* vexations like mine. I showed them that the rest was not rest from work, but *in* work,—not from trouble, but *in* trouble. These three weeks I have lost time terribly. I am not strong, I never felt so thoroughly tired; but I can thank Him for it, and see a Father's hand in it all."

21st September, 1875.—"If older Christians would only have a little patience with student-preachers, who have never had any opportunity to see the Spirit working in men's hearts, and by their words; and so *cannot* preach experimentally or to suit men's char-


acters, inasmuch as they have never studied them except at second-hand ! I have been told to preach experimentally, when the direction had no more meaning to me than a language I did not understand. I am glad we are in God's hands to teach us these things Himself, and in His time and way ; it is more precious and better, though I wish to learn by all the help He may send. Indeed, I feel all the time how deficient my preaching is,—how I lack that *personal acquaintance* with human hearts which utilises what you may have thought over, and reasoned out by long processes, which in fact fertilises the abstract conceptions and makes them practical."

26th July, 1875.—"I have felt so disheartened in my visiting, that day after day I am tempted to fly from the door after I have rung the bell. I wish I were a little bolder, a little readier to speak for Christ. I am such a moral coward in attacking people, that I sometimes feel as if the feeling would never go away."

I occupy the rest of this chapter with some fragments of miscellaneous letters, written about this time. They bring out his intense love of nature and his observant eye :—

LESNEWTH, DEVONSHIRE, *April and May, 1875.*
—"I've seen such an affecting sight while fishing.

A sheep had tried to cross the brook, and got entangled in the thorns, and fallen; and, unable to rise or move, had been drowned. And its lamb was sitting, or rather lying, there peacefully beside its dead mother, the very picture of patient waiting. It was both beautiful and sad. This is a very primitive country, so wild and open, the people simple and quiet.

“The lanes here are stuffed with *Adiantum nigrum* (maiden hair),—a lovely green it has just now,—and *Trichomanes*. The earth is raised up high, and faced with stones laid thus—; and one wall of this kind had a *Trichomanes* in every chink. The whole country is coloured just now with yellow gorse, and ivy trailing down among it.”

LLANTEGLOS, NEAR CAMELFORD.—“How I do love these grey old buildings, so quiet and venerable, with their mossy churchyards and crumbling grave-stones. There was in the windows some very old stained glass, and part of the church was of Norman architecture, the arch over the transept being peculiarly so. I was above all things delighted with three old crosses, some found in the neighbourhood and taken care of. They are of granite, and venerable with age,—two of them more than a thousand years old. One had an inscription in

Saxon, but very much obscured, though, it seems, it has been made out. I had not time to follow out my propensity to read the letters.

“I looked for ferns, and found ever so many old friends. I know nothing more curious and yet more beautiful than the unfolding of their curled scaly fronds. I came upon the Scented-fern, the Mountain Buckler, and then, to my great delight, I found the Hay-scented fern. I had often seen it, and bought it, and grown it at home, but never found it before. I brought away the plants. They are so small that I shall send them home.”

13th July, 1875.—To his Brother.—“Philip enclosed a specimen of *Drosera rotundifolia*, or ‘Sundew.’ I do not know if you ever saw it. I found it at St. Mary’s,—a curious marsh plant, with tentacles on its leaves, tipped with a viscid secretion, so sticky that if an unlucky fly alights on them it is taken captive. The plant *feeds* on them; it assimilates the nitrogen in the animals it catches, and leaves them a thin shell, which is blown away, and then it is ready for another repast. As many as 260 glands have been counted on their tentacles, and they have been known to catch a big gadfly. They kill them generally in a quarter of an hour. It is a curious half-animal, half-plant.”

23rd May, 1875.—To his Brother.—“ I have kept an eye open for ferns always, and was so glad to find the Ceterach. It grew on high walls, and I had to stop the man who was driving to get them. I saw great quantities of the *Soft Shield*, both near Tintern and Cardiff. I put in a plant, but the rest were so large it was useless to take them. I wish you saw some of the banks fringed with those Soft Shields, and *huge* clumps of Hart’s-tongue among the ivy. It is a lovely picture.”

LOCHEE, 9th April, 1875.—“ It is just the same dear old place. My ferns are all springing in the greenhouse. There is nothing so lovely as the little green fronds slowly unfolding their rusty-looking coils.”

24th April, 1875.—“ Froude’s view of free-will is the only one that cleared up to me the controversy. *Ought* would never exist in our language did not the idea of responsibility and duty pre-exist, and make a part, and a necessary part, of our nature. The consciousness of being *able to choose*, or of power, is not the deciding point; for, as has been well shown, the power to choose may be itself the determining ruling motive; but no man can say so of *ought*, for it itself is the direct outcome of consciousness, and there is nothing anterior to it.”

His knowledge of French, before going to Paris, was chiefly from books; and perhaps at that

time his French reading had not been so extensive as his German. Yet he had feasted on Pascal and Vinet, for whom he had a special admiration. The writings of Godet and Bersier were very familiar to him, with many others.

After going to Paris, he read constantly all the best French theological literature, and when preparing a discourse on any subject, would read as many as three or four authors on the subject,—not so much for ideas as for words. He said that thus his ear caught the fitting expression for his thoughts, and that he learned to avoid the *English turn*, which is apt to cling to one long after grammatical correctness is attained. But to the end Vinet held a first place, though he dissented from his view of faith and its office in justification. “There is no French author I admire so much, next to Pascal. I think no man ever knew so well the way to show that Christianity was truly a system that embraced all that the reasoning and speculating faculties of man’s mind could have craved the satisfaction of. He saw so clearly that all history, sacred and profane, are parts of God’s purpose to be fulfilled alone in Christ’s life and death. He saw so clearly the need of redemption, and how redemption had no satisfying, real meaning except in the evangelical sense of the atonement.”

Atonement to him had no significance or reality apart from "substitution." I remember in one of our last conversations, when walking through one of the avenues of Auteuil, how fully he spoke out his appreciation of this truth. We took up the different words of the New Testament, such as atonement, propitiation, satisfaction, sin-bearing, reconciliation, and the like. He was then sketching out a programme for some class or meeting or series of tracts, and the idea filled his mind of classifying the great truths of the Gospel to the people under some such headings.

There was no Gospel to him apart from the propitiation of the Cross ; and he saw that, dark as the French mind was upon these points, the great truths which these words enshrined were just those that were given him to preach to the people among whom he had come to labour. The reception of these was everlasting life, whether in Scotland or France. As a student he saw this ; and as a minister of the Gospel in Paris he realised it more and more. All real success was to turn on the faithfulness and fulness with which he preached a Gospel which embodied these ; and he was, in these student years, learning "how to preach" in the earnest days to come, and what the Gospel entrusted to his hands really was.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSIONARY VIEWS—INQUIRIES AS TO MISSION-FIELDS
—REFUSAL OF A HOME-FIELD—RESOLUTION TO
SETTLE IN PARIS.

FROM his childhood, as we have noticed, he had a missionary life in view ; and no doubt his mother's teaching had borne fruit. Such feelings spring up in various ways in the members of Christian families at a very early age. Sometimes it is a family conversation that sets their curiosity on edge ; sometimes it is a public address which they happen to hear ; sometimes it is a book of missionary work ; sometimes it is the example of an acquaintance, older than themselves, setting out on the noble enterprise ; sometimes it seems to be the direct but unconscious stirrings of the Divine Spirit ; and sometimes it comes in a sort of hereditary way through fathers or grandfathers, who have trodden the missionary path before and left an example of self-sacrifice to their children's children.

I remember one, who went to be with Christ some thirty years ago, his missionary longings all unfulfilled, and himself spared only to do a little work at home. He was in humble life, and had been brought to know the Son of God while yet a mere youth, owing his piety to the teaching of a holy mother. A companion, somewhat older than himself, had been roused to yearn over foreign heathendom by reports of missionary societies, and had gone forth in the prime of his manhood to the South Sea Islands. His public statements and private letters relating the wonderful success which had followed his labours set his friend's soul on fire, and he prepared to follow. The islands of the Southern hemisphere,—these were continually in his thoughts by day, and in his dreams by night! An island for himself he must have; an island which should owe all to him; of which he should be spiritual king and father. Often did he pray that such an island might be given him, and he talked about it as if it were already his. That fair Southern island, how it brightened to his fancy! How his eye glistened as he spoke of it. But he never reached it. He was cut off when his desires seemed on the point of being fulfilled, and the “island of the blest” was just coming into view. He died at home, and lies buried, not under the palm or the plantain of a Southern sun, but in a Scottish

churchyard. For years he had prayed for these far-off islands, which he was not destined to see. But his prayers have not gone up in vain.

I give here the following statement regarding Mr. Dodds' early longings :—

“From infancy, we may say, he desired to be a missionary. When six years old his mother used to find him crying in his bed, and on asking the reason, he would say, ‘I’m afraid I’ll never be good enough to be a missionary.’

“Perhaps the family traditions of that mother, now in glory, may have had much to do with this early desire. Her stories were all of Russia, the Circassians, and Astrakan, where her parents laboured for years at what seemed an almost fruitless task. A few converts did reward their labours, but each, as soon as his profession was made known, was drafted away by Government to some distant part of the country, and never heard of more. Mr. Dickson translated the Bible into Tartar-Turkish. His whole family had the gift of learning languages (talked in Turkish, Tartar, Russian), which descended on his grandson. At last, after enduring many hardships and going through much sorrow, the missionaries were expelled from the country, and the Dicksons returned to Scotland in poverty and broken health. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson died within a few weeks of each other, leaving a family of young daughters unprovided for. To the eyes of men this was ‘a failure;’ just as even to worldly men, the Paris Mission may appear ‘a success.’ But how much of this success arose out of that apparent failure—eternity alone will show.

“His short work in Paris was the work of one who had ‘counted the cost’ whatever it might be. Its foundations were laid in those depths of conflict and prayer which few knew. He was prepared to encounter difficulties, or lay down life itself in the cause of Christ. To outsiders it perhaps appeared that Paris

involved a lighter sacrifice than India and China would have done, as if he might have worked there a time, and withdrawn when weary; but to himself it never appeared less than his whole lifework, for which everything else must be given up if need be. 'The call is, Go,' he said, 'and *so few go.*' *So few go* was his constant plea. The duty of going seemed clear—the where was long doubtful. His health seemed unfit for any trying climate; also the posts offered to him were chiefly educational. France had never occurred to his mind till the autumn of 1876."

The missionary longing never left him during all his subsequent years of study; and it helped greatly to mould his college life. He studied languages diligently and largely, not only to gratify an irresistible philological taste, but to fit himself for the special calling to which he had from childhood devoted himself. He had no fixed plan of work in view, nor any special thought as to where his lot might be cast. It might be India or Africa, or the South Sea Islands. He had settled nothing in his own mind. Indeed an inward conflict, which partook in some degree of the desponding, was going on at this time. He was ready for any opening, and shrank from no hardship. His health, however, had to be consulted. He was not robust, though he enjoyed on the whole very tolerable health. Headaches often prostrated him, and asthmatic and aguish affections troubled him. A dry, bracing climate, even

though cold, suited him best; and hence in after years he stood both the heats and colds of Paris, because they were both dry; while the moist air of Lyons, where he was for seven weeks, nearly knocked him up. The banks of the Rhone were not so salubrious to him as those of the Seine.

I had better introduce here the following letters relative to his missionary views and mental struggles. The first seems to be written early in his course of study, to his parents, but is undated:—

“I have been suffering much from mental despondency and depression. Perhaps the reason of these attacks is that my studies are all alone, and as I have been reading in some of the deepest mysteries of the Christian faith, without any one to speak to, the self-introspection becomes morbid and hurtful. I have not been myself at all for the last few weeks. I often think over the future of my life and my calling as a Christian minister, and if anything is necessary in the present day, it is a thorough realisation of a personal union with Christ, for I become more and more convinced that *that* alone can give any one strength to combat the endless errors and wretchedness of our day; and I tremble to go out with such educated unbelief and insidious infidelity abroad.* I suppose that it is the study of these errors, and the thought of having to cope with them, that weighs upon my mind, till it is almost unbearable. I might say to myself,

* The “educated unbelief and insidious infidelity” which he dreaded were “putting forth their feelers” in the denial of the supernatural, and in the efforts to erase the miraculous from Scripture. To get quit of God in some way or other he saw to be the aim of advanced thought.

give up these studies ; but I know my mind cannot do this, and as a young man must be in this atmosphere, must feel its influence either for good or bad, I see that I must not shirk my duty.

“I think it is time you knew of a subject which is always before my mind, namely, that of going out as a missionary. I cannot say where, but it is ever present before me, and I am sure that God’s hand is in it, though there may be a measure of youthful enthusiasm in it. I think that I am more suited for this than for staying at home. I do not think I am strong enough, or have mind enough, to stand the strain of two sermons a week in such an age as this, and I might devote my energy, such as it is, to the mission-field. I feel that *that* is to be my position, and I know that I shall have it made plain to me. If you object, of course that must be taken into consideration, but I think that even at this stage you should know my intention, which is a sufficiently serious one.

“I hope that all the trials and unspeakable mental doubt and anguish I have come through will fit me to be a guide to others.”

His home-letters were very numerous ; and at this time very full of his missionary longings. His unwillingness to give pain to loving relatives comes out strongly ; along with his calm resolution to carry out his early longings for the missionary field. Affectionately and confidentially he consults his father ; yet he does not leave him in any doubt as to what his purpose was. He has weighed the whole matter. He has counted the cost. He asks sympathy and guidance. The following is part of a letter on this subject to his father :—

“ST. MARY’S, YARROW, 2nd July, 1874.

“*Secondly*,—About what I am to do when my course is through. You know I have long felt drawn to the mission-field. It has been a life-long cherished desire. I *never* had any distinct attraction to stay at home ; and the feeling becomes stronger the older I grow. I felt so bitterly the wrench it would be to leave you all, that when I tried several times last spring to make up my mind to speak to you on it, I could not do it. But I should like to have the matter settled, for then I would devote myself entirely to studying for it, and otherwise preparing ; one would need to know the outs and ins of mission life, and there are plenty opportunities in Edinburgh for it, and two sessions are not very long to leave for that. The more I think of it the more I am sure that any talent I have will not be as a preacher, but as a teaching missionary, looking after young men or girls. And I feel sure this is *God’s call to me*. If God calls me I cannot stand back. No one has ever persuaded me ; no one knew it till I told them, and the most who do know are against it. So few go out that there is all the more reason for my going.”

The next is if possible more decided, and with great tenderness and beauty refers to parental feeling on this subject :—

“ST. MARY’S, YARROW, 9th July, 1874.

“MY DEAR PAPA,—I got your letter yesterday, and am glad you have written so distinctly and decidedly. Such a letter helps one to decide. Of course you will not expect me to be able to make up my mind what I should do at once. I will require time. If a father’s keenest feelings were to be a practical barrier, then no missionaries would ever go out. Every missionary has to encounter a like dissuasive ; you do not know that the *one* distinct desire that I can look back upon during my life has been this one, and it has always grown with life. This, of course, must prevent my coming to any sudden change of pur-

pose ; you cannot make an end of a leaning that has grown out of, and then into, your very heart, taking such entire possession of it that you and it were one. And I must say that I consider this to be a direct Divine call ; I cannot simply feel otherwise, so miserably few go out. Dr. Carstairs Douglas could not get *one* the other year for China from our colleges, which I cannot help thinking a very discreditable thing. I am saying all this, not as answer to your objections, but to show you the way it has presented itself to me for now a long time since.

“I must close, and only wish to say that I do entreat you not to take this to heart too much ; if God leads me, I must go, if not, I will stay. Your views may change my will and resolution, but they can never change the life-long wish that I never expect to leave me during my life.”

The next brings in some communications he had received in reference to the foreign field :—

“*14th April, 1875.*—I send you the note Dr. Murray Mitchell sent me. If God’s voice is so strong in calling me, what can I do ? Are there not so few, so very few going ? Is it not the Church’s first duty, nay, privilege to spread the Gospel abroad ? I think He wishes us to pray very often about this, to put it continually as the great matter under His eye, and to ask that we may be guided so certainly by His unerring hand, and that it shall be made so clear to us, and so much God’s will to our friends and relations, that there the hard trial may be taken away too. I am sure God will guide us, but we must not let this surety be our rest ; it is rather in prayer, and daily committal of this thing to Him that we shall be guided.”

“*11th August, 1875.*—I feel I should keep my mind open, and not decide until my examinations are over. I told Dr. M. Mitchell so, Dr. Duff was there at the time ; they said they would not press it, and would wait for an answer until my session was completed. Yet the call, as I have heard it before, and

now as it comes again, is as imperative as ever, and as distinctly God's as ever. Let us ever bear this request earnestly and increasingly before Him who has sent His call, that He would lead us in 'the right way,' the *only* path He means us to take. I have cast the burden on Him, and it is sweet to have done so. Let us pray that if we do go, it may be clear to all that the call is God's, and then all will be light, and He will surely make our darkness to be marvellous light. He cannot fail to direct our steps, and choose out our inheritance for us."

"14th August, 1875.—Not merely *a* right way, but *the* right way,—there being only one, Ps. cvii. 7. How often have I read these verses over and over again when I was tired and perplexed, and always got comfort from them.

"I had some pleasant visiting yesterday, and a few trials in it, which have done me good. I wish I were more courageous. Why I should tremble and feel inclined to flee every time I ring a bell I don't know. I am naturally unfitted for such work. I cannot help thinking that *teaching* is really my work; it is not so ambitious and dangerous in the effects it may have on a man in the way of lifting him up. But that should not be the reason why any one should decide for or against it. God's *call* that is to decide."

"17th August, 1875.—All yesterday, prostrate with my old enemy, intermittent fever. However, I am better, and the weary, depressing pain in my back is not there to-day. But this certainly proves to me that I cannot safely or sensibly contemplate a hot climate. And the bidding farewell to all my friends and relatives—I can't look it in the face calmly. I would settle and stay at home unless this lay in the way—*God's* will. What if in staying at home I should be disobeying God's call, or, at least, *choosing* for *myself*? This would be terrible. I think I shall just dismiss it from my thoughts at present, and cast this burden wholly on Him. I do know that all will come right; we cannot go wrong if we com-

mit it constantly to Him. Pray that His will *alone* may be made plain, and that no element whatever of our own fancy, or even idea of duty, may blurr the clear view which He will give us of our future sphere. I don't know how I could ever have looked at the future if I had not had such clear indications that God had something for me to do. Such proof of His interference in, and along the whole course of my life—such intervention where I least expected it and thought I least deserved it."

India was the first sphere which presented itself; and it was not without great hesitation that he declined this. I need not enter into his reasons for this declinature. Medical advice chiefly swayed him, though there were other reasons operating along with this in determining his choice. Again and again he consulted me, and we talked over the whole matter most fully. I said to him that before deciding for India, he should see his way very clear, for it seemed as if there were some qualifications possessed by him which would better suit other fields. No one sought to bias him; but some wished him to consider the whole matter carefully, before coming to a decision. I knew something, at the time, of the work in France, which was then little more than beginning. I had not the acquaintance of its honoured director, and had seen but little of the operations among the Communists. But I was considerably impressed with the feeling that France

was the place for him ; just the very sphere for his gifts. His knowledge of French and German were strongly determining points. He would not need to wait till he had acquired a new language, whether of Africa or India, but could throw himself at once into the heart of the work without an hour's delay. The spiritual experience through which he had passed eminently fitted him for dealing with unbelievers such as the Paris workers have to encounter. His skill in argument, and tact in meeting objections, and patience in bearing with opposition had already shown themselves, and made me feel that he was the man for Paris. Nor has there been cause to repent of the advice then given. All that was urged on him at the time has been amply verified. The sorrowful mystery of his strange removal has not altered my judgment. There was a work to be done in France during these five years ; and here was the man to do it. The following is his letter to his father and mother regarding Paris. It is dated 9th February, 1877:—

“ Since we were in Paris I have never ceased to be deeply interested in the work there among the Communists. Miss Howard, whom I have often met here, has often asked me if I would not think of Paris, but I always refused. Lately, however, I have had my thoughts turned there more than ever, and wrote shortly to Mr. M'All asking for information. He writes—to our surprise—entreating us to think of the work, and says

that he and his wife have long wished for a helper, their stations being now twenty instead of four, as when they began. I have just written for further particulars, but tell you all this in the meantime that you may know what is passing through our minds. He says that the want is very great, that they could do much more if they had more workers. Of course it would only be for two or three years, only to see how we liked it ;* and we could not think of going till autumn."

There were many minor points regarding his decision at this time for Paris which need not be specified. They all seemed to me to point in the same direction ; and before long he came to see them in the same light, though loath to give up India. Had Paris not presented itself, he would in all likelihood have decided for India, even in spite of medical opinion ; but here was work for him to do at once. It was missionary work too ; for to no counsel as to remaining at home would he listen. Several congregations at home, who had heard of him, wrote to me to ask if I could not persuade him to come to them. But he refused all such requests. He thought that he remained long enough at home when, as my missionary, he laboured a year and more in Edinburgh. But he could

* This idea of going " 'to see how we liked it' vanished almost as soon as we were on the spot," says Mrs. Dodds. "Friends used sometimes to speak as if it were only a temporary thing, and that he would come back to England. I used to feel ;—no ;—nothing will ever make him quit France, unless some event which would nearly break his heart."

afterwards acknowledge that that year of home-labour among the poor was of great service to him in his subsequent work.

As he said one day in my hearing, to a friend, who urged him to leave Paris after he had been two years there, "No, I'll not leave Paris;" so, when a young man, he had said once and again regarding his future life-work, "No, I'll not settle at home; I have given myself for foreign work." The advantageous offers of home-settlement were no temptations to him. He declined them all, without hesitation.

The following sentences from a letter to Dr. Murray Mitchell, in answer to one regarding the Indian field, may be quoted here. The exact date is not preserved, but it was in April, 1875:—

"I have no doubt you are wondering what I am thinking about the mission-field, and whether I have made any decision. I think I can better say in a letter what my feelings are. I have not come to any decision. I cannot say that my desire to go has suffered any abatement; but, according to the advice of my best friends, and according to Dr. Begbie's advice also, I am satisfied that I am right in what I have done. Since I last saw you at the beginning of the session, I have not ceased to ask God's counsel and direction. . . . I need not take up time in telling you how He dealt with me; but need only say that His dealings with me at this time were so close and personal,—so decisive and marked, that I shall never forget, nor cease to be most thankful for what I learned through them. Let me tell you now that I can certainly say this one thing, that if God calls me still to go, I can assuredly say that I am not only will-

ing to go, but shall go with all gladness, and count it not only a duty but a privilege. I know that, if ever in my life my will was given up to Him, it has been so in this one thing. At the same time, I *know* most surely that His teaching has been showing me most clearly that I must wait and not decide. This is not my inclination. I had rather know whether to go or not,—whatever God's leading may be. Those who are not at all opposed to me going, have advised me to wait and see what is proposed for me ; and I can truly say that I have a sure evidence that this is my duty just now ; for God has taught me so. I do not deny that this seems strange, even to myself ; but it is best ; and it has taught me what I would not have missed ; and it is best also that I should be taught *how God really has my future in His hands*, somewhere or other to use me, though I may not know it entirely now. My longing for the mission-field is not a whit gone. When I read mission intelligence, and when I see the very very few who have gone or are going, I sometimes wish to fling myself into the work. But I have been kept back from this by God's dealings ; and that they are His I have not a single doubt. I have been enabled to put my future entirely into His hands, and 'tarry the Lord's leisure.'"

In sending this letter to a friend, he says, "When I saw Dr. Begbie I asked him about climate, and he said that I should come to no decision just now. Anything that he did add was not in encouragement of my going."

The next letter is to his father, stating his decision as to India:—

"17 ARCHIBALD PLACE, 27th December, 1875.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I daresay I can say better in a letter to you what I wish to say about my thoughts as to what I shall

do at the close of this session. I need not go over what you already know,—namely, that since last January it was left an unsettled thing whether I should go out as a missionary or not. I can see God's hand very clearly in your letter written to me at St. Mary's in the summer of 1874, which dissuaded me from fixing at that time ; also, I can see it as clearly in His dealings with me last Christmas, when I was almost inclined to give up all thoughts of it. I was kept from that by what I *know* to have been God's hand and will ; and since then you know that I have been unsettled. Since then, also, I have never ceased to make it an almost daily subject of prayer ; and I write this letter to let you know my thoughts, not my decision, as I have made none.

“One thing I may as well say here and now : I cannot go to India—if I go out—under Dr. Duff's system. . . . It would be rash to decide altogether against that system. Nevertheless, I have a decided objection to it, and will not go to teach moral philosophy, or English literature, or any purely secular branch of knowledge. I agree with you that this is not the work of a preacher of the Gospel, of a missionary ; not the manner of winning souls ; not the example left by the apostles.* But this is not saying that I feel the call lessened or removed ; I rather feel it with all the more intensity. What would you say was a call ? How would you explain it, or how would you view the constant desire I have had for long to go ? It has existed and grown under the most earnest and anxious prayer for guidance and light. If all this be not a call, or in the direction of a call, what is ? I have been reading John MacDonald's

* His decision against India rested on two grounds,—health, and what appeared to him the secular character of the post offered to him. His decision against *secular* teaching was the more unbiassed because *teaching* in itself was a kind of passion with him, and he felt himself particularly suited to it.

Life. In his words, I may say, 'My anxiety is to have my call made clear; my mind is weaned from every consideration but the *will of my Lord*. I think I can say this (I could not a year ago): I appeal to Him as my Teacher; that is my only concern *now*. Father and mother, brothers, and sisters, and friends, I have laid at the footstool of the throne as at my Lord's service, so that I shall leave them if He demand.' Do you think my feelings in this matter can be imagination, or a morbid sense of duty, or mere natural inclination? Is it the 'way of the Spirit' to let one continue in such a state in so great a matter after earnest prayer, and such dealings as I have experienced?

"M. has had much to sacrifice of her own inclinations *against*. I have had a good deal to learn of how my own inclinations must not decide *for*. We have been led by different paths to the same result. We must wait on Him for an answer; and is He not giving it? . . .

"I am very conscious of what I may have to give up,—literature, and theology, and time for study; but these are nothing in the way, and they are also nothing compared with going away from you all. Meanwhile, I do ask you both to make it a special subject of prayer, till the spring or later, when it may be necessary to decide. Ask that I may be kept at home, if He wills it; ask that I may be sent abroad, with a call *clear* not only to myself and M., but to you all. I do not doubt in the slightest that you will expect an answer, even as I myself pray and look for one that will change perplexity into clearness, and show the right way.—Your ever affectionate son."

"4th August, 1875.—*He shall choose our inheritance for us*. I know He will; but let us pray that all may be made very clear, and that we may be led in the right way."

"7th August, 1875.—Dr. M. Mitchell pressed me a good deal this morning. They want three men. I do not know

what to do. I said he must wait till the end of next session before I could at all think of answering him; that this I felt to be God's leading; and that my friends all desired it. I told him that climate was an insuperable objection just now, but that I had still to hear what Dr. Begbie might say finally. Dr. M. says that Bombay is quite cool during winter months, and that during other seasons I could go to the Hills. They are in great need of men for Madras and Bombay. Do you not think that it is a *terrible* thing that so few go abroad? This weighs most with me, besides the life-long wishes I have had, and that have now grown *into me*, as they formerly grew out and developed. It seems so like God's will that I should go. I never hear the voice say, 'You will do right in staying at home.' It seems always to say that I shall do right if I go. But I said to Dr. M. that my Board work and missionary work were quite enough just now to take up my mind, and that I could not undertake the weight of having to decide just now as he wished me. The Lord *our God* will make our darkness to be light, in His own way and time. Let us wait on Him for this to dawn."

"*2nd December, 1875.*—I have been thinking much of the foreign field this week. Dr. Duff had one of his grand lectures to-day on St. Paul; it was really very fine, describing St. Paul's missionary spirit. I cannot help feeling the terrible want that exists for missionaries everywhere,—not in India only. How little,—how very little does the Church realise her duty,—her privilege, the blessing that might accrue from greater missionary zeal. And the question always comes back to me. Is this longing which God has given me for the mission-field to be a barren one? I wonder what man would not feel at liberty to disregard the call, if I am at liberty to do so."

"*21st December, 1875.*—Have you looked at the *Record*? Really when one sees the great fields ready for harvest, and the

labourers ‘olim depugnantes, jam prostratos atque mortuos,’ does one not feel how great the need is, and how strongly imperative God’s call becomes in the midst of such want,—how *personal* the call becomes amid such a *general* cry.”

“*3rd January, 1876.*—I do not think a missionary’s post more solemn than a minister’s, in responsibility,—I had almost said in difficulty. They were not different in the early ages of Christianity; they should not be so now. Our Church and our ministers should be missionary and missionaries.”

Finding that he was greatly drawn to Paris, and being convinced that his qualifications for that place were of no common kind, several of his friends encouraged him to think of it. Passing through it in 1876,—a year before he decided to settle there,—he addressed a meeting, regarding which he thus writes to his brother: “They prevailed on me to address a meeting; and I began with an interpreter; but finding that slow work, I dropped it, and made a desperate plunge at French, and succeeded. The people were most attentive eager listeners.”

The prospect of being able at once to enter on the work, without a preliminary year, or two years of language-learning, was an inviting one. He was already largely equipped for the service there; and his past studies and experience seemed to be of the very kind needed. Fully we talked the matter all over; consulting how he could best dedicate his gifts

to the service of Christ. He then opened up a communication with Mr. M'All; and ere long all arrangements were made for his going. It only remained to put all things in order at home. This was done.* A house was taken for him at Belleville,—6 Rue des Fêtes; and, in the beginning of November, 1877, with his wife and first-born son, he started for his great destination. Mr. M'All received him as a father a son; and from that day the affection on both sides continued to increase. The way in which he spoke of his venerable colleague from first to last showed how strong and warm was the bond between them. It was well that a young minister of twenty-seven should begin his work in connection with such experience and such fellowship.

There was much to cheer an ardent worker, though the magnitude of the work, and the distances to be traversed, and the lateness of hours

* A letter dated 30th June, 1877, contains the following reference to his separation from our Grange Mission and departure for Paris :—"The other day, going about in the Causewayside, I was groaning over the little time I had had, and shall have, when the thought was sent into my mind, 'If you had not had all this affliction you could not have spoken to people as you have done.' . . . I like visiting a friend's manse, and sometimes an envious feeling comes up, and a sort of longing to have a quiet place like this; but I am glad that our future is to be in Paris; it would *not do for every one* to stay at home; some must go. I feel *I* have been called."

might have alarmed a timid worker. All the more was he cheered when he found how well the climate of Paris suited him. It was dry and bracing; not relaxingly hot. And Belleville, built upon a considerable height, was not a disagreeable place of residence, though the abode of poverty and crime.

He began his work; and from that day there was no cessation till he was called away by the Master. The rugged natures which he had daily to encounter did not in the least daunt him. He enjoyed the stubborn work. The atheistical spirits with whom he had to discuss questions were certainly new to him; but he was prepared for them, and he had come to pity and to love them. They did not ruffle him at all. Their outspokenness was pleasant to him, for he could deal with them without circuitousness or subterfuge. They spoke to him without reserve, and so did he to them. They made no mistakes as to what he was and what he was not. They soon found that he was no "clerical," no "Jesuit," no spy; but one who had come from another land to speak to them about "religion," a religion of love and peace; and that he was in earnest. He came not dressed in the long priestly robe, nor wearing the large priestly hat. He was plainly attired, and put forth no pretensions to authority. He carried in his hand not a Latin missal

or breviary, but a book which he called the Book of God,—and the New Testament of the Lord Jesus Christ,—or perhaps some simple tract, which spoke to them of the love of God, and of pardon without a price. He did not ask for reverence, though they soon learned to reverence and to love him. He did not speak of the Church, or the Virgin, or the Pope; but of the Son of God, who died for sinners. He did not carry a crucifix, nor wear a scapular, nor impose penances, nor ask for confessional fees. He was more ready to give than to receive; and the words of grace which came from his lips were words, the like of which they had never heard before.

It was touching to notice the infidel listening, to see the rude man softening, to watch the hardened melting into tears, to receive the respectful bow, or the cordial shake of the hand, or the kind welcome from the grateful *ouvrier*. And the meetings, too, so unlike those to which they had been accustomed! No confusion or uproar; no lewd or revolutionary song; no mockery of religion or government; no attacks upon the rich, yet the warmest expressions of kindness for the poor. Thus he went out and in among them as one of themselves, the example of true fraternity, liberty, and equality. Quickly they found out what he was,—a man really seeking their good; bringing to them not a religion of money, but of

kindness and benevolence.* His residence at Belleville, in the very heart of communism, told upon the whole neighbourhood, winning both ears and hearts. It was a beginning of the right kind, following up Mr. M'All's footsteps when, some few years before, he had planted himself in the same locality, and in so doing had gained access to the lowest and the worst of the populace.

But though Belleville was his home for his first

* Yet the kind of people among whom he laboured may be judged by the following sentence from one of the anarchists' manifestoes, published within this last year :—" *We propose to teach the people to live without a Government, as they are already beginning to learn how to live without God. Our party will also teach men how to live without property-holders. The worst tyrant is not he who locks you up in gaol, but he who starves you ; not he who takes you by the coat-collar, but he who takes you by the stomach. There is no liberty without equality ; no liberty with a society in which capital is monopolised in the hands of a minority, and nothing is evenly divided, not even public education, which, nevertheless, is paid for out of the common purse. We consider that capital, the patrimony of all humanity, since it is the fruit of the work of past and present generations, ought to be placed within the reach of all, to the exclusion of none, and that no individual ought to seize more than his share, to the detriment of the rest.*" Atheism and Communism, open and undisguised, met him on every side. With singular wisdom, he met and disarmed both ; nor had he ever to complain of rudeness or unkindness. He was patiently listened to in the district meeting, or the house, or the village, or on the street. Boldly but kindly he went up to the worst, and was never repulsed. "It is the Christian's cowardice that spoils his fortune," was once remarked ; and he found that straightforward dealing with the men of Belleville and Lyons was successful.

eighteen months, the work went far beyond that remarkable faubourg; and the Mission gradually crept round the whole city, and interlaced its streets. On foot, in cabs, in omnibuses, in tramways, in boats, he went forth on his missionary errand of preaching or visiting. He was not confined within any limit or locality. All Paris was his district; afterwards, all France. Even before his arrival, Mr. M'All had opened twenty-one stations, all craving help from the new missionary, and each year continued to add to these.

He now at last found himself in the position he had so long coveted to occupy, and doing the work on which from childhood he had set his heart. Only he had to face not the cities of India with their millions of Buddhists and Mohammedans, but a city of Christendom with its crowds of unbelievers, to whom the Bible was a fable, Christianity an imposture, religion a device of priests for the victimising of the ignorant and the oppression of the poor.

To meet the various elements of evil, and the many phases of unbelief, he had but one weapon,—that Gospel which he knew so well, and which he could so clearly deliver to the strange audiences which drew around him day by day; a Gospel very unlike anything that these audiences had ever heard,—the Gospel of God's free love, presenting to

the sons of men, without gold or silver, a pardon which the priesthood had hitherto kept under their own lock and key, to be withheld or dispensed at their pleasure, and for their gain. For the hearty, honest, and immediate pardon of the sinner, without a priest, and without gold or silver, is an idea unknown and unintelligible to those who have learned from childhood the fundamental principle of Romanism, that God's favour may be bought with money, or secured by merit.

But his early work in Paris we defer to the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY WORK IN PARIS—BELLEVILLE—LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

THE narrative of his early work can best be given in the words of Mrs. Dodds, without embellishment. It carries the reader at once into the heart of the Mission and its peculiar operations. It sets the reader down in the centre of the field and, bidding him look round, describes its different lights and shadows.

There is something very cheery about the first words; and very bright is the first scene as it broke upon the view of the young missionary. The sunshine that rested on his arrival seemed like a promise of long years of gladness and blessing. The contrast between the Belleville noise and din, in the midst of which he arrived, and the Buisson solitude in which he departed five years after, is sorrowful; and would be far more so were it not that he passed out of weariness into rest, out of a wilderness into the society of the great multitude

that no man can number,—some of them the poor *ouvriers* whom he had loved, and taught on earth the way to heaven.

Into the very heart of the work he throws himself at once. The doors are wide; the stations are ready; the eyes and ears are open; no priests nor *préfets* to hinder; no opposition, nor even indifference. He begins on the very night of his arrival; and though at first he hardly trusts himself to address without written preparation, he finds very soon that he can completely command the language and be listened to as if he were a Frenchman.

The difference between such an immediate entry on work, and the years of laborious study which our foreign missionaries have to undergo is very noticeable. When one reads the narrative of Brainerd or Morrison, or Carey or Judson, he cannot help being deeply touched with the solitary and arduous studies of these noble men in acquiring the new language, and the patience with which they plodded on till they were able to speak ever afterwards to their hearers; trying to conduct their private devotions in the language of their adopted country, and so step by step to acquire facility of speech in the Chinese or the Burman. This long, weary, patient preparatory study has often struck us as one of the most telling proofs of their devotedness.

In Mr. Dodds' case all this labour was unneeded. He could begin without delay.

Mr. Dodds left Edinburgh in the end of October, 1877, with his wife and one baby, accompanied also by his youngest sister. For the description of the commencement of the work we prefer giving Mrs. Dodds' narrative to our own:—

“Breaking the journey by a night or two in London in the ever-hospitable house of the late lamented Mr. James Watson, and by a night at Boulogne, we went on to Paris on 1st November, reaching it late in the afternoon. It was a pleasant day's journey—a day of golden ‘Indian summer,’ belonging to November only in name;—and the calm sunshine without seemed but an emblem of the hope in our hearts as we flitted past the autumn-tinted fields and woods of France. Travelling in a slow train, we had abundant opportunities for observation, and found an interest which was more than curiosity, in watching the new comers at every station,—the neat peasant women with their pretty white caps and tidy shawls, and the oddly dressed babies, and the men who took our tracts with such profuse expressions of politeness. To such as these we had come to carry the Gospel.

“The station reached, kind Mrs. M'All met us and saved us from bewilderment. Belleville seemed a long way off, quite a new journey, but it was reached at last, and a comfortable English tea found waiting for us in our own house, 6 Rue des Fêtes. Not long afterwards Mr. M'All came in, and the first meeting took place between these two, who so quickly became near and dear friends, as well as colleagues. Responding eagerly to Mr. M'All's invitation, Mr. Dodds went out with him to one of the meetings, not in a very distant quarter—I think that in the Rue d'Allemagne. This was the first of many nights spent in the same way.”

From letter of Mrs. Dodds':—

"2nd November.—To-night they have gone a long way. He does not need to go, and of course does not yet take part; but he is so much interested, and likes to hear.

"We all went into the *bureau* (in our house) at half-past eleven this forenoon for a few minutes of prayer before business began, and thus we met the other workers. Mr. M'All and another gave thanks for our having been sent. We felt it most touching."

Mrs. Dodds' narrative proceeds:—

"A very pleasant time followed, one in which we made many new friends who soon grew to be old and dear friends. The days were spent in the many adventures incidental to 'settling down,' making new discoveries in many things; finding or losing our way about the streets, and getting initiated into the mysteries of that most intricate system of omnibus 'correspondence'; making odd and humiliating mistakes in the language, which, like other foreigners, we found we did not know so well as we thought we did."

Here is Mr. Dodds' first letter to myself from his new abode:—

"6 RUE DES FETES, BELLEVILLE, PARIS,
FRIDAY, 9th November, 1877.

"MY DEAR DR. BONAR,—It is difficult to get time to write, we are still so unsettled, and our luggage has not yet come; and when it does come the books must go to the Ministère de l'Intérieure to be examined, lest they should be immoral!

"I have been at six of the stations, that is one each night since I came (the Saturdays are free); and though they are crowded and close, and the going out to the open air is a considerable change of temperature, I have never had the least touch of the enemy—ague or influenza. M. and I feel that our mouths should be filled with His praise and honour all the day long;

we know not the numbers of His righteousness, and salvation, and loving care of us all. The work here is wonderful, and the spiritual results are before one's eyes ; one meets with most striking proofs of it everywhere. To find Mr. M'All stopped on the street (as he was yesterday when I was with him) and asked by a woman earnestly to visit a family in distress through illness, is only one feature, and less remarkable far than the frequent awakenings and decided conversions one hears of. I heard of one yesterday. One of the workers was standing at a book-stall looking at some books, when a young man came up to him and made a remark about the book he was looking at, and then said, 'I know you ; I have heard you at the réunions. My father was passing the door of the Belleville Salle de Conférences, and the doorkeeper handed him a notice of the meetings. He had not time to go in, and went home ; then he took the bill out of his pocket and said to his family, This was given me ; it looks like something new.' So they went, and the result has been that several of the family have accepted Christ. The young man is now a member of the meeting for prayer held in the Belleville station, and composed mostly of the young men who have been awakened lately. I went yesterday to the opening of the Protestant College, removed from Strasbourg to Paris. M. Lichtenberger opened the meeting, and I liked him ; but M. Sabatier, who followed, and gave an introductory lecture on Biblical Criticism, I do not like at all. He is Broad, and almost a Rationalist, and seemed to take a particular pleasure in showing and enumerating the MS. variations in the text, and the passages which he said had been inserted. It is a pity that the students of the three French Churches are to be under such training, but I fear that M. Sabatier is only one of the many heterodox men who are so strong in the Reformed and Lutheran Churches.

"I must stop. M. and I are going out to the weekly prayer meeting of all the workers. We meet here every morning for

prayer and business, but once a-week also specially. Mr. Saillens lives in this house ; he has rendered many of the hymns in French, and they are remarkably well done."

"6 RUE DES FETES, 10th November, 1877.

"We are gradually settling down after many amusing distractions. The discomforts partake a good deal of romance, but they won't go on long now. I am beginning to find my way to the stations, and went alone last night to one and presided there. How heartily they sing, and how eagerly they listen. They are most deeply touched by the kindness shown them."

I continue Mrs. Dodds' narrative :—

"A few sight-seeing excursions were planned just at first, but all these things soon gave way in the absorbing interest of the work.

"“ I wonder why I am always sent to such distant stations,” was the occasional remark for the first week or two ; not at all in the spirit of discontent, but just as a matter of surprise. Then he began to understand that one who should confine himself to stations *at hand* would do very little work indeed. But to set out to find Grenelle from Belleville, alone, on a dark night, was like making a voyage of discovery in Africa. To hit the right omnibus amid the babble of strange talk was no easy matter ; and if that happened to be full, the hapless traveller had to use his wits to discover what to do next. At shortest, it was a journey of nearly an hour and a-half each way. Soon these first difficulties grew easy, and the strange names—Grenelle, Vaugirard, Gare d’Ivry—began to represent, not unknown points in the wilderness of streets, but little knots of human souls, whose surroundings and temptations began to be understood by their teacher, and whose spiritual histories,

whether still witnesses to the darkness and ignorance of the past, or touched by the dawn of a new sunshine, were more interesting than anything else in Paris.

“Grenelle, Ivry—what remembrances do these names awaken now ! They were among the stations to which he was sent at first, and to which he adhered to the very end. To other *salles* he might go more or less often, as was convenient ; to these he was as the pastor of a flock. Only illness or absence could prevent his appearance at Grenelle on Sunday night, and at Ivry, first on Monday, but afterwards on Thursday. There he watched spiritual interest growing and deepening, till he felt sure a great work of the Spirit was at hand. There, during his last year, he made his first experiment of after-meetings, from which he hoped much.

“I do not mean that his interest in other stations was less deep. Rivoli, the Salle Evangélique, and latterly St. Honoré, are sacred names now to many who remember him there. Still, the audiences were different ; and while a few might be known to him as inquirers or newly-converted ones, it was not possible for him to get acquainted with the whole little community, as he could in Grenelle and Ivry. The only other meeting for which he had this *home feeling* was his little German meeting in Rue d’Allemagne.”

Another letter of Mr. Dodds makes intimation of his progress, and describes the nature of his work. The picture will be a representative one ; and from it the reader will get an insight into the peculiar ways of proceeding carried out in these strange meetings by new but earnest speakers.

“ 6 RUE DES FETES, 20th November, 1877.

“MY DEAR L——.—I went alone last night to Ménilmontant

station and presided ! This duty consists in opening the meeting, reading each verse of the hymns before they are sung, reading part of a chapter, and sometimes also a piece from a book, or something of one's own, but I have attempted that only once at Belleville. Then I introduce the speakers by saying, 'M. — prendra la parole,' and close with a 'Soyez tous les bienvenues chers amis dans cette salle,' and then intimate the meetings. I then go to the door and say no end of 'Bon soir, monsieur ; bon soir, madame,' and shake hands with all sorts of ouvriers and ouvrières. I've two meetings on Sunday.

"There is the funny aspect of things, but the work is deep and lasting. It is most wonderful, and such a sight, to see the eager, happy faces drinking in the truth and singing with all their heart. There is one helper who speaks French with a perfect torrent of words, he spoke the other night all the way from the platform to his seat and sat down speaking."

"6 RUE DES FETES, 30th November, 1877.

(TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.)—"I wonder when this French crisis is to end ; one begins to realise that the same contest is going on here as was experienced in Britain during Charles I.'s reign. There are signs that MacMahon may yield, though it will be Rome in reality, represented by Madame MacMahon and her 'directeur spirituel,' or 'Jesuit confessor,' who will find it necessary to retire. Meanwhile there are about three hundred thousand people without work in Paris, and the people here know and feel bitterly that it is the conduct of MacMahon. The stories one hears are dreadful of poverty and sickness ;—and we can do so little. I am getting to know the people in some of the stations, and think of taking a Bible-class soon, perhaps at Ménilmontant, which is quite near. I have not had much time to prepare addresses, but, when I have not, I read pieces from books, &c., of which they are very fond. I read a piece from a tract of Ryle's, 'How to Read the Bible,' one evening

lately ; one could have heard a pin drop, these things are quite new to them. I gave them an account of the Free Breakfast in Edinburgh, which seemed to interest them very much. The other night I had no paper and was forced to speak from memory, and as words came, I daresay this is the best practice one could have. I very generally preside, besides speaking, and get through that quite easily, though that entails going to the door at the end of the réunion and saying countless bon soirs, madame—monsieur ; so that one's hand is generally very stiff after the ouvriers are done with you. I wish you heard the hymns sung, it is splendid, hearty, well-timed singing ; sometimes the people will remain for a quarter of an hour to practise the hymns, they are just such as are needed. The French hymn-books are too devotional. We need such hymns as tell the Gospel story, and have got them in 'Rock of Ages ;' 'Jesus mis à mort pour moi ;' and 'The great physician now is near ;' 'Venez, cœurs souffrants et meurtris, au Médecin de l'âme.'

I resume the narrative :—

"At the time of Mr. Dodds' arrival, the Mission was just passing, or had passed out of its early stage. It sounded curious to the new-comers to hear the stories of these early times, when the little band of workers went round together to each of the three or four meetings,—carrying their bundle of hymn-books from one to the other,—in their spare hours covering books, and lending them ; Mr. and Mrs. M'All being the fountain from which all flowed, and to which all returned. Now the meetings had grown from four to twenty. Mr. and Mrs. M'All could not be everywhere. The unfettered lending and giving of books would be ruinous. Division of labour and organisation were imperatively needed.

"Mr. Dodds' first work, while his ear and tongue were growing familiar with the language, was to organise the lending

libraries, by allotting a few carefully numbered books to each station, and appointing some individual in charge. The headquarters were in his own house, where the erection of bookshelves and pigeon-holes gave opportunities for acquaintance with the Belleville ouvrier at work,—his Republican freedom of speech,—his quick-wittedness and general acquaintance with the surface of all topics,—occasionally his perfunctoriness and want of seriousness. It was at the time when MacMahon's government was causing much discontent, and many a conversation was held on the subject with these men,—for every Parisian is a politician. On one thing they were determined,—times were bad,—Government was to blame ; but be that as it might, they would not rise. They were tired of being shot down. They would not be shot again. And so it passed. For the first time, perhaps, in French history, patience won a victory ; and the people were contented.

“ Besides the lending libraries, the supply of tracts given away had to be regulated, and confusion avoided by marking *where* each tract had been already given, that it might not be repeated. For many reasons a new supply of interesting tracts was urgently required. Grants were allowed by several societies which needed to be carefully managed. Mr. Dodds soon made himself acquainted with all the books on the lists, and got to know how the people regarded them. He soon found out that many a good theological tract is useless to those people, and that many a little book enjoyed in England loses its charm when translated into French, unless the translator can throw the French spirit into his work. He set to work, then, to procure new original tracts, and new translations from those able to furnish them. This led him soon into a very extensive correspondence.

“ Besides the literary work,—the mere details of ‘the bureau’ were growing extensively : Arrival and distribution of large boxes,—journeys to the ‘douane,’ or the bank,—arrangements

about printing and paper,—constant minute business details fell to be attended to. By nature these things were irksome to him, yet he regarded them as a necessary part of the work he had come to do, and entered into them with all his heart. All this, however, was more manageable while the work was confined to Paris itself. Each new town added to the Mission meant not only new workers to be provided, but new libraries to be worked, great railway packages to be sent off for Lyons, Bordeaux, &c. All this Mr. Dodds kept in his own hands,—with his sister's help,—until Mr. Greig joined the work, when the daily details devolved on him. But the arrangements for new publications were always one of his chief concerns. In the midst of his press of work he was able to keep his eyes open for new books,—not only in French or English, but in other languages,—and to press the best into the service. He seemed to know by instinct when a suitable work appeared, or who could write one."

But this has carried us too far on. We return to quote from one or two letters of the first spring after his settlement in Paris.

Writing to his friend, the Rev. H. G. Shepherd of Cambuslang, at this time, he says:—

"I have just returned from a meeting miles from this—Gare d'Ivry—one of the lowest quarters of the town. I go every Monday evening. It is a deeply interesting station. Generally I have about a hundred, often over it. The sound of the Gospel was never heard there before, and the people who come to hear it were once accustomed to the café, concert, and low ball-room. There is a wonderful transformation being already brought about on the people's outward character. I read my addresses; it will be some time ere I have enough fluency to speak extempore; any address I can follow now very easily. I am at a meeting

every night except Saturday, two on Sunday, and you may imagine I have enough to do. Besides I have the charge of the central library and of those of the several stations, and what with getting them put in proper order,—for there was no proper librarian before, and every one did whatever pleased himself, or rather *herself*,—and learning my work, and corresponding on mission business, I have had my time very fully occupied.”

We quote without remark the following letters, so illustrative of the nature of the work and the spirit of the workers, though they are somewhat abrupt and fragmentary:—

“*Le 2me Fevrier, 1878.*—I thought you would like to see our hymn-book; you will recognise Sankey’s by the tunes. Many of them are Mr. M’All’s work. The first thing he did was to learn to write French poetry, and he has succeeded so well, and taught the Gospel in them. It is a splendid sight to see the regular *ouvriers*, who come in hundreds to the Faubourg St. Antoine Station singing these hymns. Their lips were once accustomed only to the more than ribald songs of the café-concert—now they pass the theatres and ball-rooms, brilliantly lighted up as they are, and crowd our stations. At one station there are three blind men who come; they know the hymns by heart. I have just got a grant of 25,000 tracts—how soon they will disappear. Rivoli Station is open every night. If you saw the numbers of men that come there in that splendid street! The tracts go off by hundreds. However, I expect the grant of another 5000, and 10,000 Gospel portions, and shall be pretty well off. I wonder at Mr. ——— letting that young man be settled in a French Roman Catholic family—perhaps of no religion whatever; he will be exposed to countless temptations. It is a *sin* to put a young man in such a position, and it is aiding sin to have anything to do with it.”

“6 RUE DES FETES, BELLEVILLE,
Monday, 10th February, 1878.

“MY DEAR MRS. BONAR,—We were at the M'All's on Saturday night, and the letters came in from post. Mr. M'All opened one and read—‘I regret that, owing to the non-arrival of Dr. T. from Rome, I must fall back upon you, or through you, your friend Mr. Dodds, to supply the pulpit in the American church to-morrow.—Yours, &c.’ Blank dismay on all faces. I said I thought I might manage it. Mr. M'All said gravely—‘You must consider it,’ and handed me the note to read. We discussed the difficulty letter in hand, and so willing was I to believe it that it was some time ere I noticed that it was a letter announcing a cheque for 500 francs! Mr. M'All had been amusing himself at our expense; the cause of his being in such a funny mood was the arrival of this cheque, and of the Edinburgh one for £195, which letter he also tried to palm off on us as a telegram announcing the failure of one of the speakers. Of course we had a considerable amount of laughing, but mostly of real joy and thankfulness to our bountiful God and Father for such a gift. We were just beginning to be in difficulties; the balance was nearly exhausted, and the Salle Evangélique and its expenses looming in the distance; and so, during the past few days, just when we were most in need, we have had sent to us nearly £300. Another subscription of £100 came in from London; it came through a chance meeting of two friends in London with a French pastor; the Mission was spoken of and the £100 came. You said read Ps. ciii. That was my Psalm from Sunday last—at least, the first verse,—and I had printed it in my journal in Hebrew at the end of my account of Sunday's work. I had just heard of the decided conversion of a woman at Grenelle. She has broken with the Roman Catholic Church, not being able to go there any longer. She said: ‘La lutte a été longue, mais c'est terminée maintenant.’* The

* “This was our old servant, ‘Fanny.’ She went home about a

other thing which gave me joy was the discovery that my words on that Sunday evening had been directed by the Spirit specially for a man and his whole family who had come there, his wife for the first time. The man was in great distress and remorse, and had been living in sin, and Mdme. Jouey had been praying for some word to be directed to him that evening about the need of the new birth, and she was struck on hearing me announce the need of conversion as my subject, and especially the text, 'Si vous ne vous convertissez pas, vous périrez tous.' So you see we had reason to say 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'"

To his brother:—

"6 RUE DES FETES, 14th March, 1878.

"For myself, I am not learning fluent conversational French so quickly as I should like, partly because I have had a great deal to do in arranging the library and other business, and partly because one hears so many strange accents in the meetings; the people speak most indistinct French, and it will require some time to understand them perfectly. I can follow any speaker now, and have addressed meetings of every kind, but I always have my notes with me. In the French language there are a great many delicate shades of meaning and niceties of phrase, and these can only be learned by practice. I can follow a speaker without exertion, but there is always an exertion of thinking when I speak in French, excepting the commonest phrases.

"Our work is very great, when one considers these twenty-two stations and more than one hundred meetings a-week

year ago, having shown in illness, feebleness, and want, the most cheerful spirit of confidence in God I ever saw—talking to all around her of her Saviour—labouring to bring them to the meetings,—offering to read the Bible to them;—and not without many instances of success."

altogether in them ;—and then the rent for them all : the Salle Evangélique, which is to be close to the Exhibition, will entail a great deal of additional expense. My library is now organised, and I am not so busy with it ; but correspondence, and addresses to prepare, which I hardly got done before, fill up the time.”

“14th March, 1878.—I forgot to say that Ulfilas is stuck ; the only thing I have done to it was to deliver the enclosed lecture. I had a large audience, who seemed much delighted with the novelty of the subject. I have hardly had even time to *regret* my not having touched it, *so you may imagine how busy I have been*. Now that I am well acquainted with my work, and have completed the organisation of the library, I have some hopes, though these are faint enough, of getting something done. I don’t intend relinquishing it,—my only fear is lest some one publish a life before mine. . . . I have a Greek class twice a-week, composed of the workers in the Mission, and we are going to read the Epistle to the Galatians. It is quite a variety in the work.”

“RUE DES FETES, 2nd May, 1878.—My work is very pressing just now. I get home often at one o’clock in the morning, and I have no moment that I can call my own, except I take it out of the small hours. I am on the committee of the Evangelical Alliance, and our Salle Evangélique takes not only our time, but our wits. Mr. M’All has been ill, and mission-work comes on me. Last night was a time of regular carnival, and yet the crowds were most orderly. Fancy every street and almost every window decorated with flags, and lit up with Chinese lanterns—the young men were rushing about with umbrellas over their heads and Chinese lanterns attached to each spoke, very odd. I send you a map with our Salle, marked. It is a splendid building, double, of wood, white and dark facings, and is in the Swiss chalet style. We open on Sunday.”

We resume the narrative:—

“The first year was spent entirely in Paris, for no holiday was taken, and no provincial stations as yet existed. But there was plenty of variety in the work, it did not go on in the same grooves from month to month, as home-work does. No sooner did one appear getting into something like a beaten track, when some new enterprise would seem called for, or the departure of some worker would throw all out of gear. When his friends would ask him when his time for rest was to come, he would reply, ‘Presently, but I must get over this emergency first.’ And there seemed always ‘an emergency’ in the Mission from the first day to the last.

“Such a period of high pressure for Mr. Dodds, as for all the Paris workers, was the summer of 1878; when the efforts of the Salle Evangélique in connection with the Exhibition, called him from Belleville to the Trocadéro, a distance of six miles, —twice, or sometimes three times a-week. Two meetings were held in the Salle, each day, with an hour’s interval, so as to gather in the passers-by at different hours; so that leaving home at half-past one, he did not get back till eight; even if he did not (as was often the case) go on to some other station for the evening. His Saturdays, which had hitherto been kept sacred, were taken up like other days by this work.”

From a very brief diary which he kept I give the following extracts at random. They are abrupt but no less striking:—

“25th May, 1878.—Saturday. Salle at five o’clock. Signor Peretto spoke; 271 present; most attentive. Without much prayer all our efforts useless.

“Sunday, 26th.—Eight hundred people heard the Gospel to-day. (That is in the two meetings held in the Salle Evan-

gélifique at three and five. See 'White Fields of France,' page 200.)*

"*8th June*.—Saturday. To Salle. A man at the end asked me if he could get the prayer with which I closed the meeting. (It was the Lord's prayer.) He thought it so beautiful.

"*9th June*.—Mr. Paterson's in the morning; met Professor Johnstone, who came home with me, and went to La Chapelle at five o'clock. Saillens and self spoke on La porte étroite. Evening, Grenelle. Large meeting; 200 present; spoke to a man at the end, anxious; got home late.

"*16th June*.—Sabbath morning. Professor Johnstone, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you.' Very good. Grenelle, very large meetings. O Lord, bless this day's work.

"*19th June*.—Rivoli in the evening. Le vrai chemin. M. Th. Monod; great meeting; had a most interesting conversation with one man while others listened. Infidelity the great obstacle. Pray.

"*20th June*.—A very good meeting. Three spoke to me at the end. French, Italian, and German. The last seemed deeply touched. Pray.

"*21st June*.—Man spoke to me; wishes to become Protestant; signs of seeking after truth. Pray.

"*22nd June*.—Salle. Sainton, first hour. M. Pasteur Weiss

* Hitherto it had been literally and almost solely "to the poor" that the Gospel had been preached in Paris. But in connection with the Salle Evangélique many of a different and more cultured class were reached. The records of that place will never be known on earth. Many came from distant provinces for a day or two and carried the truth to their homes;—men of science; sceptics who had gone round the world with the sneer, "What is truth?" on their lips; refined and Catholic ladies who had found no peace in their religion—heard there what turned the course of their whole lives.

second. Spoke again to a man to whom I had given a Testament. He says his sins are *effacés* (blotted out). Pray.

"23rd June.—Grenelle ; large meeting : 280 in and around inner door ; got home late. What God needs,—pure vessels for use in the sanctuary.

"8th July.—Grenelle ; "la porte étroite ;" poor girl stood at the end weeping bitterly for sin ; had dropped in from a ball ; leading a sinful life ; took her home with us."

These brief extracts give some idea of his daily life and work, during his first year. Belleville was his home, but Paris was his sphere. From the beginning his hands were full of work ; but there was less of pressure on all sides, less of bustle and worry. Compared with after years, this was a time of quiet ; and in his peaceful home in Rue des Fêtes, with its pleasant garden and tall chestnut trees, he spent many a happy day : going out in the morning to sow his seed and returning at night to pray over the labours of the day. Each subsequent year brought with it increasing work, and specially increasing correspondence. Few could have conducted the correspondence more easily and rapidly than he did ; still it was beginning to be not only a burden in itself, but a burden which greatly drained his strength and impeded his mission-work. Sometimes it was English, sometimes French ; but he was equally at home in the latter, as in the former. Nay, I sometimes noticed that his English

idioms, both in writing and speaking, were giving way before his French, quite unconsciously; and in a short English tract, which, just two months before his death he asked me to revise, I had to correct his English! French words and forms of speech had crept in; so thoroughly had his acquired language taken possession of him.

To give the reader an idea of the extent of the Paris work, during the first year of Mr. Dodds' entrance in it, I subjoin a summary of the work for 1878, to which year most of the above extracts refer.

PARIS.

French Meetings for Adults, 1st Jan. to 31st Dec. 1878	2,788
Aggregate attendance at ditto	421,370
German Meetings (15) at Salle Evangélique, attendance	250
Adult Bible Classes	249
Aggregate attendance at ditto	13,374
French Prayer Meetings	151
Attendance at ditto	10,365
Aggregate Adult attendance during the year . .	446,108
Sunday-School Meetings	800
Attendance at ditto	41,708
Children's Week-day Services	945
Attendance at ditto	42,981
Young People's Meetings and Juvenile Bible Classes .	469
Attendance at ditto	25,421
Aggregate attendance of the Young during the year .	110,110
Total of Religious Meetings in Paris during the year .	5,471
Total attendance at Religious Meetings in Paris during the year	556,218

Psalmody Meetings	250
Attendance at ditto	43,710
Several Classes for Teaching English are conducted weekly.	
Ouvroirs for poor women are established in seven of the stations.	
Girls' Industrial Schools are established at Les Ternes and Gare d'Ivry, attended by an average of 160 per week.	
Two Rooms are lent for Young Men's Christian Associations.	
Domiciliary Visits paid, above	2,200
New Testaments earned by Regular attendance at Adult Meetings	1,400
Bibles and Testaments sold, given, and circulated (exclusive of those lent from Libraries and Children's Rewards)	100
Books issued from French Lending Libraries, including 120 Bibles, &c.	2,781
Scripture portions distributed	26,203
Tracts, &c., distributed (including 48,000 at Salle Evangélique, and 600 in various languages on a Continental Tour)	151,535
Weekly Prayer Meeting of the Workers of the Mission held at the Mission Office, Belleville.	

LIST OF STATIONS IN PARIS.

	Sittings.
Salle Evangélique	Place du Trocadéro, Passy 520
Centre de Paris	37 Rue de Rivoli (corner of the Rue de la Tacherie) 270
Belleville	102 Rue de Belleville 400
Montmartre	56 Boulevard Ornano 550

		Sittings.
Faubourg St. Antoine	142 Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine	372
Batignolles	4 Rue des Dames	387
Les Ternes	53 Avenue de Wagram	202
La Chapelle	29 Boulevard de Chapelle . . .	204
Ménilmontant . . .	90 Boulevard de Ménilmontant .	184
Quartier Latin . . .	72 Rue Monge	190
La Villette	90 Rue d'Allemagne	310
Popincourt	123 Boulevard Voltaire	200
Vaugirard	161 Boulevard de Vaugirard . .	162
Grenelle	59 Rue Letellier	180
Gare d'Ivry	169 Boulevard de la Gare . . .	192
Bercy	74 Boulevard de Bercy	161
Quartier du Temple .	77 Rue Charlot	200
Batignolles	15 Rue de la Condamine	120
Montsouris	21 Rue de la Tombe-Issoire . .	78
La Villette	93 Rue de Meaux	80
Puteaux	5 Rue Saulnier	150
Boulogne-sur-Seine .	70 Rue d'Aguesseau	80
Montparnasse . . .	139 Rue de Rennes	233
Total number of Sittings in Paris . .		<u>5425</u>

In the report of the Mission for 1878 Mr. Dodds records several incidents, which had come under his own notice. We quote a few:—

“Met at the réunion of G—— a man newly out of the hospital. There he had made the acquaintance of another patient, who told him of the réunions, and made a dying request that he would go there when he got well. Before he left, his friend died. He had been an habitué of the réunion at La Chapelle, and expired in the hospital after much suffering. His Christian patience and character seem to have struck this man, who said to us, ‘I never heard him complain, and when he

died he was happy.' Thus instances of good done at the meetings are only known after a time, and many remain unknown.

"Met at the Salle Evangélique a liberated Communist who had learned to read during his imprisonment, being taught by a well-known savant, a free-thinker. By this means the man had been enabled to read the Bible.

"Have been much interested in an intelligent *ouvrier* at M——. He reads attentively his Bible, and a new light seems breaking into his soul. In a recent letter, he says, 'I have read much in the Gospels, and see clearly that only there is to be found the truth and the religion which speaks to us of the mercy of our Saviour.'

"At the —— station I met often a whole family, the father decorated with medals for saving lives from drowning, who eagerly listen to the addresses, and converse at the end on what they have heard. They sometimes gather their neighbours together to sing the hymns. We have reason to believe that the mother is a decided Christian.

"Miss —— told me of a girl who found one of the small papers of invitation to the Rue de Rivoli réunion crumpled up at the bottom of a waste-basket. This brought her to the meeting, and, finally, to Christ. I knew her, and can add my testimony to this. She is now in a Préfet's family in the south of France, who sent a message to Dr. Fisch saying that he would be glad if a meeting were opened in his village.

"Mr. Dodds adds most interesting particulars respecting the *ouvrier*, an extract from whose letter, written in the hospital, appears on a previous page. He states that, when a very young man, seeing a Bible in the hands of a friend, he saved up money enough to buy one, which he read eagerly and with conviction of its truth. Coming to Paris, where he was required to work all the Sunday, he became quite neglectful, and for nearly twenty years, God's Book remained unopened. He thus writes respecting his own history : 'Though I suffer much, I am far

happier than when I lived far from God, and was a worldling in good health. It is in these meetings that the Saviour has given me the grace that I needed to give myself to Him.' Some of his expressions, both in writing and when friends visit him in the lonely room which, in all likelihood, he will not leave again, are very striking, especially those evidencing his patience and contentment. For example, 'Sometimes I suffer much, but I have my bed; my Saviour suffered *on the cross*, but I have my bed.' 'Since I found peace with God by the grace which flows from the Saviour's blood, it seems to me that my bodily sufferings are more easily borne. My Saviour! to me he is the Pearl of great price and a faithful comforter. How happy should I be to speak to crowds of the love of this Saviour for men! On the first day of 1879, he writes, 'The Lord comforts me always, though I suffer much at present. I wish I had health and life now, for I have been too long far away from God, and to-day, when I would work in the Saviour's vineyard, I am unable.'"

The first year was strictly Paris work. It ended with the opening of the 23rd station in that city—in the Rue de Rennes, by Mr. M'All and M. Théodore Monod. It soon, however, became evident that the work could not be confined to the capital. Invitations were coming in on all sides from various quarters of the kingdom; and Mr. M'All, with that large heart which would fain have embraced every city and village, from the English Channel to the Pyrenees had been considering how he should respond to these urgent messages.

To Lyons he first responded. Its urgencies were the greatest.

But before passing outside the walls of Paris, I wish to give some extracts from Mr. Dodds' diary, as presenting a specimen of the mission-work at that time. The jottings are very brief, like some which we have already given. But they let us see how the work moved on; how the labourers went about their daily toil; and how Mr. Dodds' own hands were filled. Only those, however, who know the stations, and their localities can judge of the amount of fatigue which these jottings reveal. It will be seen that even his *Saturdays* began to be encroached upon.

"*6th January* (1878).—Sunday. At home in the morning. Grenelle, Sagnol and Sinel. Ornano, evening. Spoke on 'Êtes vous prêt.' Pasteur A. Fisch and M. Bonheure spoke. Spoke to a woman at Grenelle, she seemed seeking the truth. Heard of a most real conversion at Ornano; saw the woman, she had come for two years; changed two months ago.

"*7th January*.—Monday. Mission and library work during the day. Went in afternoon and called on Mr. Paterson (Scotch church) with M. Evening, Gare d'Ivry; very attentive people.

"*8th January*.—Tuesday. Not well during the day, went to Charlot in the evening. Pastor Ambresin and M. Jacquise. Was not fit for much, and was glad to get home.

"*11th January*.—Library work during part of the day. Workers' meeting in afternoon; small, but refreshing. Went to Rivoli in the evening. Greek class in the morning.*

* He undertook to teach the workers to read the Greek Testament, but, after some months, time failed, and it was given up.

"13th January.—Sunday. Grenelle. Interesting meeting. Some strange ideas in some of the people's minds ; pray for them. Rue d'Allemagne, evening. Mr. A. Fisch and self. 'Êtes vous prêt.' Liked the meeting. Oh for results. Give me more faith—daily desire for holiness of life, and longing for the salvation of souls.

"14th January.—Monday. Morning work, library, &c. Called with M. on Pastor Robin. M. Robin at home, interesting conversation on Mr. M'All's work. Called at M. Rouilly's also. Evening, Gare d'Ivry. Mr. Arthaud and self. Read from sermon of Mr. Moody, 'Jesus Christ Cherche le pécheur.' People most attentive, signs of interest and seeking. O Lord, deepen it, make the interest real.

"20th January."—(This week his new address was *Conversion*, delivered at different places—twice on Sunday.) "Grenelle. Spoke on *Conversion I*. Ornano, evening, do.

"21st January.—Monday. Gare d'Ivry, evening. Spoke on *Conversion*, 1st part. Pastor Ambresin came late ; a full, earnest audience. I hope to see fruit of this. Gave A. N. Testament for *cartes* received at Gare d'Ivry.

"22nd January.—Mission and library work. Evening, Rue Charlot, *Conversion I*.

"23rd January.—Went to opening of new station at La Chapelle with M. Full, crowded, and attentive meeting.

"24th January.—Grenelle, prayer meeting. Had a talk with a woman before it began ; they are too easily satisfied with their conversion. Saw M. B. ; spoke to him. He said he was saved, and was a Catholic. I said, you must be a *Christian*.

"25th January.—Ménilmontant, large meeting. Bible-class afterwards ; people most attentive. Second evening on subject 'Bible.'

"26th January.—Sent 3000 tracts to Rivoli.

"27th January.—Sunday. Preached in American Church, morning, Luke vii. 49. Spent afternoon at Mme. de Schouled,

nikow's with M.—Grenelle. The two men were there who had wished to speak at the meeting. Said they were converted. Soften and give them broken hearts, O Lord. Batignolles, evening. Had tea with Miss M. and Miss C. before meeting. Returned home very tired.

"28th January.—Gare d'Ivry. Spoke on Conversion II. Some strange faces at the meeting.

"30th January.—Lectured in evening to Young Men's Christian Association on Ulfila.

"3rd February.—Sunday. Grenelle. Small meeting. Spoke on Conversion II. Case of decided conversion of a woman. She has joined M. Lepoid's church, and made an open profession after being in uncertainty for a year. Much cheered by this. Ornano in the evening. MM. Eschenauer and Fisch. Spoke on Conversion II. Heard from Madame Jouey of a man there in deep anxiety and remorse. Some words of my address seemed to have been directed by the Spirit for him. 'Except ye be converted,' &c.*

"23rd February.—Saturday. In town on Mission business. 500 Testaments Rue Clichy. 250 epistles, Rue d'Astorg, Dépôt Central. Met Dr. Manning" (Rel. Tr. Society).

He records regular meetings every evening (except Saturday, the afternoon of which was partly kept at first as a time of rest; letter-writing, or occasionally some private literary work filling up the day; the evening often spent socially with Mr. and Mrs. M'All). Two meetings on Sunday; Bible-class on Friday; frequent errands to town on banking or other business—to see printers, booksellers, &c. The time occupied,

* At the end of this jotting there is a Hebrew text, Ps. ciii. 1. These short texts in Hebrew are written in a very small hand, but with great neatness and accuracy.

but not over-occupied ; now and then he was forced by illness to lie still for a day or two.

"*3rd March.*—Sunday. Stayed at home in the morning, not very well. Grenelle,—Sinel, and Long ; then went to Les Ternes first time ; had it all to myself. Gave 'Conversion,' and 'J'ai gardé un vif souvenir ;' from Moody, 'Jésus Cherche le pécheur.' Had to play the organ too. Got home very tired.

"*5th March.*—Tuesday. Greek class, morning ; Rue Charlot, evening ; read from Moody, 'Geolier de Philippes.' Dr. Bonar and Lily arrived about half-past seven from London by Boulogne.

"*7th March.*—Rivoli. Dr. B. spoke. Pastor Fisch translated on 'The great sin of man and the great love of God.' Saw a woman come in who crossed herself ; spoke to her at end of meeting, said she would come back. Lord, seek, and find, and save. Walked with Dr. B. to and from Rivoli.

"*8th March.*—Workers' meeting. Dr. B. addressed 'Remember that if you are anxious for the salvation of souls the Holy Spirit is not less so,' and prayed.

"*9th March.*—In town at douane for books from London.

"*10th March.*—Rue Royal, morning. Dr. B. for Mr. Hart, 'Disciples filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost ;' a most refreshing service. Grenelle, interesting conversation with some people there, evidence of Spirit's work in at least three. Ornano, man mentioned as in great remorse ; 3rd February, had broken off his life of sin, and has found peace, so Mme. Jouey thinks ; past week a wonderful week. Miss W. spoke of several seeking and some who had found. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

"*13th March.*—Gare du Nord to see Dr. B. off. What a happy time it has been.

"*21st March.*—Thursday. Grenelle, prayer meeting. Réunion, self and M. Cochet. Repentance. Attentive. M. B. was there, spoke to him. O Lord, deepen impressions on his heart.

"27th March.—Wednesday. Faubourg St. Antoine. Signor Peretto, and M. Christol, and self. Spoke on Repentance, *a little extempore*. A most delightful meeting; spoke to several at the end. One man, a Catholic, interested me.

"28th March.—Vaugirard. Saw M. Bertrand again. Very attentive, spoke to him, seemed to avoid questions.

"29th March.—Friday. Rivoli. Long conversation at end with Ambrésin, who told me of a most intelligent man, who had not been at church for forty years; a Roman Catholic, now reads the New Testament, attentive and in earnest. Pray for him.

"30th March.—Saturday. Mission work, library, and correspondence. Evening, at home.

"31st March.—Sunday. Preached in American chapel—Rue de Berri—text, 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee.' La Chapelle at five o'clock. Les Ternes, evening, read from Moody, 'Geolier de Philippes.'

"7th April.—Sunday. Grenelle. Sainton. Self, read from Moody, first part of sermon on Excuses. Ornano, evening.

"10th April.—Wednesday. Went to Trocadéro with Mr. M'All. Saw our Salle, so far on. Kiosques almost finished. Saw Mr. Alexander; much interesting conversation. Rivoli. Sainton and M. Th. Monod. Mrs. Elmslie arrived from India.

"28th April.—Preached in morning at Rue Royal for Mr. Hart. 'Simon, Simon, Satan,' &c. Saw Mr. Jenkinson from Edinburgh. Went to Rivoli, afternoon. Met Miss Howard there and other friends. Grenelle, very small meeting. Ornano, evening.*

"29th April.—Monday. Gare d'Ivry. Sainton and self. First part of history of Edward Summers. Spoke to a man when giving Testaments. He had found peace at this meeting. Ps. ciii. 1.

* This was one of his full Sabbaths. Any one acquainted with Paris will know the great distances traversed.

With May began the arduous but fruitful work of the "Salle Evangélique" at the entrance of the Exhibition. Already there had been much arrangement required, and much labour undergone.

"6th May.—Gare d'Ivry, alone. Rest of history of Edward Summers. Strange faces there. Interesting talk with a man at the end. Pray for him.

"8th May.—Wednesday. Opening of Salle for Alliance at two o'clock.

"11th May.—Saturday. Salle Evangélique with F. First hour, Pasteur M. Weiss. 124 present. Second, Saillens, very good. 164 present. Mr. and Mrs. M'All came to second meeting. Came home with them.

"12th May.—Salle at 3 o'clock. Fourth meeting. M. Robin. Sagnol and Sainton. 241 present. At five, 305 present. A very good meeting. Sainton spoke remarkably well. We felt the Spirit's presence, and look for a blessing. Audience, passers-by; very attentive. Ornano, evening.

"17th May.—Friday. Salle with F. First meeting (107). M. Andrieu good. Second meeting. Abric (124 people). Ménilmontant. M. Sainton and Pastor Meyer. Large meeting. Conversation with a man and his wife at end. Pray for him. 107 present. Bible-class, 37.

"6th June.—Thursday. Opening of new station at Grenelle. Went there and arranged with Miss Arbousset the texts, &c. A large crowded meeting, 200. MM. M'All, Sautter, Cochet, Saillens. People, many of them new, but very interested.

There are brief references in this chapter to two cases of conversion, the one of a poor *ouvrier*, Eugene Petit, the other of a girl who had dropped in to one

of the meetings from a ball-room. These cases are too interesting to be thus slightly noticed. First, of the *ouvrier*, referred to at pp. 195 and 196:—

This *ouvrier* was Eugene Petit, a Belgian by birth, an intelligent man and good workman, long employed in one of the large sugar-factories in Paris. His health suffered, like that of many, from the exhausting heat he was obliged to endure in his work, and for years he was gradually sinking in consumption, sometimes in hospital, sometimes resuming work, at last confined to his lonely garret in one of the dark, densely-peopled tenements of Gare d'Ivry. There Mr. Dodds often visited him, before or after his meeting in that quarter, and while he grieved for the poverty and pain which he was always ready to relieve even beyond his power, yet he always came away refreshed and gladdened to see how the work of God went on in the soul of the dying man. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth," said an apostle. And this man was one of the first of Mr. Dodds' spiritual children. He seemed to bear him on his heart everywhere. In his letters, when away from home, he was constantly referring to him (see those from Lyons, pp. 208, 209. It was in reference to the words, "Sometimes I suffer much, but I have my bed; my Saviour suffered *on the cross*, but I have my bed," that Mr. Dodds wrote the following lines:—

Nailed to the Cross, hung on the racking tree,
No couch for Him whereon to rest and taste,
Even amid rending agony, its power
To calm the suffering, to soothe the pain.

Nailed to the Cross *for me*, no couch for Him,
Yet I have mine, though not a bed of down,
I, wearied, fainting here may seek repose.

Nailed to the Cross, forsook by friends, by foes
Jeered at, blasphemed, no loving word, no friend
To comfort, no near hand to reach the cup
Up to the fevered lips and quench His thirst.

Nailed to the Cross *for me*, no friend for Him,
And I lie here, often alone 'tis true,
Yet tasting ever and afresh His love
That flows straight from Himself, or ministered
Thro' friends who claim the holy fellowship
Of heavenly sympathy in earthly love.

Nailed to the racking Cross, despised, forsaken,
No couch to rest Thee, mocking tongues of men,
A seeming victory of hate and hell,
A league of former foes in common scorn,
An awful sense of loss, of dark abandon ;
The Father's love fled upward from the heart
Of His well-loved and only Son ; the weight,
Our heavy weight, of sin on Thy pure heart.

All this *for me*, and yet I have my couch,
My friends, and far transcending all, Thy *love*,
High as the heavens, O Lord, deep as the sea,
Thy love, O Lord, to all eternity.

Then of the poor girl mentioned at page 190:—

This poor girl had once been a servant in a Christian family, it turned out. Her mistress's prayers had followed during her wild life, and her dying words had been a prayer that poor "Marie" might still be found. Thus she had a knowledge of the Bible and of the sinfulness of her ways beyond most ; and, stumbling into the meeting, accidentally, not knowing where she was going, some words roused her sleeping conscience to agony, and, when the meeting was over, she grovelled on the floor in her agony, asking if she could be saved. What was to

be done at that late hour of night? To send her out into the streets was impossible,—to find any safe home for her then equally so ;—Mr. Dodds took her home with himself. Fortunately, the old servant “Fanny,” mentioned elsewhere, having lately tasted the love of God for herself, was ready to receive the poor wanderer kindly, until a home was found. Next day she was placed under Miss Appia’s care (Rue Picpus).

His work in subsequent years was very much of the same kind as is referred to in the above extracts. It was not always work in some respects congenial to a scholar. In teaching the poor *ouvriers* he had to “come down” a long way,—much further down than in instructing a similar class among ourselves. The simplest elements, not of religion only but of morality, required to be explained. But his scholarship was no barrier; in many ways it was a great help. Nor did the thought ever enter his mind, while sitting down beside some ignorant *chiffonnier* or *chiffonniere* to tell them that there was such a thing as the love of Christ, that he was *humbling* himself or occupying a position unworthy of a scholar.

CHAPTER VI.

LYONS — RETURN TO PARIS — BORDEAUX — OTHER
TOWNS—VISIT TO ENGLAND—RETURN TO PARIS
—SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

MANY cities of France were wakening up at the report of what was doing in the capital. A new religion had begun. The English, who in 1870 had supplied the famishing city with abundance of provisions, had come over with what they called "the bread of life," and were making known to the people the Gospel or good news concerning the love of Christ. The tens of thousands who visited the Great Exhibition from the provinces, had carried back to a thousand villages the tracts so widely scattered, and the tidings of the Gospel.

Will they not visit us in the far-off provinces? Will they not bring the new religion to us? If it is good, let us share it. We hear that it tells of liberty, let us hear about the liberty. It tells about the love of God, let us hear of this love; for we

never heard from our priests that God loved us, and would bless us freely. Many in Paris have got hold of something which they can believe, and in believing which they can be happy;—something which supersedes those ancient follies and modern misbeliefs, which left them without a hope. Will they not send this religion to us?

Mr. McAll hastened to their help. In November 1878, he went to Lyons, a city of 350,000, a home of early martyrdom,—now a seat of extreme Popery, extreme infidelity, and extreme democracy. In a few weeks he succeeded in starting four stations, to which another has since been added. Returning to Paris after a few weeks, he was followed by Mr. Dodds, who laboured there for two months.

In regard to health, Mr. Dodds found a great difference between Lyons and Paris. The dryness of the latter city suited him well. The dampness of the former brought on attacks of fever and ague taking away half his strength. Yet, in spite of these, he held on his way, and found no small encouragement in his work, though the difficulties were greater than in the capital. He had more opposition here from several quarters, and he had also a somewhat peculiar people to deal with. These things, however, he minded not, so long as bodily health held out. But the effect of the moist climate

made him glad to return to the more congenial atmosphere of Paris.

His work in Lyons was full of interest, as his letters and journals show. In my former volume on "The White Fields of France," I have given extracts from these; I need not re-quote them. I give other passages from letters and journals which, though fragmentary, will show a little of his Lyons work.

"23rd November, 1878.—Reached Lyons about half-past four. Went with Mr. Ashton to Les Brotteaux; full meeting; MM. Coste, Duchemin, Ashton (who presided). I closed with prayer.

"24th November.—Sunday evening. Mr. Ashton at La Guillotière, self at Vaise; spoke on our object in these meetings. 'Jesus Christ est venu.' Full meeting. Cheering tokens.

"26th November.—At La Guillotière with Mr. Ashton arranging matters. Went up by *Ficelle* to Fourvière;* fine view; Alps. Gathering in evening at M. Monod's of workers; good gathering; I trust good results. Gave away copies of 'La vraie paix.'

"1st December.—Sunday. Vaise, evening; self on Chercher l'Eternal; MM. Puyroche, Duchemin; very full; had to stand the whole time; people close to me at the platform; very noisy; but making an appeal to 'la politesse française,' obtained silence; deep impression. Lord, it is Thine own work. Oh bless it.

"3rd December.—At home all day, studying, reading. Advent of Christ. Writing letters. Dined at M. Monod's, and spent a most pleasant evening there."

* Fourvière, = Forum vetus of the days of Trajan.

“ 61 AVENUE DE NOAILLES,

LYONS, 25th November, 1878.

“ I have been tired out with journeying, draught on the road, &c. I have been warding off influenza with arsenic and chinchona bark. Lyons is damp ; two rivers, and hills steep and close. Yesterday and to-day a violent gale of wind, but oh, so soft and warm ; it is like the sirocco at Rome, Mr. Ashton says ; streets therefore full of dust, and walking about disagreeable. The city is fine, reminding me in some degree of Edinburgh. . . . In the evening (yesterday) I went to Vaise ; second meeting there ; crowded and very orderly ; a bright cheery room, and fair speakers, whom I had to keep in training. The young men of the Christian Association seem hearty and willing to learn. The room near us in this avenue, is very pretty, papered and brightly lighted. F.’s texts are capital—show well. Already we have met with some interesting incidents, and are much encouraged. We need much prayer. We are more alone here than in Paris. There are few helpers, but we must get them stirred up.

“ 28th November.—Mr. A. left this morning, and I am alone and rather *désolé*. On Tuesday Mr. A. and I went up by the ‘Ficelle’* to La Fourviere, &c. Tuesday night we all met the workers at M. Monod’s (brother of Théodore), and spent a very pleasant evening ; only they were all very distinct in saying that *they* cannot carry on the work. Well, perhaps not, but I am determined to keep them at it.”

“ 61 AVENUE DE NOAILLES,

LYONS, 1st December, 1878.

“ I was grieved to hear of Eugène Petit ; do take him some wine and give him some money ; he must, indeed, be very

* Ficelle, =twine or thread. The *ficelle* is the rope which draws carriages up the steep incline.

low. I don't forget him, and the many others whom I long for—their salvation and freedom from sin.

“61 AVENUE DE NOAILLES, LYONS,
RHÔNE, 3rd December, 1878.

“So glad F. had seen Eugène Petit; what he said was beautiful. I am well and almost rid of my influenza, but Sunday night brought a bad headache. I was at Vaise—such a meeting. I had to stand the whole time, and people were crowding round as close as could be. They were very noisy at first, but I said that in Scotland we had heard much of ‘la politesse française,’ and I hoped they were not going to ruin that reputation. The consequence was that they were perfectly quiet, and the audience themselves twice checked a tendency to make a noise. I go to-night to M. Monod's to talk with him about various matters.

“This is a cold, miserable day—hills white with snow round Lyons. *On dit* that there are no bright days till January. The weather is quite unlike the climate of Paris.”

“7th December.—I have been up at La Croix Rousse, but have not got much done as yet. What a bloody history this town has. Mr. Neilson, a friend here of our work, gave me a small history of Lyons, or rather of the Church of Lyons, which I've been reading. I must try and write something on the past as well as present. Its history is interesting; the fact that the Vandals, and other Gothic tribes came thus far, makes me feel quite friendly to this place; and if I had time to ransack libraries, surely I might get some MS. of that grand old fellow Wulfila!

“Eugène Petit's letter is beautiful, such a cheerful, uncomplaining disposition; I am sure he is growing in grace.”

“LYONS, 17th December, 1878.

“The meetings go on splendidly, *malgré* the lack of speakers ; however, M. Dardier of Geneva comes next week, and I expect some other help, and hope to manage. La Croix Rousse is to be opened on Saturday. I am going to have a *rehearsal* of hymns the night before.”

“LYONS, 21st December, 1878.

“I was at La Croix Rousse the other day, and it was a veritable voyage—nothing sufficiently ready at that station, paint not dry in time, and workmen equally slow ; so I have to put it off till Tuesday ; and M. de Watteville will be gone.”

“LYONS, Thursday, 26th December, 1878.

“Tuesday evening.—We opened La Croix Rousse. I went up for the *third* time in the evening, and had to go to the Eglise libre Chapelle, a little distance off, and with another man, transport an organ to the salle—the one I ordered not having been sent ; the gas indeed was finished only an hour or two before the meeting. We had not a very large meeting, about 130, but it will increase, as there were not many passers-by, and we had not the gas outside. The people were quiet.

“I have been at three Christmas-trees—one on Sunday (don't be shocked) and two yesterday—and all in church. This is a German custom, and has become more common here since the war, so many Alsatians and Lorrainers having come to Lyons. It is a sort of *soirée* given to the children of the Sunday and so-called ragged schools, these latter being often poor, but generally children of Roman Catholic parents. I was asked to speak on Sunday to them, and was introduced as ‘*une surprise*,’ and like Jack-in-the-box astonished them by my appearance. It was a good occasion for evangelising, as there

were a great many people there who never come to church, Roman or Protestant. Then bonbons, &c., were distributed, and I came away. There were two large trees covered with ornaments, and lit up with small candles—two men with sponges on a long pole squashed any candle that attempted a blaze. I could not help feeling that, though there were several most respectable pastors there, I was assisting at some heathen ceremony, especially when the children sung, "*O beau Sapin*" (O beautiful fir-tree) it looked like an act of worship. Of course you are both sufficiently learned to know that the Christmas-tree is an old affair,—a custom of our most honourable forefathers, the Teutons and Northmen,—and that it exists everywhere in Germany."

To his parents :—

"LYONS, 6th January, 1878.

"We have finer weather now, but it has been frightful ; wind, rain, mist, and half-melted snow, the rivers swollen, and neither omnibus nor steamboat, so one has to walk to most of the meetings, and they are crowded, crammed ; and sometimes the concierges, who resemble beadles in their perception of what is necessary, light an immense fire on a very close evening ; and what with singing, speaking, and not daring to refresh one's memory with notes if one wishes to be listened to, and keeping order, a meeting of one hour's length is no small thing. On the Christmas week, besides my seven meetings, I addressed children at three Christmas-trees ; and went into the country on Christmas-day, and addressed the people in a village at the opening of a new Mission Hall, and then on Sunday did what I question if any Presbyterian pastor ever did before,—at least since Charles II.,—preached for Mr. Simpson, the Episcopalian minister, in his own pulpit. I told him I was glad that some men recognised Presbyterian

orders, and that it used to be so in England, when Richard Hooker had, for colleague in the Temple Church in London, a minister who was only in Presbyterian orders.

“The Christmas-trees are quite an institution here. It is a thoroughly German custom, and the influx of German-speaking French from Alsace and Lorraine has brought in the custom, which is altogether a heathen one, as is Christmas itself. Indeed when in the huge French *temple* here, the children gathered round two brilliantly lighted trees, and sang, ‘O beau Sapin,’ I fancied myself many centuries back assisting at some heathen rite of worship. One of the gatherings was of schools called, ‘*écoles populaires*,’ corresponding almost to our ragged schools. The children are ignorant and ragged, and their parents came to the fête. It was an excellent opportunity to evangelise, there being three hundred children, and about seven or nine hundred grown-up people most of whom hardly ever came near a church. I told them some stories, having been introduced as *une surprise*, like Jack-in-the-box. They answered questions like Scotch children; their willingness to say yes to everything was rather amusing. ‘Would not you all like to become *men*?’ said Mr. Monod, in an appealing tone. ‘Oui, monsieur,’ answered a whole bench of bonny wee lassies, not much above the ages of four and five years. During the week I formed part of a *Commission d’Etude*, for the examination of a student on trial for ordination; he has a good memory, has studied under Professor Godet, of Neuchâtel, and answered remarkably well during the six hours of pretty close questioning to which he was subjected. M. Duchemin, son-in-law of Dr. D’Aubigné, was a capital examiner in Church history. People have been very kind, asking me to *déjeuner* about twelve o’clock. I like this better than any other hour, as we can leave early, and it does not take up the whole evening. I lunched with M. de Cazenove, an old and evangelical French family. He is

comparatively young, and takes a deep interest in the work among the 'Hautes Alpes.'

"I have had help from Geneva, and from Bourg, a small town near Lyons; M. Dardier, who is well-known in Scotland, was with me for five days, an admirable speaker for the working-classes. M. Eynard, pastor, was here a week, an ingenious man, able to put a harmonium right in the meeting, which he did one evening surrounded by *ouvriers*. He gave me a detailed description of a machine which he has invented and nearly prepared for use; a composing machine which does away with composing by hand. There are horizontal divisions containing letters, &c. . . . I hope he will get some money by it, as his salary as pastor is only £60 a-year, and a wife and children to keep. The salaries of the pastors of the National Church are miserable, the people have not learned to give. Perhaps only a disruption in their church would teach them how."

To Rev. H. G. Shepherd:—

"LYONS, 11th January, 1879.

"My life is a very busy one. My meetings rose to fifteen, and sometimes seventeen per week during the summer, for our daily conferences at the Exhibition added greatly to our work. We had much encouragement in it, and are only now reaping the fruits. It has done much to remove prejudice and ignorance existing among the Roman Catholics, and has prepared the way for the preaching of the Gospel throughout France. I have been here nearly two months, and return on Monday to Paris. I had seven meetings the Christmas-week, went once into the country, addressed a meeting in a new Mission Chapel, spoke to three huge gatherings of children met to celebrate that most heathen of rites—a Christmas-tree. We have four stations situated in the outskirts of the town, one being more in the centre. I have just returned from one which

I opened only three weeks ago ; there must have been there altogether nearly 200 people, and they listened with most unfailing attention to chapter and speeches, and already sing the hymns as if they had known them for long. It is wonderful how ready these *ouvriers* are to hear the Gospel ; they are men of no religion, being merely nominal Catholics, and the Gospel draws them at first hearing, though they often *admire* more than feel their need of the great salvation we proclaim. "C'est tres gentil," sums up their opinion of its truths. They use the same word regarding *sins* ; they say, "Ce n'est pas gentil." The fact is, I never saw a people so entirely without the *moral* aspects of conscience ; their conscience has been trained to sleep by their religion, and it is difficult to find where it is yet in existence. They are worst at Paris ; here the people are of a more solid character. Yet I must say that we have great reason to give thanks. I know of several, infidel, swearing, ignorant, indifferent, in whose heart the seed sown has, I trust, taken root, and is even already bearing fruit. I have greatly enjoyed my work among them. I have given an account of the work in the *Record* for February, and in this week's *Christian Week*. I have been reading the history of Pierre Waldo, the translator of the Bible and reformer before the Reformation. It is deeply interesting. What do you think of some of his evangelists and adherents being able to repeat the Book of Job, and many the whole of the New Testament by heart. Surely we must have lost the art of memory. I believe that such memories alone qualified for the pastorate among them. Wae's me ! how many of us would be elected !"

Though the climate of Lyons did not suit him he greatly enjoyed the work there. It was more difficult than that of Paris ; but he did not like it the less

on that account. There was more opposition to the Bible and the Gospel; but he was prepared for this. The extreme of Romanism and the extreme of infidelity were exhibited there; but he did not shrink from facing these. It was the work which he had come to do; and it was more pleasant to meet the active resistance of the Romanist and the infidel than the stolid acquiescence of the indifferentist. He could suit himself to his new audience and his new circumstances.

Besides he did not labour in vain. The meetings were uncommonly large and successful. The "good news" of a free forgiveness were not preached in vain. Light found its way into darkness; and here, as in Paris, the "new religion,"—the religion of "peace with God," startled not a few. It was not with logic, or theology, or science that he met the doubters of Lyons, but with that which every man needs,—the announcement of deliverance from sin, and of reconciliation with the God against whom he has sinned; through the propitiation of the cross.

While at Lyons he thus wrote to his brother, giving some of his thoughts on prophetic subjects:—

"LYONS, 16th December, 1878.

"I have been studying for a year, and specially here, the subject of the millennium and the second advent of Christ, and

it seems to me we are wonderfully near that time. But before that time there is to be a tremendous development of sin and Satan's power. 'The love of the many (*i.e.*, of the *greater* part of Christians) will wax cold,' 'and when the Son of Man cometh will He find faith on the earth?' I am firmly convinced that these days of tribulation are coming on our earth. All events are signs of such a state. The Gospel may be said to have been preached in all nations now for a testimony, and 'then shall the end come,' and we shall have the personal reign of Christ at Jerusalem. The Bible has been a new book to me since I studied it in these relations. Prophecy, instead of being dark and obscure, is full of light and meaning, and you would, I am sure, find a keen pleasure in studying it in this relation also.

"I have no sympathy with those harum-scarum prophetical writers who fix dates and years, and that sort of thing, but why is prophecy written, why are the gospels full of prophecy, and the Epistles to the Thessalonians, if we are not to study such subjects. A strange delusion seems to have taken hold of ministers; they think that everything is to go on all right, that the world is to be gradually won to Christ, and Christianity is to triumph everywhere.

"Now to me it is quite different. Things are getting worse and worse; infidelity is stronger than ever. The Christians mingle more and more with the world, and worldly people are looked on as Christians.

"What is to come of all this, and how is it to be made to disappear? Not until the coming of Christ; and before that coming, we shall see the fulfilment of 2 Thess. ii., and of Daniel vii. 9; xii. 2, and of Matt. xiii. 5-26, 27 especially; and then we shall have the accomplishment of Acts i. 10, 11; of iii. 19-21; of 2 Peter iii. 3-13, specially 13. I wish I had a small book, 'Behold, I make all Things New,' by Dr. Bonar, here; I hope to send it you from Paris. . . . Have you ever

read Ezekiel xxxviii. and xxxix. ? Who is *Rosh*, and who are the *young lions* of Tarshish ? Many say Russia and Britain. It is Britain which has put hooks in Rosh's jaws and held her back. Russia aims at the Holy Land, and her judgment comes out in chap. xxxix. It is not for nothing that we have India, and Cyprus, and Asia Minor, and the Suez Canal. The Jews are to be brought back to their native land, and Britain is to keep the way open for them. . . . There is a remarkable book published lately in France, 'Le Christ,' by Earnest Neville, &c."

On the 13th of January (1879), he left Lyons and returned to Paris to resume his work there after this seven weeks' interruption. On the 17th he records a "good meeting" at the new station of Ménilmontant, and "deep impression." On the 23rd he is at Vaugirard, from which he mentions that he got home with difficulty, as the snow was very deep. On the 29th we find him present at the funeral of a man who lived above the Salle of St. Antoine ; "had never come to the meeting but had read our books. He died in peace. We had a service in the house, and there was a mass in the church ; then a service at the grave (Mont Parnasse). Spoke to the people."

His entry for the 21st of February is "prayer meeting, at two o'clock ; large." Every week the prayer meeting is noted. He was regular in his attendance here as he was at St. Andrews when a

student. Yet it was by no means so easy to maintain this weekly regularity. There might have been many excuses,—good enough in their way—business, distance, callers, weariness. But none of these things hindered. The prayer meeting was “business” to him, of the most important kind. It was “necessary,” and to it other things must bend.

On the 26th he writes: “RIVOLI.—Hanging up texts. A most interesting conversation with the man referred to on Tuesday, 18th. Sure that he is a Christian. He said, ‘*Souvent je me presente le Calvaire, et je me dis, ME VOILA!*’”

On the 17th of February he writes to his parents, mentioning the prospect of a station at Toulouse, for which friends there were to pay. “We hope,” he says; “to superintend and manage a mission there. The French cannot take the initiative; and the work is so thoroughly English that they need to learn it; many of them are apt learners.” Then he goes on to say:—

“I suppose you have all been interested in the changes of Government into which we have so quietly glided. If any one wishes to realise the stability of the Republic, the proof will be found in the profound quiet in which all has happened. It is most remarkable. There has been absolutely no excitement, and MacMahon has done the thing so gracefully that he is respected, though unregretted, and never missed. It does not, and will not make any immediate difference to us,

though it will possibly affect the cause of religious liberty in France, and give it a great impulse. A majority of the cabinet are Protestants, and Waddington is a thorough evangelical Christian and a member of the Free Church ; we shall at least have some fear of God in the cabinet. I can quite understand MacMahon feeling it a hard trial, as a soldier, to dismiss his old friends ;—though Bourbaki is a real specimen of the corrupt generals of the second empire.

“ Next week I will write to the class. It is very kind of the children to send us fifteen shillings. I would write now, but it is late, and Mr. Rouilly being at Lyons, installing M. de Watteville, I have more work than usual to-day, and this is my twentieth letter since yesterday ; of course these are only short invitation notes for help, but that takes up a good time.

“ I am glad that horrible lottery affair (City of Glasgow Bank) came to an end. Our Paris lottery has been the cause of scenes here ; such mad eagerness to win, and such disappointment in losing, but the French conscience is not deep, and it would be useless to try to make them understand its sinfulness. ‘ Ce n’est pas gentil,’ will comprehend all their admissions regarding it.”

We resume the jottings of the diary :—

“ *28th March.*—Prayer meeting at two o’clock. Dr. Craig there ; called to consult about tracts, from the Religious Tract Society.

“ *30th March.*—Sunday. Sunday school at Grenelle. Hanneman, the usual speaker, ill. Salle at 4.30. Took tea with Mr. Morgan of Edinburgh, and went together to Grenelle. I translated for him ; and spoke on the Ethiopian ruler,—a negro ; speaking still of Livingstone ; had a conversation with a man at the door.

“ *1st April.*—Arranging about new hymn-book with

Mr. M'All. Rivoli. Dr. Livingstone (Lecture). Had a long walk with Dr. Appia and a most interesting conversation.

"3rd April.—At three o'clock, Ornano ; children's meeting. At five, Ménilmontant ; then Vaugirard" (three in one afternoon).

"6th April.—Sunday. Sunday school, Grenelle. Salle, La brebis perdue" (three meetings that afternoon).

"7th April.—German meeting, first night ; fifty present.

"10th April.—Ornano at 3. Ménilmontant at 5. On to Gare d'Ivry. Opening of a new Salle, once a coffee palace ; good meeting ; spoke on ' Religion de Jesus Christ.' Home late."

A letter to his brother, dated Belleville, 5th April, gives a brief sketch of matters at this time :—

"It has been an exceptionally busy time ; we have had so many important matters to decide. I am in the midst of arrangements for printing, or rather getting new tracts written, and a new hymn-book is being prepared. It is to be increased by two hundred hymns. Some aspiring hymn-writers have sent in contributions, and Mr. M'All has asked me why I do not immortalise myself. I am afraid my French poetry would be something like that famous translation done to order by M. —. Yesterday, too, our troubles and anxieties about removal came to an end, and we got this house let. I am going to open a German meeting on Monday evening, and enclose a prospectus of it. I expect it will succeed. Some German young men will help me, and some of the pastors. It will revive my knowledge of German. We have got a capital German hymn-book sent us from M. A. Fischer Sarasin, of Bâle. There are a large number of Germans in the quarter of La Vilette. Thursday we open our new room at Gare d'Ivry. It was the coffee-palace in which you took tea at the Exhibition. Some friends in England have engaged to raise the money to £250. The architect

gave it at a large reduction. It will be a great improvement, the Salle was as dingy as could be. The children of Glasgow sent us lately a large picture of the Good Shepherd printed on cloth, life-size, and I found it attracted the attention of the children. I wish we had some more of them.

"I have been giving the people an account of Livingstone, his travels, and death in Africa.

"Enclosed a bill of my lecture for Young Men's Christian Association—'The Religion of Primitive Man, Monotheism.'

"12th April, 1879.—I shall be glad to have a rest, for a year and a-half without holidays, and constant and most responsible work, tires one out.

"I have learned to speak French in public meetings, but am wonderfully ignorant of household words. I have begun a German meeting, and had fifty people the first night. The French is weak beside that grand old Teutonic tongue; yet I don't despise the former's elegance and precision."

We pursue the diary jottings:—

"24th April.—Ornano. Children. Ménilmontant. Went to find Dr. Murray Mitchell, who accompanied me to Gare d'Ivry, and spoke. Then I spoke on *Dieu est amour*. Full meeting.

"25th April.—Rivoli. Interesting conversation with a young man, a German; seems impressed.

"27th April.—Sunday. Scotch Church, morning. Communion. Mr. Paterson and Dr. Murray Mitchell. Rivoli. Dr. Fisch and M. Dardier. Salle Evangélique. Called on Dr. M. M., and then to Grenelle. Heard from F. about J.; died in a mania for amassing money. Pray for F.

"28th April.—Went to meet Dr. Rainy; found him at Boulevard Malesherbes. He took tea with us, and went to Ornano with Mr. M'All; self to German meeting. Good; upwards of sixty."

It was at this time that he with his family changed their residence to Boulevard Malesherbes, where they remained upwards of a year.

On the 8th of May he left Paris on a mission journey to England, and also to receive ordination from the Free Church. On the 9th he addressed a large meeting in Exeter Hall—Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. On the 13th, breakfasted with Committee of Tract Society, and addressed them on tract distribution in France. He notes, “Most satisfactory meeting.”

On the 14th he arrived in Edinburgh; and on the following day the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh met in the Grange Church for his ordination. The day was the term-day in the city, and, besides, it was thoroughly rainy, so that the audience was not large; but he notes it as “a solemn day,” and notes also the presence of his father and brother.* In the evening he went to our mission-hall, his old scene of missionary work. In the course of the following ten days he addressed some eleven meetings in various churches and halls,—all, of course, in reference to his Paris work. On the evening of Sabbath, the 25th, he took the French service.

On the 5th of June he went to Ireland, to the

* The ordination sermon by myself was afterwards published in a small volume —“Does God Care for our Great Cities?”

General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, preaching and speaking, times not a few,—always on France; that was his errand, wherever he went. He was much gratified with his Irish visit.

The following letter to his brother describes his visit to the Assembly:—

“6th June, 1879.—These Hibernians conduct their meetings with considerable hilarity and noise. They have been debating all day, and now up till eleven this evening, the question of instrumental music, and are now about to take the vote, a slow process. The organ question has been thrashed out for six years, but they are gifted here with immense powers of physical endurance, and Hibernian eloquence flows like an unimpeded stream,—it is only equal to their jokes. They are all very kind and sympathetic, reminding me a little of the French. I am to preach in two of their largest churches on Sunday morning and evening, and as I am to speak on our Mission I hope to get some money. On Tuesday there is to be a drawing-room meeting, and that will raise up some interest in Belfast.”

He returned to Edinburgh and preached there several times; went to Greenock on his mission. In July he went to Cambuslang to visit his friend Mr. Shepherd; and speaks of an interesting prayer meeting there. On the 4th of the month he was called up to London to meet the secretaries of the Tract Society regarding French tracts. He returned to Edinburgh next day,—two nights in the train. “Studying all day,” is his entry for the 5th. Sunday, 6th July, preaching in different pulpits. Sunday, 13th July,

is thus noted by him, "Communion; Dr. B. preached, 'In His temple doth every one speak of His glory.' I took second table and address on, 'He gave Himself.' 'He that spared not His own Son.' Rested in the afternoon; preached in the evening; torrents of rain. Text, Luke xxii. 32, 'Strengthen thy brethren.' Very solemn and refreshing day for us all." He returned to Paris on the 15th; re-commenced his work immediately; notes how refreshing it was to meet all the workers again. 21st in town, at Palais du Luxembourg to pay a fine for having put up an *enseigne lumineuse* (a row of gas jets) at Rivoli without leave; 6 francs 80. At German meeting 130 present, most attentive. 2nd August.—"You know how busy I am. Mr. M'All and M. Rouilly are away; and the organisations and the ceaseless interviewing of strangers both foreign and French take up my time. It is hot, and the meetings suffer. At Rivoli still a good meeting, above 200. We have begun at Bordeaux. I am feeling the want of a rest now. I had none in Scotland; but I am glad to be back to my work.

Again to his parents:—

"147 BOULEVARD MALESHERBES, 9 Août, 1879.

"No one need expect many letters from me just now, for every detail of the Mission is on my hands at present, and I

am busy from morning to night. M. Rouilly returns on the 20th, and Mr. M'All about the end of the month. Every one is away 'en vacance,' and there are thus more than a dozen friends whom I always count on for speaking, who are over the hills and far away. We have had a time of great heat, finishing off with sheet-lightning and thunder and rain. One Sunday was simply melting; there was not even a breath of air. These last days have been colder and one does not long for iced water and salad. The heat thinned the meetings, but they are going on as usual again.

"Miss N. is here just now; she comes at her own expense, it is very kind of her; she would make a capital worker. She found herself alone the other evening, and nothing daunted, gave out hymns and read a chapter. I wish we had a few more like her.

"You would see a translation of a letter I received from that poor girl we rescued about a year ago in this week's *Christian Week*. It has given many of us great joy, for she was very often nearly going back to her old habits. Now her influence in the Refuge, even among the other young women, is beginning to tell. Two stations have been opened at Bordeaux. The expenses will not be great, little more than £100 a-year. Every town in France seems open to the Gospel. Dr. Somerville had meetings at St. Servan and St. Malo, first for English then for French; one of our workers went to translate for him. They will open a regular station there now, I think. Money has not lacked hitherto, the difficulty is to get men. Our German meeting is a great success; such veritable Teutons, 130 in number; if you heard them singing the air of 'Annie Laurie' to one of their hymns! It suits well."

On the 15th of September he went to Bordeaux where the meetings had already begun. As his work there was in all respects like that of Paris and Lyons,

I need not occupy room in detailing it. Nor need I enumerate the towns and villages, such as Boulogne-sur-Mer, La Rochelle, St. Etienne, and others which he visited at this time and in subsequent years. The materials for an interesting narrative are not lacking in regard to these places, but it would unduly swell this volume. Reluctantly I omit them, giving merely two letters written from Bordeaux about this time, though they relate in part to Paris, the first to his parents, and the last to his brother.

To his parents:—

“BORDEAUX, 17th September, 1879.

“They were all well in Paris when I left; the bairns a little inclined to grumble, as the heat was oppressive and neither in the house nor outside could they find comfort. They greatly enjoyed the fête which we had for our children in the Bois de Boulogne; it was a beautiful sight. The children were gathered from the schools, in the different halls I mean, about eight o'clock in the morning, and taken either by train or omnibus to the Arc de Triomphe, our rendezvous. Then they were all marched down the Avenue de la Grande Armee, 501 in number, with about sixty monitors, Mr. M All at the head; the procession was two deep, and was quite imposing from its length as it wound out of the city and through the fortifications. We were some time of reaching the Pelouse de Madrid, which the authorities had given us for dining on, and for the children to amuse themselves on; it is a wide, open, grassy space, flanked with trees and shrubs. There they were spread out in a circle, and M. — found his carving faculties employed in opening tins of American meat and slicing it up for the children; bread was doled out from a big hand-barrow; there was also cheese and small gâteaux and plums; for drink,

water was used into which was put essence of coffee ; drunk cold, it satisfied the thirst very well. The attempts at addressing the children were not many, and the remarks were very short for very potent reasons, but they sung some hymns very well and with great spirit ; everybody was greatly surprised to see such order and good behaviour, some years ago such a thing would have been impossible. Then came the great attraction of the fête, a visit to the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*. The authorities were most polite and kind, not only giving us the Pelouse de Madrid, but granting a free entry to the garden (that would come to about £23, as the price is one franc each, and there were about 580 persons). This shows how well disposed the authorities are towards us. After the Jardin had been explored, the children were re-conducted to the *Arc de Triomphe*, and thence to their homes. The visit to the garden was rather hurriedly made, and might have had much longer time given to it, but there were crowds ; it was on Thursday, a half-holiday, that the fête took place, and priests and nuns were out with their schools also. Our assemblage excited some interest. Before reaching the *Bois de Boulogne*, a priest passed the *Arc de Triomphe*, and wishing to know what it all meant, he stumbled on Mr. M'All, who informed him with a profound bow that it was a '*Fête des écoles d'Évangélisation de Paris*.' The priest was 'enchante,' he said, but must have taken the opportunity to inform some of his brethren, for they turned up, some sour, black-looking fellows at the Pelouse, and reconnoitred us ; I got near to one of them and heard him asking a good many questions. The priests are much afraid of losing their power in the matter of education just now, owing to M. Ferry's bill, which will likely pass next session, and they are doubtless much interested in any work which can bring together so many children. We ought to have had many more. I was very sorry for those who did not come as they had no fête dress ; poor things, they were the very children we wished to have. All of us were at

the fête ; we shut up the house and took J. and J. to manage the children, it being also a holiday for themselves. H. and baby were delighted, you should have seen the way they rolled about on the grass ; H. made exploring expeditions for himself, requiring everybody to watch him, even to the *gardien de la Paix*, who once felt it his duty to report on his wanderings. They beheld with much amazement the Nubians riding about on camels in the jardin, and the giraffes with their long necks ; there was an ostrich harnessed, poor beast, to a sort of waggon, in which there was room for several children ; it looked dreary enough, but the elephants seemed to have no objection to the life they led. Here endeth my *causerie* on the fête.

“ I got here on Monday evening. It is a long journey ; leaving Paris from the Gare d'Orleans at half-past nine, and reaching Bordeaux about eleven o'clock. What a dust there was all the way till I got to Poitiers, where there had been rain ! The country was pretty level all the way until near Poitiers, when I was reminded of the Rhine. We passed numerous villages with their red-tiled roofs, surrounded by vine-clad slopes. The people were gathering the grapes ; others were filling bags with potatoes. I saw splendid rows of poplars ; these and the other trees were still very green, and had not yet got their autumn hues, though the chestnuts with their golden fruit were showing signs of a summer passed away. I have had hardly time to examine Bordeaux ; it is like most French towns ; there are fine open squares. I am going down to the harbour to get a sight of the ships, and acquaint myself with the city and the Bordelais. We have two stations, four meetings a-week, and a children's meeting, so that I shall have less to do, and will rest a little ; otherwise there is plenty left undone in Paris which I must attempt here. Last night I confused the stations and went to the wrong one, some way off, having found, quite by accident, a cabman who drove me there, knowing the meeting ; fortunately it turned out that he knew the other, and I got there a little late. I made a capital

use of this little incident in my address, speaking of this 'fidele cocher' as my guide, and leading on to the great need there was for all men to get acquainted with the Bible, the guide to Christ. There must have been about 170 people present, all listening most attentively. They have a choir of young people who help much in the singing. The room is papered and lit up with gas. Altogether it looks quite inviting. The banner-texts on the walls make it different from a café, while it is not so like a church as to frighten away people."

To his brother he writes about Paris,—

"BORDEAUX, 20th September, 1879.

"I am trying to wipe out scores of debts in the shape of letters; not so easy, as the atmosphere is peculiarly heavy here, and I came down rather tired from Paris. . . . The most of the mission people went up not many Saturdays ago to see the Catacombs; they cover an immense extent of ground under and perhaps beyond Paris. The passages were originally quarries of stone, which must have been tunnelled out rather than quarried. Every passage is full now of bones piled as high and higher than your head, and headed with skulls. Sometimes there are rows of skulls half way up. The passage admits of two walking side by side, and is never very low. A sort of acid smell pervades them, and it is a relief to get out. Here and there there are pillars and slabs, with sometimes verses of the Bible, very seldom expressing Christian hope or even sentiment, and passages from their poets, Lamartine, &c. After descending a good many steps—for the Catacombs are deep down—one comes on an inscription—'Arrête-toi, c'est ici l'Empire des morts.' The silence is oppressive, and the surroundings are ghastly. Each of us had a candle lit, which shed a very sombre light on the scene, and only made it more horrible. The bones are collected from convents—the skulls found there were high though generally narrow—or from those killed in the Revolution-fights; among

these there were plenty whose skulls were 'villanous low;' and finally, some from churchyards. After five years, unless a person has bought up previously the piece of ground, all the bones are taken away to these Catacombs, and the graves used anew. This is strange, for the French people are constant visitors at their relations' graves;—but Paris is a walled town, and won't extend."

On his return to Paris from Bordeaux we find the work going on as usual; his daily jottings showing us what it was. He mentions sometimes seven meetings a-week, sometimes nine, sometimes ten, sometimes eleven; once or twice he speaks of being laid down with severe headache, arising from over-work. He mentions a conversation with a poor Communist, another with an afflicted man who had lost his wife, another with a young man who had found peace in Christ. One entry on 8th April is this, "Lecture in the evening on religion of Primitive Aryans. Fair attendance." These occasional lectures sometimes troubled him because of the want of time to get them up. He had to fall back on his old stores of knowledge. Revisiting these old stores awakened his longings after his college studies, and he would fain have resumed them. But he must not indulge himself. He puts them aside, and plunges into other work. On 9th May he writes, "Preached in Scotch Church on 'My words shall not pass away.' I was graciously sustained during the whole service, and in speaking

of the departed pastor, Mr. Paterson. Preached again in the afternoon. Thence to Trocadéro. Returned home, and was so tired and ill with headache that I did not go to Grenelle. 18th. Called on Mrs. Paterson to say good-bye. Prayed with her. Felt it much. I miss Mr. Paterson every day.”*

With his friend, M. Paul Passy, he made evangelistic excursions into the villages at some little distance from Paris, and more than once fell in with infidel villagers, who, however, were soon won over into attention and kindness by his way of dealing with them. Thus he records one of these excursions:—

“13th.—Sunday. Meeting at St. Gemme; small, but interested; talk with people. Then went to Maladrerie de Beines. About 36 people came, inclined to laugh, &c. Infidels. Discussion with them. They took gospels; and when we passed through again in evening asked for more.

* I find I have omitted in the earlier part of this chapter, a letter to his much esteemed friend, the Rev. Perry Keene of the Church of England. As it is quite a characteristic one, I give it here:—
“I can act the Frenchman very fairly now, and can, among other accomplishments, take off my hat and make an elegant speech in respectable French during the performance of the drama, whether I am on street, stair, or carriage. But sometimes I lose my temper at the barefaced, smooth speeches and downright lying which prevails in certain classes of society here. . . . The heat here (Lyons) has been great. A veritable remnant of an eastern sirocco is the Vent du Midi. It traverses the Mediterranean and steals up the Rhone valley, arriving just beneath my windows. The street, therefore, is rightly named *Quai de l'Est*. . . . We had a crowded hall and a strange sight;—they crowded up to the platform on which I was speaking. Last year many of them howled and shouted, and made me often despair. But Christian charity has a wonderful power;

Then went to Montainville ; had a large crowded meeting ; 100 men and women, serious, attentive, silent at prayer. (Could not even attempt prayer at Maladrerie.) People asked us to come back. Gospels and *Ami* cheerfully taken. I thank God for this day."

These are glimpses, no more. The reader must fill up the intervals for himself. With such specimens it will not be impossible to do this. It is still earnest work. He does not count it hard. But his life was busy and his hours all occupied. Perhaps he might have husbanded his time better, and saved his strength more than he often did. But he was only *beginning* the work. He was *learning* how to carry it on. He did not understand the economy of time and strength ; and, before experience had taught him this, he was called away.

and the same unkempt, unwashed young men are there now most attentive listeners, and eager readers of the books in the library. They don't associate us with Protestantism ; but consider us the people of no religion, that is, of no sect. I never saw such ignorance anywhere. It is dreadful. The heathen had something more,—the light of conscience. But Rome has obliterated that. I am filled with indignation when I see what Rome has done ; it has hidden the one Book that is the foundation of the Church, has cursed it, burnt it and all who read it. I meet men who tell me that if they will only burn a candle-dip to the Virgin it will save their souls. Don't let your grand old Church of England become a Church where sneaking fellows, in priestly garments, mumble over a half-hidden mass, in a way that can never be 'understood of the people.' Won't you come to Paris and stay with us? At night you shall go out with me and speak to the ouvriers. I'll be security for your life among them. Only don't bring your biretta and cope with you. *Cela est défendu.*"

He met daily with doubters; but his own doubts having been long since set at rest, he could use his full strength in loosing the bonds of others. He was patient with the questioners; and while he could hardly conceal his contempt for "frivolous pyrrhonism," or evasive deism at home, he would calmly listen to the wildest and blindest arguments of a Parisian unbeliever. Such a man's subtleties tried his forbearance much less than the more refined and less honest subterfuges of theological unbelief among his own countrymen. For there is a certain amount of honesty,—call it the honesty of ignorance,—in the ideas of the Communist. He does not "vote blindfold like a monk of the Sorbonne" as the proverb used to run in Pascal's days. He speaks what he has himself first believed, and is not slow in telling you what he does not believe. With such a man Mr. Dodds was always ready to meet; and from many such, he departed on the best of terms. They listened to him at first, perhaps, rudely, then gladly, then they opened their hearts to him, asking for a Bible, and entreating him to return. Religious affability, frankness, and sincerity of speech, were things unknown to them. Their experience had led them to the conclusion that these were impossibilities. But they had found in a foreigner what they had not in their own priesthood.

CHAPTER VII.

AMERICA.

IN September, 1880, the three great French religious societies—Société Centrale d'Evangelisation, Société Evangélique de France, and Mission Intérieure—resolved to send representatives to the American Churches. They chose M. Réveillaud for this purpose, but it was necessary to find for him an able companion, and one who could speak English as well as French. Although the object was not in the first instance the M'All Mission, yet, in the interest of the larger French work, Mr. M'All consented to spare his colleague, and Mr. Dodds prepared to go. They were chosen to represent the Protestant Churches of France at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to meet at Philadelphia; but, owing to some delay (on the part of the committee acting for them) in taking out their passage, they did not sail till a week after they ought to have done, and so missed the greater part of the meetings of the Council.

M. Réveillaud's eloquence is remarkable ; but it would have been lost had it not been for the skill of his interpreter. The task of translation was not an easy one. For though to render from one language to another may not be difficult in the case of a simple religious address, it was by no means so easy to transfer into suitable English the rolling eloquence of the French orator. Mr. Dodds proved himself quite equal to the occasion, and those who heard bear witness that the translation fully represented the power of the original.

The American newspapers reported his meetings and detailed his progress, so that by means of their reports intelligence as to the mission was very widely circulated, not merely among Christian men, but among the more worldly and indifferent. His story was one fitted to arrest the public ear, and it was told well. The double way in which it spoke to the audience, both in French and English, increased its effect. These duplicate speeches, which might have been reckoned a drawback, really contributed to the interest of the meetings.

Some of the newspapers, indeed, though they faithfully reproduced the speeches, did not altogether understand either the men or their history. One of them, confounding Mr. Dodds' narrative of the French persecutions of other days with his own personal

history, represented him as having been imprisoned in a Spanish dungeon ; not however telling its readers why he was sent there, or how he got out, or whether the inquisitors were not still in pursuit of him. But a mistake of this kind was innocent enough, and by no means did any harm.

He greatly enjoyed the companionship of M. Réveillaud ; and frequently referred to their pleasant intercourse in their various journeys and voyages by sea and land. There was a most brotherly affection on both sides, as will appear from the following narrative, furnished by M. Réveillaud :—

“ I knew the Rev. G. Th. Dodds from having occasionally heard him speak in the M'All meetings, and from having met him in the meetings of the committees of the ‘ Mission Intérieure,’ and of the Paris City Mission. The first impression produced on all who approached him,—by this tall, fine-looking young man of thirty, with his clear frank glance, his kindly and ringing laugh,—was one of well-being, of sympathy, of confidence. One felt one's-self instinctively in presence of a beautiful soul, and his address, at once affable and dignified, prepossessed men in his favour, and won the hearts of his hearers immediately. And when we remembered that, obeying God's call, like Abraham of old, he had left his country and his father's house to come and preach the Gospel to

the poor workmen of the Paris faubourgs, in the lowly shops which Mr. M'All has transformed into houses of prayer, one could not help blessing God for having raised up, as a witness of His mercies and of His good-will towards France, this young man, full of life and of strength, for whom these words of Solomon seemed written, 'The glory of young men is their strength.'

"No choice could have been more agreeable to me than that of Mr. Dodds as co-delegate. Not only did I already love, little as I had seen of him, the brother in Christ who was to cross the Atlantic with me, but I appreciated in him many qualities of which I am much in need. Thus I charged him with the responsibility which weighed most heavily on me,—that of the purse. How many cares and annoyances he spared me in offering from the first day to keep account of our expenses! It was at the cost of his rest that he acquitted himself of this task, for I have seen him racking his brain (*se creuser la tête*) for a whole day for a trifle of some cents which he could not remember so as to inscribe under its proper head. Nearly every evening he had to take half-an-hour off his sleep to make out an exact account of the daily expenses, which he managed with the utmost economy.*

* These sentences of M. Réveillaud's would be hardly worth inserting, were it not that those that knew him well know

“But I come to our point of departure, the quay of Havre, whence we sailed on the 18th of September in the steamer *La France*. We had the pleasure of having the cabin to ourselves, and no comfort was missing; so that comparing our situation, as we did often, with that of Paul on his voyage to Rome, or even with that of the Pilgrim Fathers braving the tempests in their frail bark to found new and free hearths on unknown shores, we did not want subjects of thankfulness. M. Mabile, who represented at the Pan-Presbyterian Council the Missionary Church of Basutoland, was our companion, and we both esteemed it a privilege to have him with us. My brother Dodds (for already I had taken his measure and given him that name) had brought with him quite a packet of books, for the most part theological or philological. He wrote foot-notes, rectified on certain points the opinions of his authors; then shutting his books he would reproach himself for the time he had spent, and come back to his Bible—the book of his pillow, of his pocket; his book (from morning to night) of every hour—to this Word of

that to no man was the task of managing money and keeping accounts more distasteful than to him. And yet in the Mission not a day passed but he had the burden of keeping account of money not his own. It was one of the many little duties which he performed against his nature, cheerfully, as to the Lord.

God, which he placed so eminently above all human works, above all scientific authorities.

The Bible ; oh, how he prized it, loved it, possessed it, *lived* it ! I do not know if he ever had had his doubts on the perfect authority of the holy book, but at the time of which I speak, any such doubts had been utterly *driven* back and discomfited by the certitudes and evidences of his spiritual *criterium*.

“ From the first line of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse, the Bible was for him (what it was for Calvin, for Knox, for the Huguenots, and the Covenanters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) the very Word of God, of which not a jot nor a tittle but shall have its entire fulfilment. His theory of inspiration was thus all of one piece, like that of the Gaussens, the Malans, the Christians of the Revival. A narrow theory you may say ; antiquated, and, besides, Judaical in its literalism ! It is possible ! But what backbone ; what solidity (*charpente*) it gave to his faith and to his life ! How it did one’s soul good to see, in the decline of our nineteenth century, after all the havoc which criticism has made in the realms of theology and faith, this young pastor, certainly not ignorant of any of the attacks of this modern criticism, yet as whole in his convictions of the Divine origin of the

Bible as if he had always lived in the atmosphere of our Huguenot academies of the sixteenth century. Such are these rocks of granite,—the Bass Rock or Ailsa Craig, which rise on the Scottish coasts, unmoved in the midst of the stormy waves of ocean, and which, from tempests and from tides, form a refuge for the birds of heaven.

“The Scotch are said to be a people of theologians. In this point of view, G. Theophilus Dodds justified his origin. He was a theologian to the ends of his fingers. He loved theology for itself; he could discuss for hours this obscure point of dogmatics, or that problem of exegesis. He was prepared for these combats as the knights of the middle ages were for their tournaments. He was anointed with holy oil and armed *cap-a-pie* against the adversary; for he knew from having read, re-read, and meditated so many times, the sacred text and all its references *usque ad unguem*. He would willingly have invited me to these friendly passages-at-arms on certain subjects which were dear to him, and where our views did not always accord,—such as on the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, or the near coming of the Lord. But I had so much pleasure in contemplating that well-tempered faith (*trempe de foi*), so rare in our day; and, on the other hand, I felt myself so unable to cross swords with him, that I preferred to hide

myself and own myself conquered at the first passage. His theology did not wrong his charity. 'Narrow conscience, large heart' might have been his device, as of the Huguenots of other days. What largeness of heart, indeed, and what love of souls was his! I have better understood, since I knew him, how it is that St. John, the seer of Patmos, who in the opened sky, sees the Word of God, the Faithful and True, as a horseman armed with a sword to smite the nations, who declares to whoever hears the words of His Book, that if any one adds or takes away, God will add to him the plagues written in His Book,—will take away his part in the tree of life, and will shut him out from the holy city,—how the St. John who writes these terrible things should be the same apostle who has bequeathed to us the epistles and the gospel which bear his name, the apostle of love, he who under the snows of his old age summed up the teaching of his Master in the words, 'Little children, love one another.' Yes, there was something of the St. John in this valiant and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, whom his Master has called so early to Himself. To the firmness of the apostle against the heresies and infidelities which bring down condemnation upon an evil world, he allied the mercy and condescension of the 'well-beloved disciple' for the outcasts, the little ones,

the poor, the lost, whom the Son of Man came to seek and to save. I seem to see him in that heaven where now he has 'entered into the joy of his Lord,'—I see him forming part of one of those mystic tribes of Israel (like the Scottish clans), each of which has an apostle at its head. He belongs to the 'clan' of the disciple whom Jesus loved. He enters and goes out by these doors of pearl, which are never shut at the fall of day; for there is no night. The city has no need of the sun or of the moon to lighten it,—for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is its light. There is no more curse there. The servants of God serve Him, they see His face,—His name is on their foreheads. And they shall reign for ever and ever.

"Though his years were short, yet how full they were; and what a noble sheaf of souls he has been able to lay down at his Master's feet. He might have answered like Arnaud, the great Jansenist, when they spoke to him of rest, 'We have all eternity to rest in.' Was it a presentiment that his time of action would be short, and that he must redeem the time so much the more? I do not know; but all those who knew him know that he was always ready to bear witness to his faith, always disposed for Gospel-work, always in quest of souls whom he could lead to Christ.

“From the second or third day of our voyage, I remember seeing him seeking souls to enlighten and save, distributing his tracts and gospels, always with some kind word of interest and sympathy. Thus occupied, he found something to make his heart glad. Among the passengers were a band of Parisian dress-makers and milliners, going ‘for the season’ to New York. One of these, he found, had attended Mr. M’All’s station of Bercy, and had received religious impressions there, which seemed deep and lasting. Thus the ‘bread cast upon the waters’ was found when we least expected it. Glad to discover one of the fruits of the Mission, my friend did not fail to devote some minutes to this girl each day, fortifying her faith, warning her against the dangers she might meet with in New York, and giving her introductions to some Christian friends in that city.

“In the next cabin to ours was a woman who had undertaken the long voyage to America on account of money affairs, with a child of two years old. She was tormented by sea-sickness and by anxiety; and for many days she could not leave her cabin. My friend interested himself in her. She was lonely, he visited her; discouraged, he cheered her; irritable and anxious, he reassured her. Above all, he directed her to the source of all peace and true comfort,

telling her of Jesus Christ, and giving her a Bible, She received the gift with much gratitude, for, she said, she had long desired to possess this book. She promised, when she should return to Paris, to attend the evangelical meeting in her quarter.

“ We had left Havre in a pretty rough sea. But on the 24th, as we were approaching the banks of Newfoundland, we were assailed by a storm. Our ship seemed to writhe like an immense snake under the shock of the sea and the hurricane. But with the exception of some little accidents which delayed our arrival a day, all went well, and we had only the majesty, without the terror, of the spectacle of the ‘great waters.’ On the morning of Sunday, the 26th, the tempest was at rest, and the Lord made His beautiful sun to shine on us again. All hearts were full of thankfulness, and after deliberations between Mr. Dodds, Mr. Mabile, and myself, we arranged for two services, which the captain willingly announced. The first, in English, was held at eleven, in a small first-class saloon, as only about a score of the passengers were English or American. Mr. Dodds’ address, from the 29th Psalm, was particularly suited to our circumstances, impressive, and powerful. At two o’clock a second meeting, in French, took place in the second-class dining-room. We found there about forty Protestant emigrants, men and women,

from Switzerland or the country of Montbeliard for the most part. These good people seemed full of joy at the thought of having a meeting. Mr. Dodds chose a tune which they said they knew, and for some moments there was a terrible discord, in which a hearty country-woman from Montbeliard particularly distinguished herself. But so much faith and heart went into the song, that to God it must have been more acceptable than the finest music. Some Catholic emigrants had joined us, and told us the favourable impression which they had received. Mr. Dodds gave them tracts, which they promised to read.

“We noticed one thing. In this crowd of 500 passengers or emigrants, the greater part Catholics, there were, besides the Bishop of New Orleans, two or three priests. But not one occupied himself that day (nor, so far as we knew, on the other days) with the religious wants of these people. Worship, for them, is the mass, and they could not say the mass without altar, acolytes, scarf, stole and surplice, and all the apparatus of their sacred tinsel! What condemnation of Popery in that simple fact! Can you imagine St. Paul, on his way to Rome, hindered from preaching the Gospel because he has not chasuble—nor *l'ostensoir et la patene*.

“On Wednesday, the 29th, at six o'clock in the evening, the shores of Long Island were sighted, to

our great joy. On Thursday morning we were, at last, at New York, in a hospitable house, that of M. Elie Charlier, son of a French pastor.

“The warm welcome of several Christian friends, notably the Rev. Mr. W. Newell and the Rev. Dr. Beard,—the bright sun which shone that day upon American soil, and which accompanied us henceforth until half November was over,—the pleasure of at last being upon *terra firma* (*le plancher des vaches*) after rolling about on the liquid element for twelve days—all contributed to raise our spirits, and to make us feel as if our future journeying were to be begun under happy auspices.

“For we were not come to rest, and were scarcely on land, when we bethought ourselves of continuing our way. The Presbyterian Council was already sitting at Philadelphia, and as our vessel had been delayed, we had not an instant to lose, if we would arrive before the close of that great Assembly, composed of representatives of so many nations.

“Late as was our arrival, a large space had been allotted in the programme of the Council for us and our message. That evening we had to address an audience of more than 4000 persons in the great Music Hall, Mr. Dodds kindly translating into English what I said in my native tongue. Although this task seemed to leave him only the second *rôle*

in our association, when he ought to have had the first; yet he applied himself to it with all his heart, and with the conscientious application which he brought to bear on everything, and I have reason to believe that my discourses lost much of their dress by the transmutation which they underwent, through him, into a foreign tongue.

“I should be very ungrateful if I did not confess all the obligations I owed to him during these three months of our stay in America. As I hardly knew English as a spoken language at that time, I was forced continually to recur to my obliging dragoman to explain to me what was going on, or to interpret what I had to say. Some men would have been impatient, but he was only glad to find occasions to help me, and rendered the service always with the best grace possible, constituting himself not only my interpreter, but my professor, and teaching me to understand and to speak English. He was the eye of the blind and the tongue of the dumb; and to him I owe any power I have at present of enjoying, when far from my own country, the conversation and society of human beings. I may be allowed to mention this personal detail for the sake of expressing my gratitude to his dear memory.

“Our common friend, the Rev. Dr. A. F. Beard—I say our friend, for, from the first day we met him

we felt a friendship which time only deepened—was charged, at the request of the American and Foreign Christian Union, with the duty of organising our missionary tour. His active impulse did not let us linger. In fifteen days we had already rolled on all the railways of eastern America; hastening from New York to Philadelphia; from Philadelphia to New York and Boston; from Boston to Lowell, where we took part in the General Assembly of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; from Lowell to Providence; and from Providence to Norwich, where we found a home of more than ordinary hospitality, in the house of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, who had just published in favour of our mission a pamphlet, entitled ‘God’s Wonderful Work in France; an Introduction of the Deputation from the Protestants of France to the American Churches,’ and which was truly a great help in opening our way and creating sympathy for us. From Norwich, where we had also the advantage of being present at the General Union of the American Missionary Association, we turned our steps successively to Newburyport, where we preached in the church where Whitfield is buried,—to New Britain, New Haven, Hartford, Amherst, Springfield,—received everywhere with a brotherly hospitality which was truly touching; everywhere

finding churches ready to receive our message ; everywhere seeing interest awakened in the news of France which we brought them ; everywhere seeing the sympathy which was felt produce practical results in the shape of *dollars*.

“ My part in these meetings was the easiest. I had only to introduce the subject by speaking of the religious condition of France, the present facilities for evangelisation, and the need we have of help in doing this work, which is much beyond our strength. Mr. Dodds, after having translated my discourse, began to speak for himself, and on the canvas which I had spread out he embroidered a number of considerations, which were original, ingenious, powerful, well fitted to touch and to move the hearers, and to deepen the impressions which my words might have left floating on the surface. After the meetings it was he who had to answer the questions put by one and another. It was he who, in the course of the day, made the visits judged necessary, to Christians interested in our work. It was he who had to take the steps which ended, after a good deal of deliberation, in the gift of 15,000 dollars, made by Mrs. V. Stone to our different societies. But it was not on the visible success of our mission that my friend relied, and toward which he employed all his faculties. Care for the collections did not make him forget the

more important work among souls, and each time that he found opportunity, he addressed to one an encouraging word, to another an appeal to come and help in the French mission. I know two or three students of divinity who promised him to come to France, bringing the help of their arms to the white harvest. One of these is now pastor at Dertuis, in the department of Vaucluse, a field once watered by the blood of the Vaudois of Provence.

“Cleveland, Pittsburg, Columbus, were the principal stages of our journey westward. The distances were long, and we were obliged to spend nights in the *sleeping-cars*. In this necessity of daily locomotion, one may imagine how all our habits were upset; how we slept and took food how and when we could. This reminds me of an involuntary fast which my friend had to make, and which was worth double rations to me. Leaving Springfield for Cleveland, we started immediately after the meeting, and had barely the time to fasten our trunks, and to carry off some *sandwiches*. In spite of my friend’s warning that these should not be of ham (he laughingly professed a pious horror for the swine’s flesh), we found, when we tasted our sandwiches, that the order had been transgressed, and that the rosy flesh of the unclean animal disclosed itself between the slices. At this sight my friend

gave a cry of horror; I asked the cause; 'But, at least, leave the ham, you can eat the bread and butter!' Alas, no; I had to eat my companion's share as well as my own, while he contented himself with eating an orange, of which I made the exchange. It was low diet for a man who had eaten nothing since the morning, and who had to wait till ten o'clock next day before he had the chance to procure more. Besides, he had to submit to my pitiless jokes about his anti-Christian prejudices, which I said proved him to be descended from one of the lost ten tribes! I think I hear still his hearty, open-hearted laugh at these witticisms, which the reader may not think very Attic. But far as we were from both ancient and modern Athens, we were not very difficult to please as to Attic salt; and as laughter (as an old author says) is the special property of man, and as joy is also the property of the Christian, we often found ourselves, without any better pretext, beguiling the length of the way by bantering each other, and making jokes without malice, which sufficed to put us in good humour.

"At St. Louis I was seized with sore throat, and my friend, after having done all he could for my comfort, was obliged to double his efforts, and, without interrupting his work a single day, to accomplish alone what we had been in the habit of doing

together. What energy and courage were his in the Lord's work ! He thus visited alone the towns of Cincinnati and Indianapolis, and held there successful meetings. In one of these towns he experienced one of the purest joys of his journey. A little community of Chinese—*laundrymen* by trade—had been converted to the Gospel. On hearing my friend speak of the needs of France, these converts felt pressed in their heart to contribute their part to the work, and at the close of his meeting they brought to him a round sum of thirty dollars, which they had saved from their scanty wages. I was singularly touched myself on learning this fact, that Chinese Christians should contribute to the evangelisation of my countrymen.

“I have in my hands a letter, dated from St. Louis, where Mr. Dodds again joined me, and which well shows the fine qualities of his soul, and the zeal for the Master which devoured him. I ought to have said already that, in the midst of his superabundant occupations, our friend still found time (taking it oftenest from his night's rest) to keep up an active correspondence, not only with his own friends in the flesh, but with those who were his by spiritual ties,—spiritual children, for whom he felt all the love and solicitude of a father. The letter which follows was given me, a short time before her death, by the

lady to whom it was addressed,—Madame T——, who had been converted at a somewhat advanced age through the ministry of Mr. Dodds :—

“ ‘ST. LOUIS, 11th November.

“ ‘MY DEAR MADAME,—I have often thought of you, and also heard of you from Mrs. Dodds, who told me of your frequent visits to them. My children have got to know and love you, and my wife and I often speak of your kindness to us and to them. I have been very busy since arriving in New York, after a rather stormy but, on the whole, agreeable passage. We go from place to place, and travel a great deal, and, consequently, are often very tired. One is hurled along in the railway at a great pace, and at night you can have a sleeping-car with a bed, which looks very comfortable, but where I do not sleep much. Here I am at St. Louis, in the far West ; but although it takes a day or two to reach this city from New York, it is only midway in the American Continent, and it would take four days to get to San Francisco. It is indeed a great country, and a great and noble people. Christianity, and the principles brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers when they crossed the sea to have freedom to worship God according to their conscience, have made America what she is. I find a good many French people scattered over the States, and at the end of meetings they come up to speak to us, and thank us for the good news we bring of the Gospel in France, and how multitudes flock to hear the good news. We have very often services three times on Sunday. I hope that we are going to carry back with us from the States a good large fund for the evangelisation of France ; but we do not know as yet if much has been collected, and some of the largest cities are still to be visited.

“ ‘I like being here very much, and meet with many very hospitable friends, who entertain us wherever we go, and do

all that can be done to help us. But I am longing to be in Paris again, and at work in the Mission. It is a long time to be away, and absent from my wife and children, and from all the friends at Paris and in the Mission. But I feel that there is such a wide door open to the preaching of the Gospel in France that I must seize the great opportunity presented to me of interesting friends in America in our work, else the time to do so may never come round again. If France were Protestant, if God's Word were known and loved, what a great country she would be, and how good would be her influence over other nations in Europe.

“I hope, dear Madame, that you are well, and able to take an interest this winter, to some small extent, in the work of the Mission. If your health does not permit you to go out much, remember that you can always pray for God's work, and the coming of Christ's kingdom. What consolation, what strength, what joy do we find in prayer! It brings the Lord Jesus so close to us! It makes Him a *personal* Friend, who sympathises with us in all our troubles and temptations; who knows our hearts and our wants better than we do ourselves; and who loves us with a free, full, and unchangeable love. The more we know of that love, the more shall our soul be filled with His peace, and light, and love. Christ shall be to us a living, faithful Friend—so near, so real to us, that His comforting grace and voice shall be heard amidst all our temptations, and frailties, and sins. “Lo, I am with *you* always; that is, all the *days* of this life, be they sad or joyful or filled with pain or ease, I am with you *all these days*, even unto the end of the world,” when you shall enter into His presence, redeemed by His precious blood, and never more go out. All the trials and little anxieties of time are nothing in comparison with the eternity of joy which awaits us in heaven.

“If you can find time to write me a short letter, and give

me "*des nouvelles*" from Paris, I shall be very much pleased to receive it. I pray that you may grow in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, knowing Him and the power of His Resurrection.' *

" 'To grow in the grace of God and of the Saviour Jesus Christ ' was the aim of this faithful disciple of Christ. He aspired to receive from the fulness of the Master grace on grace and truth on truth. He had the high ambition of holiness ; to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. I consider as one of my highest privileges, and the source of much blessing to my soul, the having lived for three months in the intimacy of this beautiful soul, which laid itself bare, as it were, in fervent prayers with me, morning and evening. How I liked to hold my

* This dear friend has followed her young father and teacher in Christ to glory, August, 1883. She was a Protestant by birth, but knew nothing of the personal friendship of Jesus. The deep sorrows of a long life had almost broken her heart. Bereaved of her husband and all her children, left alone in the world with her most loving heart, she could see nothing to live for, and would gladly often have ended it in her despair. She had often, she said, "tried to become a Catholic," to see if she could get some comfort ; but her strong mind refused to be treated thus. At last, at the Trocadéro Salle, she heard the message her soul needed, and the remaining years of her life were happy in the love of Christ, and in making others happy. What a friend she was in many homes!—to little children and to the suffering! How many remember her in connection with the meetings at Passy or Versailles! How many mourn deeply for her now!

peace to listen to him praying ! What tenderness of conscience ! What abasement of himself, and of what he still attributed to himself of self-love and self-righteousness ! What boundings of heart toward the eternal hills whence came his help ! What filial confidence in God ! What hunger and thirst after righteousness ! Ah, if any one ever loved the kingdom of Christ, and longed for His coming ; if any one ever consecrated himself entirely to the service of the Master, it was he. What a religion it is which begets such men, and forms such characters ! To God alone, holy and just, be the glory for ever and ever. *Amen !*

“ I will pass quickly over the last stages and incidents of our journey. My friend was not insensible, any more than myself, to the great scenes of nature, and to the marvels of human industry ; and he might have said, with the Latin poet, ‘ *Homo sum, et nihil humani a me alienum puto ;* ’ or rather (for he made a choice between one art, one taste, and another), he might have repeated, with the great apostle, that ‘ All that is true, all that is honourable, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is of good report, all that is virtuous and worthy of praise,’ was thought of by him. At Pittsburg, the black city, the city of the coal and the trades that spring from it, we ascended, to enjoy a view

which is quite unique, the heights which bear still the name of "Fort Duquesne,"—a fort built in days when the French banner floated over the basins of the Mississippi and the Ohio. At St. Louis we gazed on the majestic course of the Mississippi, and had admired the gigantic bridge which the Americans have thrown over its turbid waters. At Chicago, the immense slaughter-houses, whence goes out the preserved meat of the world, excited our astonishment; while the glorious views of Lake Michigan filled our hearts with admiration for the magnificence of creation. Detroit, daintily situated on the wide canal or strait which unites the Lakes Huron and Erie, and which has given its name to the town, left us also pleasant remembrances. But the crowning-point of our journey, as far as picturesque impressions went, was the spectacle of Niagara.

"After this day, marked with letters of gold, spent at Niagara, we separated for a week, he going to Toronto, I to Montreal, to plead the same cause among the French Canadians of Quebec. We met again at Boston, where arrangements had been made for our speaking many times. The last part of our journey was not the least fatiguing, for in three weeks we had to respond to appeals from the principal congregations of New York, Brooklyn, Princeton, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, but also it was

the most fruitful. One Sunday alone at New York we collected 3000 dollars, having spoken before three assemblies, which meant that Mr. Dodds had given (counting the translations which he made for me) six addresses. We might now reckon up the tangible results of our mission ; we carried back to France (including Mrs. Stone's gift) about 150,000 francs (£6000), and we left behind us a current which would not cease to flow, of active sympathy for the work of God in France. The result had surpassed our hopes, and we rejoiced both for ourselves and in thinking of the satisfaction of our senders, of the directors of the Societies which had sent us out, the excellent M. Fisch, Mr. M'All, M. Lorraine, and Mr. Gustave Meyer. It was enough for my ambition, and I felt inclined to say with the old Entellus,

“ ‘Hic cœstus artemque repono.’ ”

“ My companion, however, did not sympathise with me. Fatigued no doubt he was, and often feverish, his muscles wearied, his nerves on the stretch, his features sharpened (*étirés*), everything said to him *rest*. But he never reckoned with his weariness, never spared his strength when his Master's service required it. It seemed to him that he had done nothing while there remained anything to do. Encouraged by the results which we had obtained, he thought of them

only as the first-fruits of what we might yet achieve in America. Everywhere friends assured him that the interest of the great American continent was only beginning to awake around our work, and that if we could remain two months,—three months, we might carry back to France many times what we had as yet received. His heart leapt at these assurances, which were confirmed by the steadily progressive rate of our collections.

“ ‘Our duty is to remain,’ he said to me, one day. I assured him no;—our duties recalled us to France; besides we were exhausted, we had done what might be reasonably expected of us, &c. He insisted, with what persuasive force, with what infectious warmth, I shall always remember. He had convinced my conscience and my heart, but my selfishness resisted still. ‘At least a fortnight?’ ‘No!’ ‘Eight days?’ ‘Impossible, remain if you will, I am going to leave on the day originally fixed.’ We had, on this subject, our first conflict since we had known each other, the first shade which threatened to trouble our perfect intercourse. The cloud was very ephemeral. My generous friend yielded to me, gave up his own desire, and, moreover, he did not bear me any malice, but was as cordial, brotherly, amiable during our return voyage as he had ever been. He told himself, doubtless, that he only relinquished the work in

America to take it up in another form in France, and that it did not matter how he served, provided he served. Scarcely, indeed, had he returned, than he was again in harness at the M'All Mission, and his first leisure-time has been in the eternal plains! There he rests from his labours, while his works continue here below to bear fruit. That fragrance of Christ which he always bore with him, and which won so many souls to the cause of the God of love, still lingers over the place which he occupied, the spots which he passed over while on earth. Among those who knew him, how many there are for whom his contact has been a blessing for the present life and for that which is to come. And he who writes these lines, though he knows well his unworthiness in comparison with that choice vessel which God has taken to Himself, yet, moved to the depths by the stroke which has taken from him the dear companion of his pilgrimage, believes that the love of Christ which brought them together here, for a few days too quickly passed, will bring them together again for an eternity of happiness."

Such is the vivid narrative of M. Réveillaud.

Were it not for unduly prolonging the narrative of this American episode, I would give several of his own letters at length, both on board ship and during his stay in the country. In one of these he speaks

of setting himself to study the Icelandic, and remarks, "It is a fine, noble, vigorous language, like the Gothic; for that reason I am studying it, but one can't do much on board." In another, he writes of his companion, "After dinner, went to the Council; Réveillaud had the time to himself from nine o'clock, and I to translate, and that before 4000 people, his success depending on my translation. You may imagine I felt shaky. I'm not the man for such huge public work. Such sentences as he gave—ponderous and very *literary*! I had to do my very best,—no easy matter. But the people applauded, and seemed to welcome him warmly. His sentences were in themselves most effective. I can easily understand his power over a crowd." *

He felt the want of devotional exercises at the Council. There was too little of these; and rather much hilarity. But he enjoyed exceedingly the fellowship of the brethren. He speaks of having found the Huguenot element strong in many places,

* "It is no easy task translating. M. R. piles up such huge sentences sometimes, in such fine, terse, nervous French, with such correct metaphors! I enjoy the work; I feel that we are indeed pleading for the Gospel in France, and that it is a solemn, most momentous crisis for that great country; every door open, and a welcome to the Gospel; one must seize it. No one can tell when it may come again. . . . I am getting quite famous as a translator; it needs one to know his style—long involved sentences in sentences. Now I can manage him, though he sometimes goes on to an alarming length; but it is of no use trying to stop him."

and adds "that in America at least he had not found the seed of the righteous begging bread." Speaking specially of New England, he writes: "There the Pilgrim Fathers, though they are dead long ago, have left the strong impress of their character and religion on their descendants. I found in them more of the quiet, reserved, gentle dignity of an English home than anywhere else. They are recognisable everywhere by their energy and devotion in church work, and their healthy orthodoxy.

"The Puritan element in America makes itself felt everywhere, and to it the nation owes much of its ideas of uprightness, of justice, and love of truth."

After saying regarding one district, "We do not always get much money," he adds, "but we are not here only to get dollars, but to tell God's people what is being done in France, and to ask their prayers. I'd rather have a hundred praying people behind us than a hundred thousand dollars; but both are good." In another place, after referring to an audience that "did not allow themselves to be touched deeply in their pockets by anything I said," he goes on to speak of France, and its "great crying and pressing needs":—

"France, that great country, struggling with two demons,—superstition and infidelity; what would I not give to see her set free and drawn to Christianity

by the attractive power of the crucified Christ. Oh, if men only knew how great the opportunity and how critical a *time*, nay a *moment*, it is in France, and how the rise or fall of the people is trembling in the balance, how the chains are heavy which Rome and Satan have welded link by link for centuries, and how they bind and enslave a noble people, susceptible, as are few others, to all the noble, tender, and generous impulses of the heart; if they only knew what that craving is which seeks for satisfaction to the deep ineradicable wants of man's soul—the need of God, and an expiation for sin—a craving which one can hear and see and feel in France at the present day, they would give of their means, and young men would crowd to the mission-field, rejoicing to offer themselves for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. It may be the last opportunity that Europe shall have. I wonder if the Church will ever rise to the full consciousness of its duty regarding missions? Ah! I feel how backward I have been, how little I have felt the importance of my work, and how superficially I have understood and slightly experienced and partially preached the great wonderful fact of the love of God in His Son. Pray that I may return to Paris more fitted than ever to use every moment of the short space of time God gives us, in which to work."

The following incident relating to Chinese generosity and politeness is touching :—

“There are some Chinese men and boys at Indianapolis; they are generally poor, being laundrymen, or having some other such occupation. Some are members of Dr. Bartlett’s Church, where I preached in the morning. At their Sunday school afterwards, one of them told the others that I had asked for help to teach the French about Jesus Christ. These Chinamen made a short collection among themselves and I was asked to come and receive it. They met me standing, and bowed with all the grace and dignity of gentlemen. The collection was 4.70 cents, almost 19s. In a big Methodist Church one day we did not get as much as that !

Then he closes his letter thus :—

“It’s a race for riches in this country, and a fight for life; and all Creation groaneth. I often weary of it, and long for the coming day of the new Creation, when the Holy King shall reign over a holy people in a peaceful and holy land.

“Kiss my bairns, and give affectionate regard to all.” *

* Frequent are the home-references and home-longings in his letters. “I cling to that crowded city of Paris. My little *weans*, Horace, and Boz, and Cornelius (Henry), how I wish I could see them all. Well; ’tis a lesson of patience, and it is good to learn it. *Lex tua Domine mi, lex salubris.*”

Of Philadelphia he writes :—"I do love this quiet Quaker town with its streets narrower than elsewhere, its white marble steps and fronts; sometimes the whole buildings are marble; they import it from Italy as ballast in the ships, and pay less for it imported than when they bring it from their own quarries."

Speaking of another place, he says :—"There's a great lot of religious life and zeal here, and energy and enthusiasm, but the world is the world here as much as anywhere else, and it seems to me that the great thing to be aimed at is to influence society through *individuals*, and these must be trained up. . . . There is a great deal of theatre-going among professing Christians in the States. . . . This worldliness in the Church is the greatest evil."

"Some of them had been to see Sara Bernhardt act; they seemed to think it quite the thing. Did they know what we know in Paris of the bright young lives that are drawn into the vortex of vice by the theatre and the opera, perhaps they would have been less clamant in their praise of her. Oh! these worldly would-be Christians; they abound in this country. Christian parents let their children do things which I hope never to see our children think of."

Let me give a single sentence on Niagara :—

“And yet the rocky perpendicular cliff, which bounds the stream, is more to me an emblem of strength than the rushing tumultuous water; the still immoveable rock contrasted with the never-ceasing stream. The rock is a symbol of strength. ‘The Lord is my Rock :’ it is the enemy that comes in *like a flood*; and the flood is the emblem of destruction : ‘As with an overflowing flood thou carriest them away.’ The rock watches and waits, the flood passes on.”

He passes into Canada, and thus writes of it, and gives his impressions :—

“I enjoyed finding myself once more in a land where royalty flourished as well as loyalty. It was a pleasure to see V. R. on waggons and house-stores, and the Queen’s head on the silver !

“I addressed the students in Knox College (Toronto), the professors a fine body of young men, whose faces and singing carried me back to Scotland.

“I have been greatly rejoiced in many places, and not least in Toronto, by the deep Christian interest shown in our work. I feel that there are many praying for France, and if these prayers go up, and are mingled with the yet unanswered prayers of the slaughtered, banished Huguenots, shall we not see an abundant answer, and a rich blessing vouchsafed to France. . . . How unfit and unequal I am to this

great task of rousing the people here, and raising up France. . . . All this speaking is trying, one is apt to get lifted up, and yet I often return to my room at night humbled, and unworthy in my own eyes; how much more in God's. I feel He needs pure, clean vessels for the work of the sanctuary. I long after this purity, after the great grace of humility and self-forgetfulness in doing God's will."

Writing from Norwich, he says:—

"The country is charming as we swept along from New York. There was one constant succession of rivers, sometimes lakes, wooded to their banks and shores by trees in all the glory of American autumn foliage. It is perfectly exquisite; the maple is sometimes tipped with a rosy red, sometimes still preserving its lovely tender green; these are intermingled again with dark pines, and feathery fading birches, and here and there are tracks of land never yet redeemed from barrenness, as far as the farmer is concerned, covered with wild vine, and with the 'Sumack' (you remember it in France in our garden at Belleville), which becomes here in autumn a flaming crimson red. So you see there is colour all the way; a blue distant sky, with scattered fleecy clouds, and as evening comes on, a golden glow of sunset lighting up the long line of forest trees on the horizon with its own light, and making the varied foliage in the foreground to stand out in striking contrast with the heavy shadows that are cast by the setting sun."

Links between the old and the new are thus touchingly noticed:—

"There are old memories even in this new country.

We had a meeting in the church where Whitefield preached; a good congregation came out to hear us, and we got a collection. There is a cenotaph to Whitefield in the church, and beneath, in a sort of vault, the coffin. The sexton opens the lid of it, and you see all that remains,—a skull, some bones, and mouldering dust. Though it is rather American to exhibit skulls in that way, I gazed with interest and awe on the remains of that mighty evangelist. The head is striking; a broad prominent brow. Oh, for one or two men like him, to shake our old country in Scotland to its foundation, and to sweep away the deadness and indifference and security that are bearing such disastrous fruit in modern unbelief.”*

I have compressed the American narrative into as short a space as possible. Rather a difficult task!

* “Life is at high pressure here, and the candle is being burnt at both ends everywhere in cities. I am sure matter will be more obedient to man in the New Earth. The other day, in one of the streets of New York, I could not help feeling that matter is *kept under* by man, not mastered. She is not obedient to his will, and the whole creation groaneth and travaileth. On both sides of the streets the elevated railway spouting out steam and pouring down water and bits of coal from time to time; the noise was deafening, and yet men boast of all that as the product of civilisation. They never think that nerves are overstrung and disease nourished, and that the men that work these are toiling, suffering mortals; and that a new kingdom and king and a purer, loftier civilisation are needed.”—*Extract from Letter.*

What with letters and journals and oral statements, the details are both numerous and interesting. I have not done justice to his western tour. It would require to be written more fully in justice to himself, and no less in justice to that great country in which he would have been delighted to linger.*

I give his summation of his Transatlantic work :—
“I was eighty-three days in America, attended ninety meetings, and spoke and interpreted at eighty-three. That was pretty hard work, and astonished even the Americans.”

He passed through America in haste, just as he passed through life. Yet, not in vain. He has left traces behind him; and many Americans warm at the mention of his name.

* The American newspapers gave full reports, for which alone a volume would be required.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE HOME—PARIS WORK—WORK IN DIFFERENT
TOWNS—SOJOURN AT CLERMONT-FERRAND—
VISIT TO THE HAUTES ALPES—RETURN TO PARIS.

HE bids farewell to America; yet expecting to return for a longer visit, and a wider range of work. This he is not to have.

But in quitting the hospitable shores of the West he is not forgetful of the kindness, hospitality, and Christian sympathy he has experienced there. Often, during the brief remaining period of his life, does he cast his eye back, recalling kind names and faces, and desiring further fellowship.

His family were in Edinburgh at this time, and it was suggested that he should join them there, and bring them home. But his first thoughts are of Paris, and his work there. Thus he writes on the 14th of December, when about to sail for Havre:—

“I am very well, and I have no right *not* to be tired. Shall the servant be free from the weariness which the Master often felt? I must go back to

Havre. Do you think me very self-willed because I feel it my duty, after serious thought, to return and help Mr. M'All, who is doubtless more tired than I am. I am enjoying excellent health, and do not see the necessity of taking even a fortnight or a week, though to come and see you and my bonnie bairns is a very great temptation. Do not think any more about it. My duty and my place is in Paris, and there I must go."

On board the *Labrador* he thus writes home:—

"Our farewell meeting was a very pleasant one. Many of the principal men of New York were there, and were as cordial as they could be. I think they have got interested in France, and in our story of her awakening to a sense of spiritual need, and of her possible resurrection. I feel that the future of that country is more clearly than ever a future in which I must spend my life. My hearing so much from Réveillaud which I did not know before about the work in the provinces, gives me a deeper interest than ever in the work that is going on. May I return to work with more of the Spirit's power than I have ever known before.

"I look back upon the twelve weeks which I have spent in the States with very great pleasure, not only because of the great kindness and hospitality which I received, and the friends I met, but because in many

ways, and looked at as a whole, the voyage has done me good, enlarged my sympathies, and quickened my life and interest in all that goes on in the world. He that has not travelled misses a great deal.

“I am going to post this (D.V.) in Paris to let you see that I have arrived there. It seems as if you were nearer to me now that only the Channel divides us from one another. I hope I shall not weary; I fear I may; but I commit you and our darlings to the holy keeping of a loving Father, now and for the New Year which shall have begun ere you get this.”

A few days later he writes to his parents. The letter is long and *retrospective*. But as it gives a vivid *resumé* of his American work and glimpses of American men and scenes, I give the most important parts. It will be seen that wherever he is, France is uppermost in his thoughts; and that while his observant eye takes hold of all that passes before it, he connects all with his great mission. For France he would gladly live and die. The home-ties of nature, carrying him back to his beloved Scotland, to Yarrow, to Edinburgh; above all, to Lochee, are as strong as ever;* but the new-formed links which bind him are

* Thus, for instance, he wrote once to his father, when Paris was just decided on: “I love and honour you as my earthly father; and I hope I may add, that your opinions and Christian views have been deeply imbedded in my mind, and that in looking back to my past life, while it is God that has kept me from the infidelity and ration-

as strong as ever; but the new-formed links which bind him to that France to which he has gone to preach the "glad tidings" of God's love are, if not stronger, at least more operative; drawing him irresistibly back, not to Edinburgh or Dundee, but to Paris, and Lyons, and Bordeaux. At the same time he looks at everything in connection with art, or literature, or antiquarian research, or philology. In the colleges he takes special interest, and writes of the professors with great warmth.*

He writes concerning France, not merely as one desirous of her amelioration and true enlightenment, but as one who is alive to her growing peril. He has been brought face to face with the *ouvrier* and communist, and he is alarmed at the explosive materials multiplying all around, and becoming intensified in destructive energy. He has been now for some years standing on volcanic crust, which at

alism which has overtaken many of my friends, to you I owe much of my appreciation of our own Scotch theology and our Free Church principles; and a gratitude that can never be displaced remains with me towards you for all you have done for me."

* Of Yale College he thus writes: "There is a good custom, not only in the theological seminaries, where it is but natural, but also in the colleges,—the students meet together every morning for prayer, which is conducted by the professors in rotation. Even at Harvard (Unitarian) this custom is observed. The professors debated if they should make it optional. But Emerson opposed that most stoutly, and it is still observed." Our Scotch colleges, except in the theological classes, have given up prayer. Fifty years ago it was different,

any moment may give way and bury millions. He hears the threatening roar of the pent-up earthquake beneath his feet at Belleville, and he would fain avert the catastrophe which he feels to be at hand. Revolutions, wars, emeutes, barricades, massacres, will do nothing for poor France. She has had enough of these, and they have not quieted her. Republics, monarchies, empires, dictatorships, have been tried without success. Uneasiness and uncertainty still remain. For the moral explosives are still there, and the storage of destructive power is accumulating every day. He has no confidence in any stability that is not from above. Divine appliances are the only remedies. The truth of heaven is the one deliverance; counteracting the social dynamite, and substituting for it the heavenly elements of security and peace. The book of God is her one hope. The leaves of that tree are for the healing of the nations.

This is the spirit that breathes through all his letters. This is the spring of the mighty impulse that makes him yearn over France when far away, and that leads him to throw himself with renewed fervour into the mission-work on his return home.

That work continues the same in character as hitherto; only, it increases. Blessing is resting on the workers; and, though few, they are earnest and

unwearied. He visits the stations, and is greatly cheered. He has got an additional subject for illustration (America), and he uses it frequently.* His narratives of what he saw and heard are full of interest to the Parisians, though he finds incredulity as to some things, such as the transportation of whole houses from one place to another. Could the Louvre be thus moved? Hardly. Could the Madeleine be wheeled to the Bois? No. What are we to believe? The Chicago fire was the basis of an address, and, more frequently, the Pilgrim Fathers. One day an Englishman cheers him at the close of a meeting by expressing his sympathy and interest; another, a Frenchman, sends up his card, with a request to pray for the dead! "Give me, Lord," he adds, "such encouragement as thou knowest I need. At the Trocadéro, M. Haney, preached on the *Médiateur*. He did admirably

* Here is a statement as to what he saw at Princeton of the relics of the Swiss lacustrine dwellings, with his inferences thereon. I do not know that he used it at any of his meetings.—"There is (at Princeton) a very complete collection of all sorts of things found in the lacustrine dwellings in Switzerland,—bracelets, hairpins even. Their bread was of roughly-ground wheat, but everything showed a high civilisation. Cloth was woven by them. What a mess modern savants have made of the testimony afforded by these lake dwellings! They say that all nations came through an age of stone, bronze, &c. Why, you may find these ages co-existing at the present day. How can men deduce theories from so irregular a series of facts?"

and was liked." There are "signs of interest" at Grenelle. "Lord, bless Thy work!" he says.

He then proceeded to Roubaix, Lille, and Croix. After this his diary is blank. He has no time for it. On 30th March he sets off for Scotland, to bring home his family; and on Sabbath, the 3rd of April (1881), his child was baptised in the Grange Church, which event he thus enters:—"Our daughter baptised Isabelle Marie. The Lord our covenant God bless her and keep her. I preached in the afternoon: 'My words shall not pass away.'"

To Paris he returned without delay, and during this summer worked at the different stations with his usual energy. For some little time past he had been troubled with a rumour which had gone abroad as to the Mission, that the true Gospel was not preached at the Mission stations. Perhaps some one out of ill-will had raised the report, or perhaps some of those who think that no one can preach the Gospel but themselves had suggested it; or it might be that some one had heard a very poor and imperfect address at one of the meetings, and had gone away with the impression that this was a specimen of mission-doctrine and mission-preaching. Now, I have no doubt that some of the addresses are poor enough, and, it may be, mixed with error. But is this wonderful at the commencement of such a strange and difficult

work as the Paris Mission ? And ought not Christian charity to have made some excuse for imperfection in such a case ? Besides, does not the same thing occur frequently both in Scotland and England ? I have heard more unsound teaching from some Scottish pulpits than I ever heard at any of those stations. But I should not have thought of condemning the Church that was supposed to be responsible, for these unsound utterances. I write advisedly when I say that more Scriptural teaching I never heard than from some of these Mission pulpits,—pulpits which men may smile at, because constituted of a few boards clumsily nailed together, and coarsely covered with red baize, but from which goes forth, in language that no one can mistake, the glad tidings to the sons of men of God's free love and free pardon. Rumours of this kind, no doubt, recoil upon their inventors, but they may damage a noble cause. It was this fear that troubled both Mr. M'All and Mr. Dodds.

For larger accounts of the Mission during the spring and summer of this year, I must refer to the Annual Report, and also the *Quarterly Record*, which Mr. Dodds so well conducted. I mean to be as brief as possible regarding this, and to present only materials which have not appeared before.

The following letters are full of interest, and show

that not only in Paris, but outside its walls and far beyond them, a new and unaccountable desire to listen to the Gospel has pervaded the French people. No opposition from bishop, priest, or préfet, though they might in secret malign or grin, and propose the gallows or the stake! All is quiet. The "nest of hornets" may be there, but no hornet stirs. Pascal's jest, which he poked at the hooded crowns of Paris in his day is now out of date—" *Un bout de capuchon arme 25,000 moines*,—The peak of a cowl sets up in arms 25,000 monks." These peaks or tips of monkery, like the horns of snails, have been drawn in. Only we must remember they are still there. But I proceed with the extracts. The first two or three are to his parents.

"AUTEUIL, PARIS, 3rd February, 1881.

"I went out to Versailles on Saturday to see M. Réveillaud and lunch with him, according to an old promise. We walked through the woods at Versailles and through the Soldiers' Camp at Satory, getting a magnificent view of the whole of Versailles and of its palace. What would Louis XIV. say if he woke up and found that the medal he struck, 'Hæresis extincta,' is no longer true, and that the Protestants are worshipping under the very roof of the room where he signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and that the heretics are about to begin a meeting in the town. We propose adding a station there. M. Réveillaud and others are to help in carrying it on. I came back from Versailles just in time to go to Pantin, outside the fortifications, near Belleville, to a new meet-

ing which we have begun there. About four years ago we tried one, but the noise and rowdyism of the inhabitants caused us to retire inside the walls. Now, the meeting is not only crowded but quiet. The men at the head of the municipal offices in Paris must have good memories. When we applied for authorisation the 'chef' of the police said, 'Oh, that's where you tried to begin several years ago ; I remember quite well, and you had a great deal of noise ; the noise is *here* still !' pointing to his head. I spoke to the people about America, though there and elsewhere, when I tell them of the marvels of elevated railways, and moving houses at Chicago, and of lifting up their houses and hotels from the ground one storey, &c. &c., the graver sort of the attendants look at me very suspiciously, as much as to say that my stay in America has spoilt my reputation for truthfulness. I went yesterday to the school at the Faubourg St. Antoine ; there were 250 children, and 110 out of that number repeated the verse which had been given out the week before,—that is 110 had Testaments and brought them with them. That is most encouraging in such a quarter. The Paris gamin is on the whole a very amenable piece of humanity. I had ——'s letters this morning, which I was very glad to get, though I don't always welcome letters. Just now they come in at every post, and in quantities. I don't know where to begin."

" ROUBAIX, NORD, 9th March, 1881.

"At some date in the future, Lille, Croix, Roubaix, Turcoing, shall have become one great city. Lille at present is the principal, and Roubaix has grown up from having 6000 people to be a town of 80,000. It reminds me of an English town ; the people are more busy and less inclined to loiter about, than at Lyons and Bordeaux ; indeed, we are here in the north, and most things are changed—accent, character, and life. The streets, especially the part of the town where are

those of the working-classes, are like parts of an English manufacturing town. On Sunday the people are quiet and go to church, at least in greater numbers than they do in Paris. One of the waiters, who comes from Valenciennes, which is not far from this, complained to me of the dulness and want of gaiety in Roubaix on Sunday. 'Why was he here then?' 'Oh! one must work and gain one's livelihood!'

"We have opened two rooms, and there was a great crowd on Sunday evening here, a large number of the audience being Catholics. There was no noise, no disapproval of what we said. I took for my text an American saying: "At Boston they ask, What do you *know*? at New York, What you *have*? at Philadelphia, What you *are*?" It was novel and striking, and their attention was easily kept while I showed them knowledge was vain, that Solomon had said 'vanity' five times in one verse, and that their own Molière was a sad man amidst all the applause and success he met with, that riches were of no use if they wanted peace in their heart. I told them the story of Theodore Hook, and then spoke to them of the one thing that always remained—a *character*. What are you? Christ was persecuted, and hated, and crucified, but his character remained unchanged. If they had a good character that was better than riches or science, but then they were weak and sinful, and fell into temptation; they knew that, and nobody could doubt it. How were they to gain a character like Christ's? Well, in plain words, they had immortal souls, and they needed a Saviour, and Christ was that Saviour—far better fitted than any one else to tell them what their souls needed. And thus I got them to the Gospel. Probably not one of the Roman Catholics there had ever seen a Bible; a great many had never heard of such a book, but they have a vague idea of Jesus Christ; and so one has to take common ground and lead them on bit by bit. It's the true way to evangelise the French; they must not be *preached*

to, and they must be interested. They won't enter the door of a church ; but our halls, with their cheerful aspect, the texts on the walls, the friendly welcome, the absence of any mystery—that succeeds.”

“RUE PIERRE GUERIN, *le 24 Mars*, 1881.

“I returned from Roubaix Friday last week, leaving by the 6.13 train in the morning. Our work there has been very encouraging. I never saw anywhere such crowds of respectful, eager working-men, assenting by their presence and conduct to the truths which were being preached. The Protestants of the town are zealous and willing to learn ; it often touches me, the way they receive us foreigners—no jealousy or national conceit on their part. They made me give a ‘Conférence’ on America in the church ; there must have been 600 people present. I spoke without notes for about an hour, and had no difficulty in keeping their attention. On walking home with M. Rogier, we overheard some workmen saying to each other about a house which was being rebuilt in one of the streets : ‘If that had been in America they would have transported it bodily.’ I had told them about the way in which they remove houses from place to place in Chicago. On Sunday I preached in the ‘Temple’ of Roubaix, and then went to Croix to address the Sunday school of the Episcopal church. There is quite an English colony there of decent, quiet English people. . . . I went one day with a Swiss gentleman to see Lille ; it is a very strongly fortified town, more so I think than even Strasbourg. It was taken by and belonged to the Spaniards, who have left the traces of their occupation in the buildings of the old town. The Bourse is a wonderful building of its kind, surmounted by a not very beautiful campanile in brick, its architecture being partly Spanish, mixed with Moorish and Norman architecture. The Spanish is peculiar, bizarre and almost grotesque figures ending in spirals or tubes like mer-

maids—very Spanish faces; the cornucopias all reversed instead of being as usual, mouth upwards; the doors beautiful. The old part of the city must be very much like the southern cities of Europe, at least in Spain. There is also a very valuable collection of paintings—Van Dyck and Rubens and De la Croix; the latter's 'Medea about to Kill her Children' is a very remarkable painting. The same painter painted 'Moses Found by Pharaoh's Daughter.' But the most remarkable of all is 'The Descent from the Cross,' by Rubens. They are as fresh in colour as if they had been painted a few months ago; but there is no glaring colour."

In June of this year he wrote a long letter to me regarding mission arrangements, new workers, evangelists, and various contemplated changes. "Our children's fête, on Monday, 6th (June), was a great success; more than 500; walls hung with specimens of different languages, and drawings of heathen deities. I send you one of them, *Pilou-Pilou* (the great idol of New Caledonia), which we gave away to the children." In this letter, as in others, he speaks with great affection of Mr. Paterson, late minister of the Scotch congregation, and no less warmly of Mr. Campbell, who succeeded him. "We have opened a meeting in Rue Lauriston, near the Arc de Triomphe. It is Mr. Campbell of the Scotch church and his congregation who support it. It is very good of him, and a very evident token of his interest in the work. I like him much. They had a

great crowd at Lauriston last night. We had a good meeting at Versailles last Tuesday. M. Réveillaud spoke with great power. It was evidently a reminiscence of his own conversion. He spoke on the confusion of tongues of Babel, the restoration of the gift at Pentecost, and then on the Holy Spirit. I never knew of such an impression—the stillness and deep solemn attention on the part of the people—as on that night during his speech. The Spirit was evidently with him. The language was so earnest and personal, yet subdued, coming from a heart which was full of joy and personal experience of the blessedness of the Holy Spirit. I am likely going with him in autumn for ten days to see the French Vaudois district. We are sure to enjoy it.”

In July (30th) he writes to me: “I wish you could have come to Clermont-Ferrand with us. It is at the foot of the Puy de Dôme. I am rather weary of this noisy city and its heat, besides having the whole burden of the work on my hands. This is a time of dreadful dearth among the speakers. Nevertheless our meetings are well attended. We opened our thirtieth station in Paris last Thursday at Montreuil-sous-Bois, just outside the fortifications. How the people crowded in—*of the thorough ouvrier class*. It seems the Maire was there, and all his ‘counseillers municipaux,’ and that they highly

approved of it all. . . . M. Hirsch is a splendid man, only twenty-seven years of age, son of a Jewish rabbi in Strasbourg, and a very clear-headed theologian. You would have been glad to hear him at 'Rivoli' Sunday meeting showing the people how the death of Christ was not only a moral but a legal satisfaction. We have had a most interesting incident at Versailles. A young man of the Agricultural College there has been attending our meeting, and showing more than a mere intellectual interest in what is said. He has brought another pupil with him from the same college, who has brought a third. You will not forget to pray for them, that they may be led to decide out and out for Christ. I am exceedingly delighted with M. Réveillaud's speaking; so direct and powerful and full of entreaty, also so thoroughly Biblical and orthodox. Last Tuesday evening he spoke on 'the judgment,' Christ dividing the sheep from the goats. He was very clear on the question of eternal punishment, and most solemnising. I have heard of several most interesting incidents. Our station at Gare d'Ivry (I go there every Thursday) is in a very interesting condition. It is a most degraded quarter; yet the people sit, and do not go out and in, but attend, and with the most serious interest."

In another letter he speaks of his large meetings

at Ivry—"the roughest characters"—and adds: "I do not know any meeting where such a serious aspect prevails." In several of our conversations in May, 1882, he spoke of the deep seriousness pervading this meeting. He was very hopeful about it.

Writing to me of an English visitor, he says:—"I think he is a man under the great delusion that the evangelical faith and preaching can be preserved with modern laxity of thought and freeness of criticism. . . . I wish they saw the *curse* that this form of semi-rationalism and a patched-up agreement between infidel criticism and the Gospel has been in France. A good man delivered himself of this dogma the other night at Rivoli:—'The truth which has most often re-echoed in this hall is that God is the Father of us all, and that we are all His children.' Some of us do what we can to neutralise these things, *which no Frenchman needs to be told*. Some are moderate, but have no firm grasp of saving truth. Yet it often happens that these very men learn in our meetings. I knew of one, very cold and dry, who has received a personal blessing, and whom I have heard since preaching the Gospel with a clearness and force leaving nothing to be desired. . . . I think I see in many ways *how to preach*.'"

He had received a copy of the "Revised Version," and immediately began to look into it as a Greek

scholar. The pressure of work hindered a more minute examination at the time. He thus writes to his parents :—

“AUTEUIL, 7th July, 1881.

“I have got the Revised Version, but have been too much taken up with my work and with our own French New Version to examine very carefully the English. Have you noticed how much of the doxology, which has been, I think, too hastily omitted, is in 1 Chron. xxix. 10 and 11? ‘Thine, O Lord, is the power and the glory . . . Thine is the kingdom.’ It looks like a liturgical ending which our Lord may have sanctioned. I am delighted, however, with the rendering of hitherto untranslated particles in Paul’s Epistles, prepositions, such as in Gal. ii. 21, gave Himself *up*, Greek, *παράδιδωμι*; Paul was making a very *personal* application of Christ’s sacrifice; it is stronger than Tit. ii. 14, who gave Himself for us, *δίδωμι*. But our language, full as it is, cannot come up to the expressive Greek of the Apostle; *ἐπεγνωστος* is fuller, more advanced knowledge than *γνωστος*. I have been struck with St. Paul’s use of the word in his Epistles from Rom. i. 28 onwards. My old friend Ulphilas, though his tongue was almost a barbarous one, succeeded in rendering the word, and differing it from *γνωστος* (kunthi and ufkunthi). It is a great improvement to have but one word in Rom. vii. where we had formerly three—‘lust, covet, concupiscence,’ which obscured the sense, and the *sharpness* of the apostle’s experience. I don’t think that the Perfectionists will be the better for this revised chapter,—it looks more and more like a chapter in the apostle’s life after his conversion, and not when he was a Jew or had backslidden. We shall have to give up 1 Tim. iii. 16 (as well as 1 John v. 7); but I never felt that that was to be greatly contended for as ‘*He*’ points to pre-existence already. But they have left us ‘THE CHURCH OF GOD which He hath purchased with His own

blood.' Vance Smith, the Unitarian reviser, is not pleased with the translation,—a good sign. Do you notice 'O Jerusalem, which *killeth*, Matt. xxiii. 37 ; it is a correct literal *Greek* rendering, but I think we should have been better without it."

A little further on he writes again to his parents:—

"6th August, 1881.

"We have opened our thirtieth station in Paris near the gate of Montreuil, at Montreuil-sous-Bois, just outside the fortifications and near Vincennes. There was a great crowd of regular *ouvrier* people—it is a densely peopled quarter—all eyes and ears to see what we were going to do. They listened very quietly, some of them nodding their heads to me and to their neighbours to assent to what was said. The 'maire' and his 'counseillers municipaux' were there, not of a very high social standing ; it seems they expressed themselves as highly gratified. I am not astonished at this ; it is only one sign more that France is ready everywhere, at least, to *listen* to the Gospel, and, perhaps, even more,—determined to hear it. I told the people that we had come to speak to them, not for the reason the little girl gave to her mother when she checked her for talking too much, 'Oh, laisse-moi parler, maman ; ça fait du bien à la langue.' I said we were come to drive out wickedness,—telling them the story of the American who lately gained £200 for a prize essay on 'The easiest Method of exterminating Mice'—all he said was 'Increase the number of cats.' Miss R—— said that was a new way of preaching Dr. Chalmers' 'Expulsive power of a new affection.' I told them the story also of the infidel who had said at an evangelistic meeting that gas had done more good for the world than Christianity. 'Oh, then,' replied the preacher, 'when you are going to die send for the gasman !' This will give you an idea of our unconventional sort of talk. The heat has again been great, but how

well the people come out. At Rivoli the other night I had 250, and at Gare d'Ivry, 110. You don't keep up meetings so well as that at home ! I have Carlyle's *Reminiscences* ; what a cantankerous, conceited, self-opinionative being that book has shown him to be. His criticism of Dr. Chalmers is very defective ; he could not appreciate the burning Christian earnestness of the man, much as he talked himself about earnestness, which broad-churchmen have changed into that high, undefined, grandiloquent phrase, 'the enthusiasm of humanity.'"

In a letter to myself, dated 7th July, 1881, he thus writes : "I had a 'déporté de la Commune,' a transported Communist, not 'déporté de la foi,' on Sunday evening at Grenelle. He stayed behind to speak to me—much touched and very eager to learn. He had been allowed back to Paris a year ago with the others. I had also a long conversation with a young man, Hatoig, a Basque from Orthez, near Bordeaux, whom I have known for some time. He has been ill, and has gone to his native place to get well ; but I think he has found Christ. I have been much interested in him. He said he had believed *machinalement* (mechanically) in Christ, but since his illness he had felt he needed a friend to protect him, and he could say that Christ was his Saviour." Then, when briefly noting this in his diary, he adds, "Deo gratias."

On the 6th of September he went with his whole

family to Clermont-Ferrand for a month's sojourn. But here was a new field ; and while resting he must be working.* That town is the birth-place of Blaise Pascal, whose house is still shown. It is the Roman *Nemetum* or *Augustonemetum*, also named *Clarus Mons*, celebrated by Pascal's sister Jaqueline in one of her poems, as a little hill singularly favoured by the sun. Its population is about 30,000. It is a "very clerical town," writes Mr. Dodds, and processions of the host still go on. The maire is or was a "clerical," and when a petition was sent to him to prohibit the procession, answered that he would never "prevent *le bon Dieu* from going out on the streets unless there was a majority against it."†

The town seemed sealed against the mission. Every door was shut. Clericalism and the terror of the priest prevailed. So, after three days, during which he had searched in vain for a hall, Mr. Dodds went for a tour in the Hautes Alpes, leaving Mrs.

* On the 13th of August he wrote to me : " We have a request to open a branch-mission at Clermont-Ferrand, Puy de Dôme. I may probably go there in September ; holding some meetings and making it my holiday at the same time. It seems living is cheap, and the country lovely. Will you not all come and take your holiday there ? "

† Writing from Clermont (on the very day of his arrival), Mr. Dodds says : " I am deep in Huguenot literature. What a martyr-roll this country possesses. Scotland has nothing like it. You should get Dr. Baird's ' History of the Huguenots.' He told me that it took him fourteen years' continuous labour. It is a wonderfully full and accurate book. He was our treasurer in America."

Dodds and her sister to prosecute the search. They had been told it would be in vain ; but they were not to be turned from their purpose. This whole region, now given over to Rome, was once the seat of purest Protestantism, and had been watered with Huguenot blood, and the Puy de Dôme, the guardian mountain of the city, had looked down on martyrdoms many and terrible. And shall no effort be made to relight the extinguished lamp ? The attempt must be made in good earnest, and made in faith. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes scattered the followers of Christ in 1685, and covered this region with darkness. Let us revoke the revocation and bring back the light !

“ But how were we even to find a place of meeting ? From shop to shop we wandered, wherever a ticket à *louer* was to be seen, beginning ambitiously with the thoroughfares and large conspicuous fronts, ending with obscure alleys and low-roofed places where barely fifty people could turn about. Even that, we thought, would be better than nothing. But the shops that were available for others were not available for us. All sorts of excuses were given, generally that the meetings would cause noise, and disturb respectable tenants. Sometimes our hopes were raised by the owners taking a day to reflect, only to be dashed to the ground again : ‘ They had consulted their neighbours, and found that it would produce a bad impression.’ It struck us again and again that the *personal* conscience was less Catholic than the *collective*. If it had not been for ‘ the neighbours,’ and the fear of injuring their business, many would have dealt easily with their private scruples. We made

some friends, nevertheless, in going about, and this served as a pretty good advertisement of the future meetings. One family especially, not themselves permitted to sub-let their shop to us, aided us in every way to search for another. The woman had received tracts in one of the exhibitions (not the last) in Paris, while a girl staying in their house had attended réunions at Les Ternes, and had told the rest what a good thing it would be. But still in vain. One seemed to grow dizzy with tramping those streets, narrow as Devonshire lanes, and always coming back to the same point. Once we saw thirty in one day. One man wished to let us his sunk storey, in order, he said, to raise his fellow-townsmen, who were a century behind the age. He himself was a hot republican, and there were 2000 besides himself of 'advanced men' in Clermont. Religion he had none; his ideal was to break the power of superstition, but he knew of nothing to put in its place. This was a discovery to us. Two thousand! In this stronghold of Popery! Two thousand who have broken from their old moorings, and are drifting out on the ocean of unbelief. It is high time then that something were done. For these men, and not the true Catholics, are often the first to come to hear the Gospel. They come from curiosity; they come because they vaguely connect the Gospel with liberty; they come because they are *not yet Atheists*, though they are on the very verge of becoming so. It is curious, however, that this very man in a day or two refused to let us have his room, on account of his *mother's prejudices*.

"By this time we had been told, by our friends the Protestant pastors, of the hall which we finally secured. It was doubly retired, being in a dull street, and entered by a passage and court. Our Parisian ideas made us doubt of success in such a place. Yet it was the only one that offered, and it was a large, good room; as it was it would contain 120 persons; by taking down a partition it could be made to contain 180. Still

dubious of attracting numbers, and pressed for time, we decided, in an evil hour, to *leave the partition*.

"By this time we had spent a month in Clermont, and nine days only remained to us. Our hasty proceedings must have somewhat startled the kind old woman who owned the room. She had to move her things; she wished to consult her son-in-law. At last, however, all difficulties yielded, and on Thursday, the 6th of October, we could begin to arrange for a meeting on the 11th. White-washing had to be done, chairs and benches, platform and reading-desk, procured, lamps to be bought and hung, a harmonium borrowed, handbills and advertisements in local papers to be thought of. It was done, and the place looked bright and clean, by Tuesday afternoon, when we went to hang a few banner-texts, the leavings of our Paris halls. Will no friend send some good texts for Clermont? We had arranged for three successive meetings to take place, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 11th, 12th 13th, so as to give the thing a fair launch. After that, Mr. Galland promised to come in each Wednesday to carry on the work, in which the pastors also are to help.

"After prayer together, we and Mr. Galland and Mr. Peladan went down that Tuesday evening to the hall, still wondering if people would dare to come. Instead of that, the room was *packed*. Some friends who came a few minutes after eight could not get in, and the crowd in the court was every moment increasing. Except for the Protestants, the crowd was mostly of men—many young *ouvriers* who had arrived 'full galop' from their work, were only half-pleased to find the room already full. Many did not know the object of the meeting. 'It is the *r union* of the Republic,' said one. 'What have they got to say to us?' said another. 'If you would only be quiet, one might hear something.' Some, perched on a ladder behind the door, heard the hymns at least well. 'Wait a little,' many said, 'those inside will soon tire of it, and leave

their seats for us.' But they waited in vain, for no one moved from within the hall. There it was all silence and attention. The women among the audience were mostly recognised as Protestant friends; the rest were men. But with what strained curiosity they listened, and how they seemed to enjoy the hymns, beginning with 'Par ce Chemin Solitaire.' Our choir, certainly, was not famous, although we had attempted some practising among the people of the *Eglise Libre*.

"Mr. Dodds then opened with a striking passage from the Sermon on the Mount. The meeting had been announced as a '*Réunion Morale*.' Here was Gospel morality! How it rang out in contrast to the low code current in the world, the only one many of these people knew; how it seemed to pierce to the joints and marrow, discerning the thought and intents of the heart! I never felt the grand grasp of those precepts as I did that night, listening, as it were, with the ears of these people who heard them perhaps for the first time.

"It is difficult in English to give the true sense of '*Réunion Morale*.' Perhaps the best translation would be simply: 'A meeting to teach men how to become better.' Both Mr. Dodds and Mr. Galland explained the object of the meeting somewhat in this strain, appealing to the auditors whether there were not in society, aye, and in the heart of each, corruptions which urgently called for reform. And the only true reform was to be had by coming to this book, the *Gospel*, wherein God speaks to us of the evil and its cure. Mr. Peladan closed with a few kind words, and we thanked God for a success beyond all our expectations.

"Only one thing we regretted—that miserable partition! Could it be pulled down next day? Behind it our old landlady had her kitchen. We not only felt delicacy in disturbing her so abruptly, but remembered the dreadfully unwashed appearance those smoke-begrimed walls would present as a

background to our fresh whiteness ! We waited one night more to see if the crowd were still as great, before deciding on its destruction.

"Next night, hall and court were again overcrowded, and we knew that it was not with a *new* audience, for a number of rough voices, to our surprise, took up the chorus of 'Hold the Fort,' and altogether the singing was so lusty that we could hardly believe that only on the preceding evening had it been new to almost all. On announcing that any who wished might stay to practise after the meeting, the tears rose to our eyes to see the uncouth and grimy young workmen press forward and stand shouting as if they could never tire, until, about ten, we were forced to send them away. The spoken word may be forgotten—may, perhaps, be hardly understood by those dulled intellects, so different from our sharp Parisian auditors ; but will not those melodies drive home to their hearts truths which will never leave them ?

"The third night the partition was no longer ! and the addition to the hall stood revealed, conspicuous by its blackness and its want of proper seats. These impediments did not in the least interfere with the content of the people in finding that they could get in and hear. The addresses this evening turned chiefly on the inability of man to fulfil God's law, or even to satisfy his own ideal of right, without God's help and Christ's salvation. It was a solemn meeting, and we could not but think there was a response in many hearts. We stayed singing longer and later than ever that evening, and with great regret shook some of these horny hands for the last time. Next evening found us back in Paris.

"And how does the work go on ? *Was* it, as some said, curiosity—the presence of strangers where strangers are not so common as in Paris—that brought the crowds ?

"No ; as it began, so it goes on. The overcrowding naturally has ceased, but only last week we heard that there were as

many people as the enlarged room could hold. Mr. Galland, who passes his Wednesday afternoons at Clermont, finds friends wherever he goes. A lad salutes him cordially at the railway station. Mr. Galland replies kindly: 'But how do you know me, my friend.' 'Oh, I have heard you at the meeting often; I know you well.' Mr. Galland has a happy knack of saying just the right word to everybody—kindly, familiar, almost jovial, as he showers tracts to right and left. Few indeed, will be likely to refuse tracts from *him*.

"Within a month, a mother's meeting has been begun by our friends Mme. and Mdlle. Guignard and Mme. Peladan; the numbers have varied from nine to twelve and fifteen. At the New Year the ladies propose beginning a Sunday school. We are happy to hear that the furor for *cantiques* has not diminished, as many as eighty frequently remaining after the meeting to practise. The young men particularly enjoy this."

To this interesting account from the *Quarterly Record*, I add a private letter, which takes up some details not noticed in the above:—

"The first thing needed was to call for M. Peladan, the pasteur of the little Eglise Libre. His congregation is poor. He was given to despondency. He gave us every help he could, but always with prophecies that it could not succeed. But he did brighten a little before we left. The first day we saw a shop on the principal *place*, and made up our minds that it would exactly do. But the landlord was away. Mr. Dodds had to leave for a little, and when he came back he found that the *salle* had been refused. Then began a hunt, and in two days we saw about thirty; always some objection,—'it will produce bad effects;' and over and over again we were told that the thing would never succeed at Clermont,—the Jesuits had such power. Those who were not held back by their own scruples were afraid of their neighbours. We met kindness, how-

ever, from some people who would gladly have sublet their shop to us, but dared not for the landlord. They helped us in every way to find another. A son and another boy who stayed with them helped us to ransack every corner. At first they were sure of finding, then hope died out. It made one almost giddy to walk round and round these queer old streets so often, and always the same story at the end. Then we thought we would give up. Clermont would have to wait another year.

...

"The Wesleyan pastor at Thiers is a fine cheery fellow, afraid of nothing, and wishing nothing better than to find an opening in Clermont. His own church in Thiers goes on well, and he has a capitally attended réunion, although it is up two stairs in a dark passage. Forty years ago there was not a Protestant in Thiers. A man there told me that his father was the first converted there. Well, we left Mr. Galland at mid-day on Tuesday, the 4th, little thinking that *he* would be coming to *us* that day-week by the same train. Yet so it was.

"When we got back it just occurred to us to go and look at a room that had been mentioned to us, but which we feared was too out of the way. We found it in a very *blind*-looking street, and within a court, so that no one could find it who was not seeking it. Still it was a nice room, had been used by the free-masons, and had some painted roses on the panels,—otherwise awfully dirty. A good part of it had been boarded off, and seemed the kitchen of the landlady, a kind old woman. *That*, we thought, we should not need, as the larger part would hold 120. She was willing to let us have it, though a little nervous because her son-in-law was away. However, it was settled; and the *menuisier* (joiner), *plâtrier* (plasterer), *lampiste* (lamp-maker), &c., had to be sought for. Chairs seemed not much dearer than in Paris; but by putting benches all round the wall, and chairs in the middle, we managed. Then bills and notices had to be printed. There is a poor little dwarf

who has patiently sat for years in a kiosque Biblique with very small success ; he was a great help in distributing the bills. Of course in such a place we could not expect to attract the passers-by, so the advertising was all done beforehand. I had managed to fish out a few people who could sing. . . . I got an introduction to a family, and went on a Sabbath afternoon, exactly at the hour when they should have been coming home from church. I found them all, mother, daughter, two boys, father, and visitors, sitting enjoying music,—piano and violin. It did not look encouraging. Yet when I told them my errand they were perfectly delighted, and promised all to come and help. I believe many of the people have a desire for something good, but they stay away from church because they get nothing there. . . . Do let us pray that these poor unfed Protestants may be the first to get something for themselves. They do need it. . . . Well, by Tuesday everything was right—white and clean, lamps, no gas ; a few odd texts which had been scorned in Paris were all we could get hold of. . . . Will anybody do any more ? It was rather exciting the first evening, for some said nobody would dare to come. Others said a great many would. The latter were right. The hall was packed, until no more could get in, and the disappointed people made a noise outside. Inside there was perfect quietness ; few women, however, came except Protestants. I think the greater number came from curiosity. Those outside said different things ; some '*C'est la conférence de la République ;*' some '*On raconte la viè de Jésus.*' They waited about, sure that those inside would soon tire of it, and they would get their seats. But not one seat did they get in that way. Of course we sang a lot of the old hymns. Mr. Dodds read a bit of the Sermon on the Mount ; and I never felt the words come with such power before. One felt how new they must sound to these ignorant people, so little accustomed to bring their actions into such high light. He then told them about the

Mission, and its beginning in Paris. Mr. Galland told them why it was that a people had need of '*la morale*,' and where the only true '*morale*' was to be found. . . . We had intimated the meetings for three nights running. The next night it was just as full, and a good many must have been the same people; for when I struck up '*Hold the Fort*,' behold they knew the tune! The third night the partition was down, and the old woman was banished from her kitchen, whose grimy blackness showed in awful contrast to the white-washed part. It was a painful necessity; but I suppose that long ere now that end is as white as the other. The *salle* now holds 160, at least. The last night, after the meeting was done, we had a long singing practice; and oh, the queer, sooty young fellows that stayed to it, and looked as if they would never tire! I feel these hymns will stay in their minds, and teach them the Gospel, when perhaps they have forgotten all that was said. They are so very ignorant. I never saw so many people who could not read; not only the old people, but boys and girls, never thinking of learning. We came away very much cheered.

"M. L. D."

Meanwhile Mr. Dodds had been visiting the "High Alps," and greatly enjoying the change. He wrote at considerable length to his friends at home regarding this tour. But only a part of these most interesting epistolary narratives can be here inserted. The first is to myself:

"CLERMONT-FERRAND, PUY DE DÔME,
FRANCE, 24th September, 1881.

"I greatly enjoyed my tour among the French Vaudois; it was doubly pleasant to have M. Réveillaud with me. If

God spares him he will do a great work in France yet ; and he is so clearly on the evangelical side—so hearty in his detestation of the slightest tendency to rationalism, so dissatisfied with anything short of conversion—that one may hope that his work will be very thorough. I heard him give a ‘Conference’ at Gap, the ‘Vapincum’ of the Romans. The meeting was held in a cafe ; when we entered the people were sitting round tables drinking and smoking. We had a very difficult audience to deal with. Gap is clerical and indifferent, and both parties adverse to the Gospel. ‘Don’t say too much about Christ,’ said a municipal councillor to him on entering. But he did say a great deal about Christ, introducing the Gospel most skilfully everywhere, and repeating the parable of the Prodigal Son ; in fact, while the audience were listening to a bit of history or controversy, they found themselves all at once listening to the Gospel. He speaks with great power and force, and sometimes *serious* invective when he addresses meetings of that kind. The conversations I have had with him convince me that the movement in France is far deeper than many think. He says the French are *moutonnier* (like sheep) as to character ; they go in bands, and each one is afraid to move alone ; and no wonder, considering how they have been governed and trained and taught ; but if there was a general movement towards Protestantism, the results of sowing the seed would appear.

“ We visited Dormilhouse, 1800 metres above the sea, high-pitched, for it is more like a camp than a village, on a shelving miniature valley surrounded with mountains unspeakably barren and rude, exposed to constant avalanches in winter—a winter of eight or nine months, during which they live in the stables, eating their food by rations, huddled together with sheep and oxen to get heat, and coming out in the spring-time pale and thin—the sheep sometimes dying as many as a quarter of the whole number, because of the sudden change from

starvation and confinement to plenty, and freedom, and *light*. I brought home some pieces of the *pain de seigle* (rye-bread), the hard bread which is generally made once a-year, sometimes every six months. In every house, after you stoop to enter the door, and when your eyes get accustomed to the dingy, black-smoked walls, and cloudy atmosphere, one notices a thick board with a hollow in it, and a large knife attached at the end of the blade to a hook at the head of the hollow. The hard bread is placed beneath that knife, and cut with lever power. They have eggs, and marmotte, and chamois, and milk, but they are very poor. Every imaginable bit of arable land is cultivated (their plough is most primitive ; a woman and ass used to be seen not so long ago drawing it), and protected by stone walls, to support the earth, which would be easily swept away by the rain. Some of these pieces of land are so small that a cow could not turn round in them ; they are divided and subdivided by father and son as they leave their heritage to their children. I saw a tree—a large plane tree—of which the wood for burning belonged to three proprietors ! The people, I think, import their hats and buttons, the former only sometimes ; they manufacture everything else ; a sort of linen from a flaxy plant called ‘ Chanfré,’ coats, &c. from the wool of their sheep, and they make their own boots very well indeed. Such is their life ; but they are a hardy, intelligent, religious race ; Lombards, not Gauls ; Goths by descent, and still retaining their ancestors’ character so well as to be unmistakably different from the inhabitants of the same valley lower down, with whom they very often intermarry. We spoke to a good many of them, and were struck with their intelligence. On saying ‘ Good-bye ’ they all invariably said ‘ Dieu vous conduit,’ or ‘ Que Dieu vous guide.’ The church they have was once a Roman Catholic one ; the font for holy water is still there ; but a pulpit replaces the altar, and a large Bible the mass-book. It and

the priest's house are now in the hands of the Protestants, for there is not a Roman Catholic in the village. We went into the church—M. Brunel the pastor, the schoolmaster, M. Réveillaud, and myself—and sang ‘Grand Dieu nous te bénissons,’ and Luther’s ‘C’est un rempart que notre Dieu.’ I sketched Felix Neff’s house, or one of his houses, for his was an immense parish. We had dejeuner in the cure’s house, having brought up bread and wine with us. We bought *twenty-six eggs* from the people and made an omelette ; I calculated that I had eaten nine eggs, besides bread—the mountain air had sharpened our appetites. It was a most beautiful day ; a sky of the blue called ‘Le roi d’or’ by the French, an Italian blue of intense depth, and airy light, the sharp toothed edges of the peaks fretting it with wonderful distinctness and delicacy. Why do ladies say that green and blue should never go together ? I never saw anything more lovely than this deep Italian blue, as it appeared behind and through the green of the trees. We could not have had a finer day. The mountains were covered with numberless scented aromatic and medicinal plants, which perfumed the air as we trod on them ; and our path was alive with fleet green and grey lizards, and grasshoppers which wore wings of all colours, some two inches long, and able to take immense leaps, as well as to sing at such a high octave that we had music all the way. We bought a marmotte, which had been shot, from one of the natives on the way home, and ate it next day ; it was like a hare, and very good. They get very fat in autumn, and sleep all winter. I saw several eagles flying along the crests of the mountains ; it seems they are very abundant there. We had a meeting that evening at Pallons, where we were staying with Pastor Brunel. It was something to speak to the very descendants of the men who, few in number, on the road to Dormilhouse, had guarded the path and defeated their persecutors and would-be assassins by hurling down heavy masses of rock on them,

their only weapons being a hammer and iron rod. We also visited a Vaudois *cave* or grotto—caves almost within caves, and their burying-ground, situated in a most inaccessible position. The rest of our tour was through the rest of the valleys ; some are wide and fertile, others grey and bare, and shut in with high, frowning rocks, with a roaring mountain-torrent, all the way below the road on which we drove, sometimes cut out of the solid rock. One of these passes—one, for many claim to be *the pass*—is said to have been Hannibal's. We crossed over to Italy from Abries and by the Col de la Croix, and, after spending the night in the Albergo delli Alpi and hearing Piedmontese patois, we descended by Bobi to La Tour, where we spent Sunday, mostly with the Appias, who had met us at the Albergo. One of the sons read to us a MS. of his father on the Vaudois of Fénéstral, a neighbouring valley where there are no Protestants now, the victory of Rome being visible to-day in that the peasants wear a golden cross. We went on Monday to Turin, saw M. Meille, and returned by Oulx (the Ocelum of Cæsar) and Briançon in the diligence to Gap, and from thence to Clermont."

The next is to his parents:—

"CLERMONT, 27th September, 1881.

"I arrived here last Thursday morning, travelling almost straight from Turin ; that city we left on Tuesday morning at five o'clock ; it was still dark when R. and I got into the carriage, and were wheeled away to Oulx, which is on the road to Modena. At Oulx we got out, and went straight on to the diligence for Briançon. We were still on Italian ground, and enjoyed the Alpine scenery, more rich and fertile than the passes on the French side. We were rather hungry, having had nothing on leaving Turin, but the mountain air was invigorating, and a dreaded headache was wafted away. Soon we got

to Césanne, and there we landed in rather a dirty albergo, but in these Alpine quarters eggs and bread and wine are very good fare. Then we got on to the diligence again, on the top this time, having been almost stifled in the coupé, but if stifled with dust in that coupé, we were painfully cramped up on the front of the diligence; the top is covered over with an immense *bâche*, a covering of waterproof; beneath are stowed human beings and luggage, and the three favoured front seats are immediately below the ending of this elegant awning; there we sat twisting our necks, and trying to admire the scenery, perched as it were in the front of a *bonnet*, and on the brow of the coach. We had picked up a pastor, and made his acquaintance, or rather he had made ours—taken M. R. and myself for professors, but changing his mind when he saw a New Testament in my hand! He was a brother-in-law of young Baridon, near Dormilhouse, the name of a well-known family in that valley, Vaudois to the back-bone, and right stalwart Protestants, not to say decided Christians. So we fraternised with him, and left him only at Briançon. Briançon is very strongly fortified, is indeed the first fort for strength in the valleys; it was strange to find oneself rumbling over two draw-bridges, and up a very narrow drive, through an equally narrow, very strong, solid-looking gate, and into the streets of the ancient city, where there is hardly room for two waggons to pass each other. There are very few Protestants in the city, but a teacher is there, and the few families are visited from time to time by an evangelist.

“One sign of the persecutions struck me both painfully and powerfully; in the Italian and French valleys on both sides of the boundary chain of Alps the women wore a cross round their necks; in the valley of Fénestrelle and Agogna these crucifixes are of pure gold; it is a distinguishing mark of Catholics, handed down from the awful killing time when the vilest men tortured and killed their victims, mostly women and

children, in the vilest manner. The people are dull and ignorant ; the natural results of Romanism."

The next is to his brother, looking with a botanical eye on these Alpine regions :—

"CLERMONT-FERRAND,
28th September, 1881.

"I should have sent the accompanying packets of ferns before this. I thought that your love for these plants was anything but dead, and so I could not resist gathering them during my Alpine journey. I found the *Asplenium Germanicum*, as you know, a very rare plant, but it was out of reach in the edge of a steep rock. I knocked out some fronds with my umbrella. Had M. Réveillaud not gone on before I should have asked him to let me stand on his shoulders ! The *Asplenium fontanum* was in abundance ; I found the specimens at Pallons, near Dormilhouse, the *A. septentrionale* as we descended the valley from the Col de la Croix to La Tour, the holly in the same place ; the ceterach at Pallons ; the large plant, however, which I send, was found yesterday ; it seems pretty well distributed, though not common, about the Alpine districts.

"I enjoyed my tour amazingly, having reason to do so, both from the country itself, and having such a companion. We addressed meetings here and there, but not many ; the most interesting after St. Laurentz was at Pallons, where we had the descendants of the Vaudois to listen to us,—such splendid men in every way. Not handsome, certainly, but with a physique that one might envy,—splendid chamois-hunters ; they can climb on the steep rocks like goats. We picked up friends everywhere, and where we least expected ; sometimes people speculated who we might be, and we who they were, and in the end imparted our experiences to each other, which were a little amusing. The Vaudois Church seems to be very

prosperous. We arrived at La Tour just after their *synode*; the valley is very fruitful, peaches and grapes in great abundance, but the Italian Government should be ashamed of its roads. We attended a Sunday school at La Tour, very large and very well conducted. R. and I spoke to the children, who understand French, Italian, and Piedmontese, which is a mid-way dialect; there is yet a patois spoken in the villages and up the valley, even to the French Alps. The service at La Tour was in French. We stopped a few minutes at Bobi, on the way to La Tour, and saw the pastor; he showed us his church, and its steeple standing apart from it on a rock behind the church; the Vaudois were forbidden to build their steeple above a certain height, but as this would never have been seen in the valley, the church hiding it, they built it on a rock, thus evading the law, while keeping the steeple the appointed height. It was also forbidden to pastors to sleep anywhere beyond a certain radius. One pastor detained beyond the limit spent the night on a chair, this not being a bed, thus evading the law! They have complete liberty now; indeed since 1848 they have had most of these restrictions taken away, and seem to have influence everywhere, the king being very fond of his Vaudois.

“I must close, as I am leaving for St. Etienne. I am afraid we are not going to get a *salle* at Clermont at present because of clericalism and indifferentism.”

He visited several places in the neighbourhood of Clermont, among others a village called Bechon, and held a meeting at one o'clock in a low-roofed, earthen-floored, miserable room, half workshop and half house. The people flocked in, sitting on boards, on wine-tubs,—children squatting on the floor, with their little hands joined together before them. Mr. Dodds

addressed them on, "Follow the Lamb," "suiver l'agneau."

I add only one letter more concerning these interesting villages and towns of Auvergne, dated 5th October, 1881 :—

"I have just been visiting St. Etienne and Thiers. St. E. is very unlike a French town, and very like an English or Scotch manufacturing or mining town. There are great coal mines, which are only being opened up now, and the place has sprung up and become a considerable town from being only a village, in a very short time. We have three stations there, and it is about the finest field for mission work I ever saw. It was quite a sight to see the rows of grimy, black-haired and black-visaged workmen sitting listening eagerly to the Gospel, and sometimes expressing openly their satisfaction. They did not receive the meetings very cordially everywhere, and in one salle I saw a tendency to disturb us ; but that very soon goes down. The children's meetings were the quietest of the kind I have seen, except in one or two of our salles at Paris. . . . I spent from Saturday to Tuesday morning at Thiers, an hour and a-half's rail from this.

"Thiers is a most picturesque French town, lying scattered all along the steep sides of the valley of the Durole, with the rushing river of that name driving, in its passage through a narrow channel, many mills, almost all of them for making knives. The whole town seems to be a *coutellerie*, though there are one or two paper mills for Bank-note paper. . . . On Sunday I preached in the morning, and in the evening went to M. Galland's meeting, through such narrow streets, very old, and with exquisite pieces of carving above the doors and under the archways ! There were above eighty people, mostly Catholics, gathered together in a very stuffy, low-

roofed room in a third storey. Those, therefore, who come must be very determined to hear the Gospel, for they have to climb up two very steep staircases. I spoke to them of the 'Chemin qui mene aux cieux,' showing them that it was neither by suffering (for then animals would have the same right), nor by good works, nor by letting things just go on, but by Christ's merits that we are saved.

"On Monday Mary arrived from Clermont at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, and we went out to hold a meeting at mid-day in a village a few months ago wholly Catholic; the priests are, however, in bad odour there. M. Galland got there by means of a colporteur, who told them he would bring a good Republican to see them, and so bit by bit M. Galland worked his way in, and when I went out I found a people most willing to hear the Gospel. It was a very strange sight. We had only one or two chairs; the people stood, some of them all over the room and in the place where the fire should have been lighted, the chimney was so high and broad; some sat on the wine-tubs used for the vintage; some were poking their heads in at the door; and children were promiscuously scattered about, two little creatures squatting on the earthen floor and clasping their hands, quite a picture to look at. I spoke to them, and then we sung and had a prayer, and thereafter there was a scramble for tracts.

"We drove home quickly, for I had to give a lecture on America in the evening, which was well attended. The adjoint of the mayor was there, who came up to *felicitate* me on what he called the *Parisianism* of my French. I got into a talk with him, for the poor man said in answer to my question, 'Yes, I am adjoint,' and alas! 'incredule' also. He was a Deist, and his religion, 'Do to others as you would be done by.' I asked him if he had ever tried to preach that to his neighbours. He said 'No;,' and I told him that only showed the sterility of his faith; that there never had existed a nation

or even a tribe of *Deists*, and that *Christianity* was the true missionary religion. His almost last words to me were, 'I am disgusted with life.'

"Poor man, he knew well French literature, but Christ was only greater in degree than Mirabeau or Pascal; and yet this is the natural result of the teaching of the Church of Rome. I have got a *salle* : it costs 160 francs (£6) a-year! It was a Freemasons' Hall recently. I never have met with such obstacles anywhere as here. Clericalism and indifference and fear, even when the priests are hated. However, I hope to manage to hold three meetings before I leave, Friday 14th."

On the 14th of October he returned from Clermont to Paris to begin his winter's work. He had greatly enjoyed his stay in Auvergne, and his visits to the different places in that province. His work at Clermont prospered much during his short sojourn there, and it is still carried on. A fire has been kindled which is not likely to go out. But it needs constant fanning, as well as fuel, and the men to do this are not easily found. The ground has been broken up; but the sowing, the watering, and the "giving of the increase," are what we now anxiously look for. Some Oberlin, some Felix Neff, some man of zeal and endurance, fearless and full of faith; this is what the country of the Huguenots needs. It has all the materials for a noble and successful mission.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS AGAIN—HOPES AND FEARS—SUCCESS—INQUIRY
MEETINGS—PLANS ABOUT CONDUCTING MEETINGS
—SPECIMENS OF USUAL WORK IN 1881 AND 1882.

THE rest of this year (1881) passed on in the usual way : the work on the increase, but the labourers not increasing. The interest of the different audiences is deepening, and the blessing so much longed and prayed for seems falling more and more plentifully.

His letters are very numerous from this period on to the end. Those to myself would occupy a large space ; but they must be withheld from want of room. His diary is now blank. He has no leisure even for its brief jottings.

But success makes him fearful as to the future. How is this success to be maintained, guided, and preserved from the inroads of error and human excitement ? If the Salvation Army take hold of the French mind and its tactics be adopted, the fruit of

all the present labour and prayer may be destroyed, and the result only be a harvest of a shallow religionism at the best, perhaps of fanatical delusion. "France is awake," he says, "and the Protestants of the next generation will be more inclined to work than their predecessors; but if the religious life of France is turned into this most seductive channel, it will be most disastrous." Cruelly assailed by "salvationism," "perfectionism," and "brethrenism," and other forms of selfish sectarianism, would the converts be able to stand their ground? Religious crotchets multiply, and every hatcher of a new idea thinks himself bound to form a new sect, and to proselytise, or rather to steal, from existing Churches. Every appliance, however wild, whether addressed to the eye or ear, is called in by the "Salvationists" to supplement the supposed feebleness or failure of the Gospel, and to awaken the passions of the crowd; and when the sound of the drum, and trumpet, and flute, and bassoon, and the profane parodies of wanton songs have died away, what of religion will remain? What of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of calmness, and gentleness, and love, will be found among the promoters or followers of this religious frenzy, this latter-day lunacy, which bears no shadow of resemblance to the stillness and peace of apostolic Evangelism?

Dreading the effects of excitement, and false doc-

trine, and uncatholic rivalry among the little flock or flocks that were now being calmly gathered, he resolves to toil the harder, so as, if possible, to consolidate the work and indoctrinate the disciples who through the ministry of the Mission had been gathered in. "The work I am doing" (he says, in reference to these invasions of error), "is of such importance that it is impossible to think of a rest or a night's absence without the work suffering."

In November, 1881, he tells me that there never was such a serious spirit among the people, and such a manifest desire to hear the Gospel for the Gospel's sake. "They know well what it is now. It is no longer mere curiosity with them. Rivoli is full every night—mostly of men—and of these mostly young men. I sent to one of these young men, 'La Vraie Paix' and 'La Sainteté Selon Dieu,' before I left for Clermont; and he thanked me in a letter, in which he said, 'Vous avez senti que venu de loin, et arrivé d'hier, j'avais besoin d'être guidé et soutenu.'"

Striking cases are occurring. A young man attending the Agricultural School at Versailles, who had shown interest in the Gospel, came out most boldly, rose up in a meeting, and gave testimony to the power of the Gospel with great clearness and decision. He said that it was the persistent invitation to the people to read the Scriptures for themselves

that struck him most. In doing this, he had received the light, and did not mean to hide it.

He begins inquiry meetings at Gare d'Ivry, and a Bible-class ;—thus getting better at the people, whose eagerness impresses him greatly. He finds the dispensaries of great use, though as yet there are only two of them. People crowd to them who never heard of the meetings ; and several instances of striking conversion follow : one an artist-photographer at Les Ternes. He feels that it is a time of blessing in the Mission : and adds, " I long for more to come, and exceed our expectations." Yet he notes that at a new meeting opened at Alfortville, near Charenton, Alain, the evangelist, had been attacked by a " rowdy band of regular '*mauvais sujets*,' '*repris de police*,'" rendering it necessary to send for the police, " a thing," he adds, " which we very seldom have to do."

About this time Mr. M'All prepared a scheme for giving the Lord's Supper to the converts in the different halls. This was to be done, not in connection with any special church, but on the basis of the Evangelical Alliance—the pastor of the district to be at the head. But the French pastors declined. The converts clung to the Mission-hall, where they had found the eternal treasure, and where they got the teaching, which they understood and relished. So the plan was relinquished. Another plan for a

“Société fraternelle” was talked of, but at that time came to nothing. Something, however, will require to be done for the converts. Why should they not have the Lord’s Supper in their much-loved halls?

“We are going,” he says, “to open a children’s meeting in Mr. Campbell’s hall, Rue Lauriston, on Thursday at five. I have opened one at Versailles on Tuesdays at five, and had forty children yesterday. Mr. Greig was with me, and spoke at both meetings (children’s and adults’), and did it admirably. He has a wonderful talent for bringing down the Gospel in all its fulness to the intelligence of the children.” Both these meetings went on; and Mr. Dodds attended them almost regularly, not intermitting any of his other work. He found this very exhausting, and would fain have given up the Lauriston one, to which he had not pledged himself; but no other superintendent could be found for these unruly children. “We are really,” he says at this time, “in great need of workers, and I think that money would be better spent on training a few young men than in adding halls. If you can send us any regular good lady-worker, she would be welcome. What the Mission needs is a *substratum of settled workers*.”

There can be no doubt of the truth and wisdom of this last remark. This Mission is far too import-

ant to be left to anything like a haphazard support. Like other native societies it must have its regular well-paid staff of evangelists or pastors or workers, by whatever name they may be called. And if, in order to accomplish this, extension be for a while arrested, the arrestment will be for the ultimate benefit of the work.

He writes to me of his after-meetings at Gare d'Ivry and Grenelle; upwards of sixty in each remaining behind to be conversed with. "They are very timid, and we cannot get them to say much. But they lift up their hands as a sign that they want to be prayed for, and that is a great effort for them; and they let them down before we can well see them. One man found peace last Thursday night at Gare d'Ivry, a sugar refiner. He had heard of Eugène Petit, the French ouvrier, who died there some time ago in peace. Will you ask your prayer-meeting to remember these two stations especially, and the others also? There has been quite a gathering in at Les Ternes. If we had only more workers, devoted men and women, what could we not do!"

In this letter there is a paragraph which I must not withhold. I give it without remark: "We have been very busy arranging our *Société Fraternelle*, which is to replace our project for giving the communion, rejected by the pastors. My heart is sore

and heavy for our poor people, who are needing spiritual privileges, and are refused them. If ever men lost a great opportunity, these pastors did so on that day when they rejected our proposal. They are only half awake to the tremendous issues which are unfolding themselves in France. This country may be won now. In a short time it may be beyond reclaiming."

I should not have ventured to give such a decided sentence did I not know how strongly Mr. Dodds felt upon this point, and that these words may be regarded as his dying message to the pastors of France. He loved the pastors; he enjoyed their fellowship; and he longed to carry them along with him in his plans for the evangelisation of their native and his adopted land. But perhaps they thought that his plans would not suit the genius of the French people, and that his Saxon energy or Scottish fervour was carrying him too far.

The "after-meetings," which he is now carrying on at the different stations, give him double work; but they are of signal use, and they bring him into closer contact with the people. Very solemn meetings he feels them to be, and in his letters at this time he often refers to them. "But," he writes, "when you get to talk with these people afterwards, what a mass of darkness their mind is. Rome has

done her work, and done it so effectually as no one can understand unless he has experienced it personally or come into contact with the people. The absence of all deep sense of sin is remarkable. There is no conscience. I have been struck with the way in which the converts receive the Gospel. They invariably say something like this: 'J'ai quelque chose dans mon cœur que je n'avais pas auparavant,' 'I have something in my heart which I had not before.' This 'something' is all they are conscious of. Conviction of sin follows after. I feel when speaking to them in the after-meeting that I am dealing with cases very different from those I should meet with in Scotland."

Impressions are being made in many quarters. "I had," he writes, "a deeply interesting conversation with a blind woman at Grenelle; she is certainly a Christian. She said to me, 'J'étais si grand pécheresse, que je n'osais pas m'approcher de Dieu, mais maintenant plus je m'approche de lui par la prière plus je suis heureuse.' A man said to me that he was once so fond of doing evil that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to chuck a stone into that same old woman's tin, which she holds to receive the sous of passers-by. He has been a 'great sinner' in his day, and not so long ago as to have acquired a good character among his neigh-

bours. He is now a decided Christian. He passed into light with no great struggle nor sense of sin ; but he is now inclined to doubt his salvation, because he feels the struggle so hard."

Several of his letters at the beginning of 1882 refer to such cases. "So many don't understand what it is all about. They think they are all saved. 'Oh,' they say, 'I know all these things. I have read Laménais' (les paroles d'un croyant). Such is a specimen of the answers given. The work of dealing with the people is very difficult.

"The Gospel wins some by its beauty, its power to satisfy, and they receive it joyfully. The love of Christ is found to be the great persuasive power. But it is a puzzle to find out in some of the cases of inquiry what feeling to appeal to. The Spirit will doubtless do His work, but how are we to approach some of these souls, who appear to be longing for light?" Such are some of Mr. Dodds' reflections as he moves about his daily work. His great puzzle is the French *conscience*, or rather the Popish *conscience*.

"Conscience," he writes, "is here a hereditary thing. The father hands it to the child, and the iniquity of the father in stifling its voice is visited upon the children. How dead the moral sense is! The more I work here the more astounded I become. Rome has done her work. There is no conscience

hardly to appeal to, and no Scripture knowledge to reckon on. No one who has not worked among this people can have any idea of it."

Some English visitors forget the difference between French and English ways. One at St. Honoré wondered because men did not rise at once and say they were saved, or that they wished to be prayed for. On this Mr. Dodds remarks, "It is more difficult at this station than elsewhere. The *ouvrier* is more susceptible than the *bourgeois*; the latter listens with the air of a man who says inwardly, 'O oui, je connais tout ça.' I had a young man calling on me to-day. His father is an exiled Prussian. He came in, when passing, to my meeting at the Trocadero on Sunday. He attends regularly, and asked my address. I had a long talk with him. When I asked him, some Sundays ago, what he knew of Christ and of sin, he appeared to think he knew all, and that it was wrong of me to doubt him. I felt when sitting beside him to-day that I could say nothing,—only pray. I did try various ways; for he appeared solemnised last Sunday,—bowed his head in prayer, and told me he wished to call on me; and yet to-day, when talking, and when I was trying to *isolate* the Gospel and Christ from all else, to show him that it was all different from other systems, he said to me, 'I quite agree with you; do you not see that I am exactly in your

views' 'dans vos idées.' Yet I found he had very clear views regarding the *ouvriers*. I told him of several conversions, to see if that would awaken any sign of felt ignorance, need, and longing. But no; he remained perfectly passive, and told me he was trying to do good by writing novels,—moral in their tone, I suppose. This young man is like many here; they are not drawn to us or the Gospel by direct spiritual need, or anything like a sense of sin. But they hear such a Gospel nowhere else; and they see that we are different from others, and that we represent the Gospel in our practice. 'There is truth in that,' is what they invariably say; and that with many is the first step towards the kingdom. It will not do simply to preach the terrors of the law; a peculiar combination of both law and Gospel is needed. The Roman Catholic teaching has represented such a God to them,—sometimes a furious, irritated God, and sometimes the very opposite, a *bon Dieu*, a lump of benevolence. I can understand how Luther, before his conversion, said that the very name of Jesus brought terror to his soul. Strange to say, there is something of that kind here, with this difference that the people whose fathers were threatened by the priests, and trembled at the Church's God and the Church's tenets, are to-day no longer afraid, though they remember the language of terror. They recognise the thing, but

they don't fear it. Either they will say, 'Je n'ai jamais fais du mal au bon Dieu, et le bon Dieu ne me fera pas du mal a moi;' or 'Dieu est trop-bon pour m'envoyer en enfer.' In the first case 'enfer' is ignored. In the second it has lost its power, for the reply was created by the continual threat of the priest. Young —— is about to enter into our work; he who was 'taken in the net' at Rivoli, three years ago. He is to be trained. If we had money we could train others. Another man is in the *ministere des finances*. No one is appointed in France to any office connected with this *ministere* without his approval. He is a most decided Christian. This will give you some idea of the anti-clerical attitude of the cabinet. If a man is candidate for any position, and is known to attend mass, his name is at once struck off, however good a republican he may be. Paul Bert, a cold-blooded positivist and vivisectionist, is to revise the Concordat, and is already doing it."

On the 14th of January, 1882, he writes to me very warmly of some interesting cases of conversion that had come to light unexpectedly. They greatly cheer him. "I know of other like instances," he adds: "so much is this a work of seed-sowing. I feel inquiry meetings here necessary to get at the people. I see, however, that I am extreme in my desire to know how to adapt the Gospel to the people. You say, Tell a man

whatever or whoever he may be, WHAT GOD HAS DONE! That I feel to be true. I believe that the persevering proclamation of the Gospel to the people, night after night, is what is wanted. We shall soon have our *Société fraternelle* constituted in each station. It will bring the truly converted together. . . . I never saw the mission so prosperous outwardly, and, above all, spiritually.

“Ask your congregation from us, to pray for our meetings. Surely we shall have a blessing; and all this is only the first drops. Oh, for faith to expect!”

In no letter does he omit to give tidings of his mission work, however brief. “We had a very good after-meeting at Ivry last night (he writes to me on 20th January); a good deal of conversation at the end with the people. The light is dawning on many. I hope friends will continue to pray for us.” Speaking of a children’s meeting, he closes with these words, “Noisy little vagabonds, but bright and quick.”

During the week of prayer he took part in a meeting at the American Chapel, and in the course of his address dwelt on the beautiful French word for “answer to prayer,” *exaucer*, showing that it was the same word as *exalt*,—to answer prayer is to “lift up.” Soon after he had a note from his well-beloved brother, Pasteur Theodor Monod, who was present, in which the following sentence occurs,—“A remarkable

thing, that a French pastor should go to an English meeting to speak in English, and to be instructed in French! I never had thought of the etymology of *exaucer*. It is most interesting. Littré and Brachet entirely bear out your remarks on the subject, making *exaucer* and *exhausser* to be the same word."

He complains at this time of the evil reports that some, from what motives he knew not, were getting up against the Mission, and carrying to London,—hindering sympathies and subscriptions. Pasteur Theodor Monod speedily and effectually silenced the rumour in an admirably written letter in defence of the Mission.

He complains, also, of some English visitors who got up a "work of revival," and boasted of the large number of their converts, in disparagement of those of the Mission; and calmly notes that the present is to a large extent a *sowing time*.

He records (4th Feb. 1882) a striking conversation with a man at Grenelle,—very ignorant, but into whom the light seemed to have broken,—"I don't know how," said the poor man, "but I am quite changed from what I was, and my neighbours say so too." The strange thing was that he hardly used a single religious or Bible word in describing his change. "Knowing the people well," says Mr. Dodds, "I found in this a very conclusive proof of the reality

of the work. He was telling it to me in the language of every-day life. When I said that he must imitate Christ, he answered, 'Oh! I am *sure* I can never do that; we can't be perfect.' This rejoiced me much, for they are always so perfect! I showed how that, having taken Christ as his Saviour, he must take Him as his model. The seed is beginning to spring up everywhere. People wish to *force* it. Such is not God's way. Oh! if people would only be content to sow *in faith*. How I feel very, very often that we are fighting to convince sinners, who are not only 'in their own sins,' but who are heavily visited with the sins of their forefathers for hundreds of years. Ours is a work of *undoing* as well as of doing."

About this time (Jan. 1882) his appetite began to fail him. To keep up his strength he took strong tea, which increased the evil, though it supplied a temporary stimulus. "Yesterday," says a private letter, "we *dined* as usual at twelve, and he ate very little. Then at four he just swallowed a cup of tea in a choking hurry, and went out,—not taking anything till he returned at half-past twelve, when he took an egg and a cup of cocoa. I don't know how he is to stand it."

This was the beginning of his weakness and loss of appetite, produced by overwork and irregular hours, which continued more or less until the end.

He shut his eyes to the evil, and persevered in his work, reducing his system so low that any illness of any kind might have proved fatal. This was sadly imprudent; but work was now to him a necessity and a relief, though its consequences threatened to be so serious, and a collapse inevitable.

Interwoven with his constant reports of mission success, I find remarks on the social aspects of the Republic and the political events of the time. "I wonder," he writes, "if you all realise in Edinburgh what a downfall Gambetta's has been? I send you a copy of *La France*, a paper which gained its spurs at the time of the 16th of May, when Emile Gerardin was editor. It is moderate and wise in its view of the matter, but its language regarding Gambetta is strikingly severe. He has been found out;—very little of a patriot, and a great party man; giving offices to his friends, and creating posts to be filled by his creatures."

He is suddenly called to lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association in Paris; and he asks me to send him *Christlieb's* "Modern Doubt and Unbelief"; adding, "I have chosen 'Modern Doubt' as my subject, and am anxious to systematise my many scattered thoughts, for I have thought a good deal on it." Then turning to the work that was never out of his thoughts, he closes with, "We

had eighty at the Grenelle prayer meeting on Sunday—two spontaneously giving their testimony most simply, but most impressively.”

I must, however, omit much in the way of correspondence and narrative which would have been truly interesting. But it would necessarily involve some repetition, and is besides unnecessary to a view of his life and work. I asked Mrs. Dodds to give me a brief sketch of his movements and occupations at this time,—say for a week,—as a specimen of the whole. Of course, this was somewhat difficult, as each week was varied, though there were certain fixed points;—the regular evening meetings; the Friday prayer meeting; the daily interviews with Mr. M'All in arranging the stations. The sketch is as follows:—

“Late hours in the morning were almost a necessity, if rest was to be had at all. Occasionally Mr. Dodds was aroused first by some messenger waiting in the *bureau*, some letter or telegram demanding an instant answer, or perhaps it might be his venerable friend, Professor St. Hilaire, patiently waiting for information about his new tracts, or a Bible-woman or worker needing guidance, or a beggar, or, best of all, a soul in distress. Calls like these were always occurring, and might perhaps take up his whole time till noon. If they did not occur, then he could count on the

forenoon hours as his most precious time for writing new addresses, revising tracts, writing articles, letters, or doing any one of the hundred things that pressed upon him. Except on Wednesday, when a short prayer meeting of the evangelists required his presence early at Mr. M'All's, he rarely went out till after the noon *déjeuner*, which was the substantial meal of the day. Breakfast had been a mere cup of coffee in French fashion;—the evening meal must depend upon circumstances; but this was a little time of quiet with his family, not broken in upon unless by some unexpected interruption. Immediately afterwards mission business must be transacted, at Mr. M'All's, quite near. This might take one, or two, or three hours, according as the details brought up, varied in number and perplexity. Back again, with a fresh budget of affairs and letters, to sit at his desk till summoned to tea, or until some expected guest walked in,—a visitor in Paris, perhaps, or a worker asked to drop in and go on with him to his meeting. This when at home. But latterly his Tuesday afternoons were spent at Versailles,—there a children's meeting;—a pleasant social meal at the house of one or other of his warmly-attached friends there;—a grown-up people's meeting; and a late, tired journey home, making up the programme of that day. Thursday was a harder day.

His presence was very often required at one of the afternoon schools, sometimes at two schools widely apart; and then the hasty cup of cocoa in some restaurant had to be substituted for the comfortable meal he needed; then on to Gare d'Ivry, where perhaps a visit or two as well as a meeting,—and after-meeting,—had to be gone through before getting home. Many remember him on the Friday afternoons, when the prayer meeting had become a social institution, held in the Salle St. Honoré, and how eagerly, while tea was handed round, he would stand talking to one after another, arranging little matters, or gleaning good news, leaving his untasted cup till it was almost time to run to Rivoli or Les Ternes, as the case might be. Thus three afternoons of the week might be reckoned as exceptions to the rule!

With evening the most important part of his work only began. He would come back near midnight to refresh himself over letters and papers which the post had brought from England; or to set to work to answer them.

Saturday was often occupied socially or in making up arrears of letters and accounts, in visits to the poor, or in preparing for his Sabbath work, which, to the last, he never ceased to regret having so little time for. One bit of his preparation was unique. He had procured from America some lapilinum,—a

thick black material on which one can draw as on a black-board. He would pin a square sheet of this against the wall of some room and begin to draw, his own children looking on open-mouthed and wondering the while. With rapid touches he would sketch an illustration for the international lesson of that week ; —the storm on the sea of Galilee, the sower, &c., getting the idea sometimes from a child's story-book, sometimes from a great picture, it mattered not. One of the last he drew was an allegorical picture of *faith* as a lever moving a huge rock. This sheet he would then roll up and carry to his different schools throughout the week.

During the last summer, his Sabbath work was always at a maximum. If he had not a pulpit to supply, he would find a morning school needing help. At Trocadéro the general meeting was preceded by a school. At Grenelle, the same. The after-meeting at the latter place thus made the sixth in one day.

In all this work he was constantly liable to calls in unforeseen directions, — fêtes or social meetings, village expeditions and hunts for new halls, forenoons spent in the tract depôts or at the printers, public meetings or committees. Of the Mission Intérieure and the City Mission he was a member. He was looked to in cases of emergency, not only by the Scotch Church in Paris, but often by the American

and Wesleyan; French churches also laid occasional claims to him, and rarely did he refuse to preach in case of need. Visitors would arrive suddenly from England or America, and he would gladly put away his work for a delightful talk or a stroll in the Bois de Boulogne, directing them or taking them with him to a meeting.

The private and individual claims on his time were many. Workers came to seek comfort and advice; young converts who wanted to put their hands to the plough and knew not how, needed encouragement; ladies just come from England, inexperienced, and only seeing a mass of work before them which they felt themselves unfit for, had to be shown how to disentangle the mass, and steer through the difficulties. Differences of opinion had to be settled, jarring workers to be fitted to their places, reproofs not seldom to be administered.

Many scenes I remember, some touching, some amusing. And I should do wrong if I forgot to say that the spirit of *fun* which sometimes showed itself among the workers was a great help towards bearing the strain. No ludicrous incident failed to produce its effect. One day it is a man begging, with a line purporting to be from M. Paul Bert (the minister) recommending him to Mr. Dodds' charity! Another day it is some rich story with which Mr. M'All has relieved the dryness of business. Those who go out

of their way to seek laughter do not know what it is. Schoolboys and people at earnest work know it in its genuine brightness and freshness.

A young worker comes to complain that his school is dwindling. He may have to be told that his own unpunctuality is killing it. No easy matter, but it must be done. Or a speaker must be told that his addresses are too long, and that the people go out. Or a third must be told that he has been "making controversy," religious or political, in the meetings. But nothing roused his indignation so much as hearing a speaker run on for an hour simply amusing the people, and giving them no Gospel. This he could not endure. It was his nature to speak strongly, even sternly, in cases like these. He knew it, and watched against himself in this. When the matter was very serious, a letter would be written, sometimes only after much prayer and deliberation. Or a quiet walk home from some meeting would give him the desired opportunity. Often his counsel was received gratefully. In one amusing case it was not strong enough to be understood. The rule "no politics" had been so flagrantly transgressed that Mr. Dodds was commissioned to write to the offender, pointing out what had been done. This he did in a long, courteous, and very clear letter. He feared only to have spoken too strongly. He received an

equally courteous answer, in which the writer *perfectly* concurred in his opinion, thought it a thing much to be deprecated that politics should be introduced in these meetings, and wondered only *who* could have been so indiscreet as to do such a thing!

I remember a lady coming in despair about a school which seemed utterly unmanageable,—coaxing and turning out being equally ineffectual,—the teachers not quite agreed, and a little disposed to blame each other's method for the unsatisfactory results. How he cheered her, and kindly urged her not to give up,—not grudging the spending of his precious time, and at length sending her away with the promise that he would look in himself!

Another young worker will never forget his loving advice and direction, his way of setting her to work in the most needy places, and telling her how to set about it. Nor will she forget the prayer in his drawing-room the day she left, nor the promise he exacted from her not to desert France, but to return if the Lord permitted.*

In April he visited Scotland in behalf of the Mission. But his stay was short. There are no incidents in this tour of sufficient importance to be recorded. He would not admit that he was feeble. He felt

* He seldom allowed friends to leave the house without a few minutes of social prayer.

well ; and he went about his varied work as usual, enjoying, as he always did, the society of friends.* He did not reckon upon that visit being his last, and that, in leaving Scotland, he was bidding it a final farewell. Of the mission he was most hopeful, and regarding himself he had no desponding thoughts. He would not admit that he was losing strength, or that he ought to spare himself. The prospects of mission expansion were bright ; and the encouragement he met with in Scotland cheered him on. He was specially cheered by the arrangements he was able to make with Mr. Moody for a visit to Paris in the course of the autumn. The "day-spring from on high" seemed to be visiting France ; and he looked forward to years of happy and earnest work. For his youth was still upon him, and, though he often felt weariness, he did not believe in exhaustion. He thought himself able for all he had undertaken, and did not think it possible that his strength could give way ; though often at night, on returning home, he would say, "I'm tired, I'm so tired."

* His visit to Lochee was saddened by the failing health of his mother. For some time past each visit had seemed a farewell. He did not think that he was to go first. But mother and son were not to be separated long.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST FOUR MONTHS—SUMMER WORK—PLANS
FOR REST—BUISSON LUZAS—ILLNESS—DEATH.

IN May, 1882, I went to Paris, and spent three weeks with him. I found him in the midst of his accustomed work, with the prospect of an unusually busy summer, but looking forward to a time of rest in autumn.

I saw that he needed it sorely; for he was thin, and not altogether like his former self; jaded and harassed, as if his strength had been overstrained, and his placidity taxed to the uttermost. His appetite was giving way, his headaches frequent, and his general health by no means vigorous. He was frequently very late at meetings, and yet, after returning from these at midnight or later, he would set himself to make up arrears of correspondence, it might be in French or it might be in English. Sometimes he tried to keep himself awake by strong tea, and, then when sleep overpowered him, he threw himself down

upon his bed or sofa without undressing, that he might, after snatching a short sleep, get up and resume his writing.

His system was enfeebled, and the night's sleep was insufficient for re-invigoration. He needed not one month's but six months' rest. Yet he would not believe it, and was not a little annoyed when entreated to spare himself. The machinery could not stand still, the mission-work could not take holiday. If he did not work, others must. Daily arrangements must be made, and these were often difficult and complicated, needing both skill and patience. Letters must be received and written, tracts, books, and Bibles distributed, visitors received, meetings held, addresses written ;—most congenial work,—not a task nor a weariness, and perhaps not too much for him, had he retained the elasticity of 1877.

About this time he wrote to his brother regarding the unhealthy air of one of his stations : “ I got your letter on Monday evening, lying on my bed with a very bad headache. In one of our halls there is an “égout” (sewer). I stood there for nearly two hours on Sunday evening with my head on a level with the gas-jets. A man gets rather poisoned, and it's a wonder that some of us are not worse than we are ! I'm all right now, but was really poisoned for a day.”

But that elasticity was gone ; whether it would

return was doubtful. At any rate the extent of the evil was not realised, and he could not see his way to more than a month's cessation from labour. But what would a month do for him; or how could he hope that such prostration would be removed by an ordinary season of retirement? The repose he needed he would not take, nor indeed would he believe to be necessary. "Wait till this pressure is past," he would say when asked when he would rest. But the pressure did not pass nor diminish: and the increasing rush of work hurried him on from day to day.

I dreaded a collapse in some way and a blow in some quarter, but I did not anticipate the sorrow that was so near at hand.

His daily forenoon conferences with Mr. M'All about mission arrangements were pleasant and refreshing, though he might come away with his hands full of letters and his head full of business, perhaps vexation.

I said to him one day, when visitors, letters, telegrams kept pouring in without ceasing, "Is there not a want of *repose* about the work here?"

He admitted it in part, but asked how the evil was to be remedied. The work is of such a nature, and spread over so wide an area, with so many workers, involving so much superintendence and

arrangement, that constant motion is inevitable, and for any of those who have the direction of the work to fold their hands, even for a short time, might involve the derangement of the whole machinery.

Of course the only permanent remedy was the increase of labourers; and where were they to come from? To curtail the work itself was not to be thought of.

The present staff was over-wrought, and an over-wrought workman must turn out imperfect work. Words come feebly from over-wearied lips, and our power of stating truth depends not only on our spiritual health, but on our bodily vigour and elasticity. Rowland Hill used playfully to give as a receipt for making a long-lived minister, "preach every day of the week and three times on Sunday;" but he (good man!) had the whole of each *day* for rest, and a man, who has such a daily rest, may easily preach every night. In Paris,—especially with those at the head of the Mission,—there could be no such rest. All day long, in some form or other, the work was going on; and each night brought with it the crowded meeting, sometimes two miles off, sometimes six, sometimes, as at Versailles, twelve. The meeting itself was calm and soothing but the journey and the preaching, and the late hours, and the earnest conversation with the people

at the close of each service combined to make the fatigue great. Even Rowland Hill would have succumbed to it; and had he known the French work, he might have modified his "receipt for a long lived minister."

In the case of the Paris Mission, the temptations to extension were many. The invitations poured in on all sides, and with great urgency. But expansion without consolidation would be full of danger to the whole enterprise. Extension, with inferior workers and half-educated evangelists, to whom not only theology but the Bible itself was a new thing, would be the introduction of superficial teaching and a questionable Gospel, resulting in imperfect conversions and the production of stony-ground hearers. To run before God, or without being sent,—to carry on the work with self-manufactured labourers, instead of waiting on the Lord of the harvest for first-class reapers,—would be as unscriptural as unwise.

We had frequent conversations on one very important point connected with the permanent usefulness of the Mission,—I mean the religious instruction of the young. The schools, under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Greig, are doing much for the three or four thousand children whom the Mission has gathered in. The hymns, also, which they sing

so heartily, and which they carry to their various homes throughout the city, are doing a mighty work, far beyond the circle of the little ones who chant them indoors and outdoors, on the streets, in the lanes, and on the stairs. The texts, too, which they read upon the walls so splendidly blazoned, or carry with them as rewards for proficiency and attendance, are sowing seed for eternity in a thousand places and hearts. Above all, the Bibles, the Testaments, the penny portions both of gospel and epistle, are working with a power which promises all permanence.

But what we considered specially needful for the young was some *Catechism*, simple and sound, comprehensive and intelligible, which would lay hold of their memories, and be a life-time's store of heavenly wisdom. Whatever some theological theorists have argued as to such manuals, they are of vast importance, especially in the consolidation of such a work as that of the Paris Mission. Sooner or later this matter will have to be taken up. The sooner the better. Selected questions from Calvin's Catechism, which was once well known in France, and which did such good service in Huguenot days, could be easily knit together, and put into the hands of the French children. The hymn and the catechism should go together.

A creedless mission, though suited to the theory of

“advanced thought,” whose “evangelism” insists on being untrammelled by definite beliefs, would really be to France no mission at all. It might satisfy the ideal of the free-thinking philanthropist, in whose eyes a fixed faith finds no favour; but it would not be a Christian enterprise,—hardly a benevolent one; and whether worth the inevitable toil, might be questionable. It might be scientific; it would not be apostolic. It might help to smooth the broad way for the poor *ouvrier*; but it would not lead him into the narrow one. As civilised heathenism is the ultimatum of the missionary philosopher, so polished *ouvrierism* is the *beau-ideal* of the missionary æsthetic in France. The cross, with its inflexible and unaccommodating dogmas, is rather out of place in any scheme, the object of which is to work by means of religious colourlessness.

Another subject of conversation between us was as to suitable *tracts* for France. It is not easy to write a good, readable, and interesting tract. Many of our own English tracts fifty years ago were bald and uninteresting in the extreme, as well as badly written. The last thirty years have seen a wonderful change in this respect. A tract should be a careful literary composition, as well as a clear statement of Divine truth. So with regard to France. The tract must be written for the nation, by one who knows it. It

must suit the tastes and peculiarities, or, it may be, the weaknesses of the people.

His correspondence upon the subject of tract distribution was very wide. He wrote to all who could help in the preparation of French tracts; and he was written to by many who were interested in this important matter. One of the latter was Mr. Cheyne Brady, who writes to me as follows: "It has occurred to me that it would be of interest to you to have the enclosed letters of your lamented son-in-law. How devoted he was to his Master's 'work'! Even his vacation was allocated to the service of the Lord. Nothing seems so inscrutable as the removal of such labourers. But the time will come when all will be made plain, even as already to the submissive heart all God's dealings are wise, and good, and kind."

The letters which he encloses are as follow. They show his ideas of what such tracts should be. In other letters to myself he dwells on this at greater length. His desire was that they should be thoroughly "the messengers of peace," or rather, I should say, of THE PEACE, containing no indirect or circuitous gospel, with a vague evangelical sound, which leaves the sinner's conscience as far from the cross as ever. What he wanted was the clear statement of what *had been done* for the sinner by the Son of God upon the cross. The *completeness*

of that work is not by any means an intelligible or a credible thing to one who has been steeped in Popery, and taught that his acceptance with God is to turn upon what he himself is able to do, and upon the way in which he performs this doing of his; that his religious performances are to be his recommendations to God. It seems incredible that a man should owe everything to the merit of another, even though that other should be the Son of God; and it seems unreasonable, or rather incomprehensible, that another's life and another's death should be so completely substituted for our own that God should regard that life as if *we* had lived it, and that death as if *we* had died it. Hence the necessity for reiterating and illustrating and simplifying the Gospel of the Substitute. Mr. Dodds felt this. Frequently in conversation with myself he dwelt upon this; and in his addresses enforced it. He thus writes to Mr. C. Brady:—

“PARIS, *le 25 Juillet*, 1882.

“DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of the 20th July and for your kind interest in the work of evangelisation in France by means of tract distribution, and also for your generous offer to aid in printing translations of your tracts. I hope to be able to reply more fully at some future time. Meanwhile, let me say that M. St.-Hilaire, who is superintending this work along with me for the Religious Tract Society in London, is absent from Paris, and nothing can be done until his return in October. Further, we have just issued fifteen new tracts, and there are others almost ready to be issued;

and some time must elapse ere we finish those on which we are engaged, and begin to translate others. But we are very glad to have yours; indeed, I ordered them lately from London. I have often wished to write to you and say how useful we have found your little book on the Second Coming. Many of the workers in our Mission cherish this blessed hope, and find it a very great—indeed, *the great present*—motive to work for Christ. One of our Bible-women distributed a large number in her district, and told me that there was much interest excited in it, and that the people asked for copies, having heard of it, I suppose, from their neighbours. One thing, let me ask you. Have you any objection to selected passages being taken from your tracts? We are more in need of tracts of four pages than of any other kind just now. Tracts need to be considerably shorter to suit the French. There is a very great ignorance of the Bible, and a lack of any deep religious feeling, and a terrible absence of conscience. . . . When the autumn is over and the winter fairly begun, I shall hope to let you know of some steps which we shall have taken for translation."

The autumn came, but it brought no relaxation, no time for revision or translation. That July had been a very busy one. August was, if possible, yet more busy. The Paris work was heavy, and the correspondence quite oppressive. Another letter to Mr. Brady regarding the tracts we give. It possesses a melancholy interest, as anticipating a month's rest, and, along with that, some quiet work of tract revision, which he was not to be permitted to do.

"PARIS, *le 10 Août*, 1882.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter regarding the

tracts. I am about to leave Paris for the country for a month, and intend taking four tracts along with me, when I shall have leisure to examine them and report to you. I entirely agree with you regarding Scripture in the tracts, and you may be sure that in that direction yours will remain intact. But after most attentive study of tract distribution in France, and continued personal experience, I am convinced that the reason why the tracts do not suit the people is that they are too long and too little evangelical. Life and *graphicness* are much needed. For instance, the tract known in English as 'Mrs. Burton's Best Bedroom' has been greatly appreciated here. I know a man, very ignorant and yet very attentive when he came to our meetings, with whom I have had many a serious conversation, who had the two texts—'Thou God seest me,' and 'God is love'—fixed in his mind, and understood as never before. I am very glad and very thankful that you offer so much help in the publication of the tracts. I hope that in the autumn I shall be able to tell you what we are going to do."

This autumn recess was what he eagerly looked forward to, not so much for the quiet refreshment it afforded, as for its opportunities of preparing for winter-work, especially in getting tracts ready. For he could not be idle, and his holidays were in reality only change of work.

But the expected quiet never came, as we shall see. The tract translation and revision were to pass into other hands. The London Tract Society, however, will not let the matter drop. The series of tracts projected by Mr. Dodds will not be lost sight

of. There is a hunger for such literature all over France, and it must be satisfied. There are first-rate men among those connected with the Mission who will throw their hearts into the enterprise.

He was at this time entertaining the proposal of revisiting America in behalf of the Mission. His Transatlantic friends had become many, so greatly had he commended himself to them during his former visit. Their invitations to him were now renewed with great urgency. He had enjoyed his former tour much; and he was pleased with the prospect of another. American kindness and hospitality had won his heart; and American Christianity had attracted him. He was bent on a second invasion of the great western continent, and was planning a much wider circuit than formerly. He was resolved to rouse the Churches of the West in behalf of France. He had somewhat succeeded already; but he was satisfied that much more could be done, and that this would be a great blessing to the Churches themselves. He had experienced their warm-heartedness and their open-handedness in a measure; and he was bent on making an overwhelming appeal to them in the name of his adopted nation, in behalf of the forty millions of France. America he thought, must come to the rescue, and that without delay. She must ally herself with her mother-nation

in seeking the spiritual emancipation of the European continent. The two great Protestant nations of the world must go hand-in-hand in the circulation of the Book of God, and the proclamation of His Gospel. British and American pleasure-seekers pour into Paris all the year round, and depart, leaving no blessing behind. They spend their tens of thousands of pounds in self-gratification, and their only reflection afterwards,—if they ever reflect at all,—is that they have enriched the hotel-keepers, and left behind them abundance of English and American gold. Yet surely the Christian people of these nations have something better to give France than gold, and something higher to receive from it than earthly pleasure.

We were at one upon these points, and concurred in projecting a fresh appeal to the Western Churches. But was Mr. Dodds' strength at present equal to the undertaking, for it would entail enormous labour if it was to be done thoroughly? He spoke of next spring (1883), but I urged delay, and, in the meantime, a partial cessation of his mission-work. He was, however, immovable. The voyage, he thought, would benefit him, the travelling would be such a complete change as would amount to rest, and the intercourse with Christian brethren would quite refresh and recruit him. God, however, took this scheme into His own hands, and, calling His servant

away, sent a message by his death to the Churches more solemn and stirring than his living presence among them could have delivered.

During these summer months the work moved on as usual, the interest increasing and the blessing largely multiplied. But he was working upon borrowed strength; the heavy strain was telling upon him. Only three times during my stay did I succeed in drawing him out for a few hours' recreation,—once to spend an afternoon at Versailles, again for a sail down the Seine to St. Cloud, and again for an evening's walk in the Passy avenue. He felt the unrest, but it seemed as if his only way of relief was to work the more. But the wear and tear of daily work could not go on without injury, and the continuous and unwise expenditure of strength could not last. He thought himself well though weary, and shut his eyes to the necessary enfeeblement of his system. Thus he writes to his brother on 26th July, 1882:—

“You say you suppose I am very busy and fagged; well, very busy indeed, but very well. We never had such encouragement in our work as we have had this winter and spring. The meetings have not only been very well attended, but many have remarked a spirit of seriousness and anxiety which was never so visible before. I wonder if, after all, the Frenchman is so superficial? He *has* religious needs, and is not yet given over to atheism. What brings people night

after night to hear the same Gospel over and over again, sometimes not very attractively preached? People at home don't come out as well to prayer meetings, and here, just now, in this hot weather, the people will remain in considerable numbers for prayer and conversation."

The last walk I had with him was on a bright June evening, Tuesday, the 28th, I think it was. He had secured supply for his Versailles meeting in order that we might spend a few hours together, as I was leaving Paris for London next morning. We set off for the Passy woods adjoining Auteuil. They are studded with villas of very various construction and size, finely ornamented with shrubberies and gardens. The broad avenue which intersects the park opens up villa after villa as you pass along, while the shade of the trees on each side makes the bright sunshine not only bearable, but most pleasant. We soon reached the ramparts, and, sitting down on the slope of the sward, we enjoyed the view, and for upwards of two hours conversed on the topics of the day; on the questions said to be "in the air"; on the progress of the work in Paris; on the state of our colleges at home; and the prospect of securing labourers for the great French field that was everywhere calling for reapers. The walk was just such as he needed for the refreshment both of body and spirit; and we enjoyed it fully, though we little thought it was to be our last.

During these two bright hours he was quite himself again. Weariness had fled, and the fresh air had revived him. Slowly sauntering up and down among the trees and then back again to Auteuil, we must have passed within little more than a mile of the cemetery where, two months after, he was to be laid, though we knew it not. It did not occur to either of us to visit that burying-ground, as naturally one visits a beautiful cemetery. I have often wondered since why we did not ; he did not mention it, and I did not know there was a cemetery in that direction. There is something to me peaceful as well as sad in the thought that our last walk should have been through that Passy avenue in that calm twilight. I only wish I could recall our conversation. It was free and cheerful ; and I thought that if he could only be persuaded to take many such walks, he might throw off his weariness and recover his natural strength.

After our walk that night he set to his work, for letters were awaiting him. How soon he got to bed I do not know ; but we had all to be astir next morning between seven and eight, as I was to set off for London, and the distance between Auteuil and the Gare du Nord is about six miles, at the opposite end of the city.

Next morning we started,—he and Mrs. Dodds and myself reaching the station in ample time. It was

a dull morning, and the station, though large, is gloomy. We sat down together on the only seat which we could get, in a dark corner; and after some quiet conversation we rose, and I bade him farewell; he returning to his work, I going off to Calais. We saw each other no more, though no thought of the coming sadness entered into our farewell.

During July and August he continued his work, looking forward to September for rest. I am told that his labours during these two months were remarkably blest,—crowded meetings, eager inquirers, striking cases of men passing out of darkness into light. Never had he seemed so earnest. Never had he found such decided and abundant success. There was something more than mere attention and interest. Quickening power was accompanying the Word.

On the 17th of July he writes to me: “The fête has thinned our meetings; but we had nevertheless a very good and encouraging meeting at Grenelle last night.”

In the midst of meetings and visitings he carries on the *Quarterly Record*, which he had edited for three years; and thus he refers to it in the above letter: “All my MS. has gone for the *Quarterly*. I have asked the printers to send them out to you,

and I write to ask you to write a prefatory note, or rather an appeal. You will see how deeply real the work is just now, from the letter in this number, and you might emphasise this from what you heard when here. Does 'the eye of a needle' mean a door, or is it a figurative expression? Were the doors beside the great gates called *needle's eyes*? I drew one with a camel laden before it for the children. The merchandise was riches, and riches were anything that one possessed in abundance or which made one selfish. They understood thereby the story of the rich young man very well. Yesterday I drew the pilgrim passing through the river. The children (some of them at least) thought that the pilgrim was a *pompier* or fireman, as I had unfortunately given him a helmet like that which is worn by the firemen of Paris. I must stop to catch post. We are all well. *Benedictus benedicatur in sacula saculorum.*"

On the 28th of July he thus wrote to me regarding his work and his plans for it, referring at the same time to his prospect of going into country quarters:—

"20 *Juillet*, 1882.

"Perhaps you know that we are going to Buisson Luzas, near Salbris. You will probably find that near the town of Bourges or St. Martin d'Auxigny, in Loir et Cher. The Rev. Francis Cannan, Chaplain to the Forces, has

a house there, and has most kindly offered it for September. I believe that there is plenty of room, and that the country is delightful. I shall get a month, but no more, for I must be back in time for Moody, who comes on the 8th. It will be a task to organise his campaign. If good Mr. Kelman will come over and help, that will be welcome. There is no great heat this month of July,—rain very often,—evenings and days sometimes very sultry. Rivoli, spite of heat, was crammed on Wednesday evening. We had a *Société Fraternelle* meeting afterwards. About fifty stayed. We took Bartimæus. I had written on the black-board :—

BARTIMEÉ.

La Misericorde de Christ.

I.—Le besoin du Salut.—Luc. i. 78, 79 ; Rev. iii. 17.

II.—La Recherche du Salut.

Bartimée entend (Rom. x. 17) ; appelle (Esaie, lv. 6) ; persévère (Luc. xviii. 1) ; vient (Luc. ix. 23) ; croit (Acts viii. 37).

III.—Le Salut trouvé.

L'Accueil de Jésus.—Jean vi. 37.

La guérison.—1 Pet. ii. 9.

Reconnaissance.—1 Jean iv. 19.

“Each had a Bible, and though they turned up verses very slowly, they seemed all deeply interested in it. One young man especially, who has been converted only a fortnight, and who never had a New Testament before, found out the places, and read the verses with great alacrity. He is a garçon in an hotel, and would have gone away the other evening had I not seen him hold up his hand to be prayed for at an after-meeting appearing visibly affected.

“He seemed to have received the message at once, saying, ‘that is the truth, and I believed it.’

“Another man, a Catholic from Beauvais, remained, and

believed, and told me it was the most delightful evening he had ever had in his life.

"Mrs Bonar was with me ; we reached home about half-past twelve !"

The next letter that I give is also to myself, and one cannot help reading it in connection with his own "departure," ere the October foliage fell.

"7 Août, 1882.

"I am feeling too stupid to write, being rather tired. We shall all be glad to get away for a rest, and with the certainty that there will be no halls to open at Buisson Luza, although I may do a little evangelistic work.

"That woman of whom I wrote to you has been seen again. It is a wonderful case of Divine guiding. She did not know why she turned out of her way to pass our hall, as she did not intend it at all. Somehow or other she felt uncertain about returning, being afraid of Protestants. She said, indeed, that the first time she entered, if any one had told her that we were Protestants, she would certainly never have gone in. Miss M. wrote to her, and has had long conversation with her. She seems to be completely gained to Christ, and yet it is touching to find old Catholic beliefs and superstitions coming up. She is an 'Enfant de Marie.' These are chosen for their special devotion and attachment to Mary. She said to Miss M. : 'May I think about her sometimes ?' 'Do you love her ?' 'I love her.' 'Oh, if you would only speak about *her too*, you would convert everybody' ! and so on. And yet I have no doubt about her conversion. The text on the wall she will never forget—'Jesus Christ came to seek and save that which was lost.' She has got a good place in an hotel.

"Did I tell you about the old sceptic at Gare d'Ivry, who at last has yielded out and out. He said : 'Je crois que quand

les feuilles tomberont au mois d'Octobre je m'en irai ; quand mon âme s'épanouira dans la gloire du ciel avec Jésus Christ, je me souviendrai de toute ma vie passée.' There are many others I could tell you of. It is wonderful how the Lord is working. At Grenelle on Sunday evening I had about 180 people, and a prayer meeting of 70. Many asked to be prayed for. I've been writing to Moody and Mr. Kelman.

"Yesterday evening I was at St. Honoré, and we had an after-meeting, most interesting. A woman came in for the first time ; I wish I could remember her exclamations of surprise ; Miss Mattheson was talking to her. She is, I believe, in a convent. She said (for salvation seemed to dawn on her as a *totally new thing*), "Je suis toute bouleversée (altogether upset, though that is a weak rendering), and pointing to the text on the walls, 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' said, 'But nobody ever told me that ; nobody ever told me that ; the priests never told me anything like that ;' she kept repeating it, and was so eager to know that she asked question after question before Miss M—— could answer those she had put. She went away, having, I think, grasped the truth. I had a conversation with another man, who wished to know if he could be assured of pardon *in one evening*, or if it was necessary to come twice. I read again 'Bartimée,' and showed that *he* had only one opportunity, and then the Ethiopian Ruler ; he went away saying, 'Je l'accepte.' There did not seem to me any great conviction of sin, but he said he had stayed to find out if he could get pardon, and that was striking. Another man there with one arm, ill with consumption, has also come to Christ. There are many, very many, anxious. Oh, if only there were reapers ; but even the best of the French pastors don't understand this sort of work. Hirsch, who is such a good man, and who has been so used of God in work throughout France, having been the instrument of many conversions, would not stay last night to the after-meeting. It

was against his conscience ; he did not approve of these ; one could visit the people in their homes. But there are dozens whom it is impossible to visit. I knew of three, four, if not five people, all now Christian, I believe, in that meeting, who cannot be seen at home at any time. This leads me to ask you if you will not give me a short note as to your opinion of the place and use of *inquiry meetings* as a part of evangelistic work. I think of publishing a small tract regarding Moody's work, showing what it is, with a view to draw Frenchmen's attention to the deficiencies of their methods, and the necessity of overcoming their prejudices. There are so many of them. Are there not evidences that inquiry meetings were held, in the Book of Acts ?”

He wrote to me again, regarding this invalid, who was lingering on a sick-bed, and in whose case he took such a loving interest. The visit referred to was one of many which he paid to this sick-room, and from which he carried away words as messages to others, and as reminiscences of the simple faith of those poor *ouvriers* whom he delighted to teach and to watch over,—the seals of his ministry, of whom he could truly say, “ye are in our hearts, to die and to live with you.”

He enclosed some lines, and adds, “Could you revise these, if you think them fit to go into the October *Quarterly* ?” The words are truly touching, not only as expressive of the sufferer's faith and love, but as prophetic of the departure both of himself and of his teacher to be with Christ ere the October leaf had fallen. He survived Mr.

Dodds, but has since "fallen asleep;" and they have now met above, perhaps to talk over this very scene and these very words in the death-room below.

"Je crois que quand les feuilles tomberont, au mois d'Octobre je m'en irai."

"Vous ne craindrez pas?"

"Non; je m'en irai vers Jesus Christ."

Mr. Dodds' rendering of the above most touching words is as follows:—

"'When chill October comes, and leaves are falling,'
He said to us, 'I think I shall go hence.'
Then o'er him bending, 'Wilt thou be afraid?
Heaven's gladness lighted up the weary face;—
'No, I shall go to be with Jesus Christ.'
He had lain six months on a bed of pain,
Fretful that on him lay God's heavy hand.
He knew not why. Dark thoughts of unbelief
Haunting his wakeful spirit, scaring sleep
All the night watches through; so fruitless seemed
Our prayers, and even the living Word of God;
Until one day the story—often told,
Of Him who took our place, and died for us
When we were sinners—touched him with new power,
And a glad smile, born of the joy within,
Passed over that wan face. 'Never,' so said
His nurse and faithful friend, 'had radiant smile
Shone on him during these long months like this—
A feeble ray, foretelling endless dawn,
When, so said he to us, my soul shall ope
In heaven's eternal glory with the Lord.'"

Mr. Dodds was fond of turning into verse the little incidents of the Mission or the brief sayings of the converts, and he did it well. His taste for verse, as for music, was very correct; and in the midst of work and weariness he wrote down these snatches. This was his last.

As the reader may be interested in this old *ouvrier* of Ivry I may here finish the touching story. Nearly every Thursday evening for many months Mr. Dodds had visited him to tell him of Christ and His love, though often very weary with previous work. The man seemed indifferent and stupid. There was no indication that the visits were of any use. But he was dying,—dying, without hope, and Mr. Dodds could not bear the thought of leaving him so. At last the light broke, as Mr. Dodds tells in these verses. “The last time I saw him,” says a friend, “he could not speak much; but over and over again he said, ‘Il m’ a embrassé,’”—(he kissed me). The nurse mentioned that Mr. Dodds had kissed him before going to the country; and the old man could not forget this affection. He was not, however, called away in “chill October,” but lingered till December. “Yesterday,” says a friend, “with Miss Coldstream and Miss Mattheson, we walked behind the hearse as mourners. It was so strange to have the people in the streets looking at us. We walked for a mile and-a-half, and saw numbers

pass by, making the sign of the cross and taking off their hats. In the cemetery Mr. Greig gave an account of the old man's conversion ; and quite a little congregation gathered round." How glad would Mr. Dodds be to bid the old man welcome to the many mansions !

Then a little after he writes to his brother :—

"AUTEUIL, 22nd Août, 1882.

"Thanks for your post card. We go at the end of the week to Le Buisson Luzas, Salbris, Loir et Cher. If you can send a newspaper from time to time I shall be glad, for I am deeply interested in this Egyptian war, more from a religious than a political point of view. Surely the day will come when 'Blessed be Egypt my people' shall be fulfilled. The land of Mitzraim shall be remembered for having afforded a refuge to the Son of God from Herod's wrath and jealousy. We may see strange things yet in the East.

"I'll be glad to get a rest, as I am very tired,—the work has been very heavy and exacting this past winter, spring, and summer. There is a very marked seriousness amongst the people, and a strong disposition to remain for after-meetings, when we can get hold of many who are otherwise difficult to reach. I know well two women from the better class of society, who are, one of them the wife of a libre-penseur, who does not, I think, even know that she comes to the meeting ; the other stays with her uncle, who is a priest in the most Catholic quarter of Paris. These people cannot be visited in their houses, although the wife of the libre-penseur sent me one day a request to call, telling me that her husband would be away all day. I went ; she produced her Bible, and put many a question to me which showed that she knew her Bible far

better than many a Protestant. Oh, these so-called 'free-thinkers'! I never saw men in such bondage,—such ignorant narrowness, such empty vanity and haughty conceit!

"Moody comes in October; I'll have to come back a day from Buisson to see him, as he preferred to see me on his return from Switzerland instead of stopping here on his way, which he intended to do. I'm very glad you got two or three days in the Highlands; I'd give anything for a breath of that air just now.

"Did I tell you that I published the banns of marriage one day on the *stairs* of the Scotch chapel for a fellow who was rather in distress? His marriage could not have been easily consummated in Scotland had I not done it. I had to use the English form, not remembering what the Scotch one was. Queer things a man has to do in this foreign land."

I give a brief note to his beloved mother, almost the last that he wrote:—

"24th *Août*, 1882.

"Just one word to say I am so glad you got the fruit. I fear it was a little spoiled some of it, but the melon would be all right. I wish I could send one oftener.

"We are having colder weather. Henry, it seems, is quite domesticated at Greystonelees; * it was not easy to part with him, but aunts and grandmother are determined to have their own way. Horace and Boz are counting the days before they go down to Buisson Luzas; they pronounce that name very well. It is five miles from any station.

"The French papers, at least some of them, are furious at us for the Egyptian war, as if we could have done anything else.

* His third son, Henry, whom he sometimes calls Cornelius, had been taken by his grandmamma to Berwickshire about this time, where we were during August for sea quarters. It was when there that we heard the sad tidings from Buisson,

They are jealous of our influence in Egypt ; the sooner that country is under a British protectorate the better. I've plenty to do and must shut up ; I'll write from Buisson Luzas."

The following, to myself, is, I believe, the very last letter he wrote, the night before leaving Paris :—

"25th *Aodt*, 1882.

"I see there will be a great deficit in our funds this year unless money speedily comes in. We have drawn everything in Scotland ; the most has come from the United States of America ; there is about £400, if even that, in England, and nothing here but £40, so that for next rent day we shall have to draw the reserve. This state of matters clips our extension wings just now. I don't feel discouraged, but one can't help being anxious as to where the money will come from. . . . The work is exceedingly solemn and responsible just now ; I know He is trying our faith. We all go to-morrow morning to Le Buisson ; can you let us have a newspaper now and again to know how that Egyptian war goes on ? I am deeply interested in it. You will hear soon from us from Le Buisson. Salute all from me, and my dear wee son."

His last evening was a busy one,—the close of a busy day, in which he had been working, planning, arranging for his departure, and attending the Friday prayer meeting. He had been at Mr. M'All's house during a great part of the evening transacting Mission business, not parting from him till half-past one on the morning of the 26th. He then came home, wrote letters, gathered his books and Ulfilas papers together, occupying thus the greater part of the night,

or rather morning. Little sleep, if any, for him that night, his last in Paris, though he knew it not!

Next day (Saturday) at half-past nine, the whole family (seven in number, including their French servant, the youngest being an infant of two months) left the "Orleans" station, in Paris, for Salbris, the village nearest their destination, which lies nearly seventy miles south of Paris. Here they arrived about one o'clock, and were met by a conveyance which was to take them the remaining five miles of their journey. Stopping here for an hour, they purchased all needful provision for their future wants, knowing that there was no nearer market-town. With this stock they loaded their rustic carriage, and set off for Buisson Luzas; reaching in safety the house which Mr. Cannan had kindly put at their disposal, about four o'clock.

The day had been fine, and the railway journey pleasant. They were all in good spirits, the children especially. The burdens of the city had been shaken off, and its bustle left behind. The long-looked-for rest was now coming into view. And to-morrow was the Sabbath! A Sabbath in the country,—perhaps to remind them of their own Scotland! No toiling through the hot streets with their open shops and noisy crowds. No tear and wear, either of body or of soul.

Jogging along over rough roads, and then over a

level moor, they soon found themselves at their new house, a dwelling which, though not all that could be desired for internal replenishments (as it had not been occupied for some time) was in many ways comfortable; its deficiencies drawing forth only a little merriment from its new occupiers. And had all gone well afterwards,—had sickness not come, and come so suddenly,—the discomforts would have been little thought of; and the complete solitude would rather have been acceptable in a time of health, especially after the noise of the city.*

“It looked very pleasant when we first arrived,” says Mrs. Dodds, “driving as we did, past Scotch firs with hundreds of turkeys sitting on and under them, —past fragrant fields of buckwheat in full blossom, and mingled with stretches of purple heather in richest flower. Every breeze seemed life, the quietness made still more delicious after the noise of Paris. We expected happy days there. The little house is neat and well built, facing the south. In front, grass and heather; to the right a little winding walk

* They had not had opportunity to inquire about the country before setting out. Mr. Dodds was busy, and when at last he went for a guide-book, bought that for the department of *Cher*, instead of that for *Loir and Cher*. The mistake is the more remarkable, because he was so singularly accurate in such details. There was no time to exchange or to inquire further; or perhaps the thought of going to that low-lying *aguish* province, might have frightened them; for Salbris is on the edge of the Sologne, or desert of France.

among filbert trees, loaded with nuts. To the back are some fine oak trees, farther away, firs. It was a sweet, wild place, like a Scotch moor, only flat ; not another house visible. We had a good laugh on our way down at Ponceau, the old man who drove us, and his odd account of things. He and his wife (who was engaged to help us, if required) lived in the back part of the house, where was the kitchen, unfortunately only to be reached by going round the house, and not fully furnished with proper cooking utensils. This turned out to be a great evil when sickness came; though at first we had a good laugh over it, being content with a pot to boil meat in, and another for soup; and by roasting the potatoes on the ashes of the wood-fire we obviated the necessity of a third. We had bought provisions in passing Salbris, and thoroughly enjoyed the rough rye loaf,—so much sweeter than the town bread. We had not complete table furnishings; but as we knew that the house so kindly placed at our disposal had been unoccupied, we were content. As to the beds, we had been warned to bring more covers, and perhaps a mattress, but we had not brought much, as we did not feel the need of it, and never enjoyed better nights' rest than the first two we spent there."

I had written more letters than one in the months of July and August to him, entreating him to lay

aside entirely for a season his Paris burdens and worries, which I saw were becoming too severe for him. He had found some difficulty in breaking off; but at last he wrote to me on the 22nd of August, telling me that the day was fixed,—giving also the full address, and adding: “Even in the midst of all the work here I have quiet times; almost always in the morning, and very often in the afternoon; and these inquiry-meetings are seasons of repose to me after the day’s work.” I answered on the following day, that my letter might reach in good time, to the following effect:—“I send this to your country retreat, thinking that it will reach you about the same time as you yourselves arrive. I hope that it is really the country, really a ‘retreat’—a place apart. The brain needs quiet, otherwise it must suffer in the long-run. You don’t know how often we talk about you all, young and old. Let me give you a motto or watchword for your solitude—Exod. xxxiii. 18—Moses’ cry in the wilderness, the summing up of all he wanted, and its correspondence with John xvii. 24. In Exodus, God points Moses to ‘a place by Me,’ a cleft in the rock, and the Lord prays that we may be WITH HIM where He is, that we may behold His glory. May Buisson Luzas be ‘the place by Me,’ the cleft of the rock to you and yours, ‘where you shall behold His glory.’”

Along with this I wrote a few verses, which I thought might suit the solitary missionary, seeking refreshment, yet longing for restoration to his beloved work. I entitled it "My Holiday," or the "Hymn of a Christian Worker," adding two texts, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder;" . . . "I was in the isle that is called Patmos."

Stay, stay behind me, my too busy thoughts,
 Whilst I go yonder for a little while ;
Nay, do not follow me ; let me forget
 My city-stir, and fret, and heat, and toil.

Tarry behind me ; vex me, touch me not,
 Ye endless aches of heart, and brow, and brain ;
Vanish, like mist, each scene that would recall
 My vision to the crowd and street again.

Pursue me not ; but let me calmly go
 To the retirement which the Master sought :
Set free from all that would encumber me,
 Or mar the sweetness of the heavenly thought.

Get thee behind me now, thou tempter dark,
 Prompter of all my earth-begotten cares ;
Begone, begone, old fowler, from the pit,
 With all thy fowler's hell-begotten snares.

The stillness of the closet's stillest hush,
 The lonely silence of the lonely wood ;
The stream, the cliff, the plain, the dusky moor
 Shall furnish me with fruitful solitude.

Tarry behind me for a season, then,
Beloved workers for this needy land ;
I go that I may find in gentle rest
New fitness for the work so dear and grand.

Tarry behind ; leave me, dear friends, alone,
Companions of my days and nights of toil ;
I shall return to you, refreshed and calm,—
Leave me alone with God, alone a while.

I would return to work with you on earth ;
The health of my whole man revived, restored ;
Again to labour with you side by side,
In the one vineyard of our common Lord.

From quiet weeks of solitude and prayer,
Of converse with the High and Holy One,
Whose work with these poor hands we seek to do,
I would return to you a holier man.

Help me, my comrades on the harvest-field ;
Help me, companions in the holy war,—
That in the eternal firmament I may
Shine with the brightness of no common star.

“ We had a short walk on Saturday night,” Mrs. Dodds writes. “ I cannot remember if he was any distance on Sunday, though I remember his pulling grapes from the front of the house. I was out a good deal with the children in the forenoon, under the oaks. In the afternoon, while we were resting, the nurse went about with the children, and brought

mushrooms home in her handkerchief. She said that they were exactly the kind which she had been accustomed to eat in her own part of the country ; but she brought them for us to examine. Mr. Dodds looked over them all carefully, every one, throwing out two or three of which he was not sure. He said he knew the sort well. Next morning we took a short walk to the adjoining vineyard, and came back across the deep heather. I remember feeling a little afraid, from having heard that there were vipers here of a bad sort ; but I felt strangely confident that God was with us, and would let no evil thing befall us. We got back, probably before mid-day rather than after it, and ate the cooked mushrooms with other things. Not till twelve hours after did we feel the slightest indication of illness. I had much unpacking to do. He was very weary, and the racking headache which he had brought with him from Paris showed no signs of yielding. He rested on the sofa, reading most of the two days, except when he went out for a little air. I cannot help associating that headache, not only with over-work and want of sleep, but with the bad air of the crowded salles of August. It seems as if poison from their air had already entered into a system at all times terribly susceptible. This seems to have been partly the reason of his being the only one who sank under the poison, which in itself, it appears, was not of a very

deadly kind. Any really fatal dose would have acted within two hours instead of twelve. Coupling this with his accurate botanical knowledge, it is clear that it was not toadstools that were eaten but bad mushrooms.* By reason of his previous exhaustion and loss of appetite, any irritating substance might have produced the same effect. He had been working to the very verge of serious danger ; only, we felt that as God had sent the work, and as there was no one else to do what must be done, He would carry him through.

“That evening (Monday) we took tea early and took a walk afterwards. The father led his two little boys back, one on each side, for the last time. We proposed hot water for his feet as a remedy for his headache, and he rested on the sofa afterwards, while I was busy ranging out a drawer in the room beside him, and afterwards reading to him. Then I went to bed, but before he could follow he was taken violently ill, each attack of sickness occasioning fearful pain. I got the servant up and had a fire lighted and water warmed, thus doing what we could. I began to be ill about an hour after this, but neither I nor the servant were stricken as he was, nor incapacitated from attending to him. He complained of cramps and of cold, and I felt terribly alarmed, but did not as

* It seems that the *soil* on which mushrooms grow has the power of somewhat altering their qualities.

yet feel sure as to the real cause. Ponceau went for the doctor early in the morning, but it was afternoon before he arrived. During this time we felt better, and I ceased to be alarmed about Mr. Dodds, except that, knowing his exhausted state, I dreaded evil from weakness. When Dr. Jourdain came, weak as the sufferer was, his first question was, "Shall I be able to go back to Paris to see Mr. Moody in the end of the week?" The doctor gave a cheerful but evasive answer; I do not know what he really thought. That night (Tuesday) the nurse felt unable to rise, but Madame Ponceau came up twice and did what was needed. She was kind, but her cooking lacked cleanliness, and we thought that it was this that foiled our attempts to take food. There was plenty of milk; he took it but did not retain it. On Wednesday two servants were sent from an English gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the two little boys were taken to his house for the day. There were plenty of hands to help, only a directing head was wanting, for I was getting terribly weak by this time. I thought that beef tea was what was wanted; but no one knew how to make it. Seeing that milk did not agree with him, I got oatmeal brought up, and with my spirit lamp and pan made very thin gruel, which we both took, but did not retain. He had moved into the next room by this

time, so I had not only to keep awake in order to boil the gruel, but to carry it to him each time. This went on all night. My head must have been greatly confused; for I have no very distinct recollection of these hours. I was anxious, too, about baby, who was in another room; and hearing him cry, I went to him, but could not lift him up; so I lay down beside him.

“On Thursday morning the doctor came, and a servant from the other house (about two miles off), so we were not left alone for any length of time. But I remember nothing clearly, and, when Miss Mattheson and Dr. Darcus came, I seemed to resign everything into their hands with a feeling of relief. All this watching, and the anxiety, not only about my husband, but my baby, whom I was nursing, increased my own illness; but that I could stand it so far is a proof that the poison was not fatal. The nurse, though suffering much, managed to rise and get the children their food, though having to lie down again. How the poor baby lived I do not know. I know nothing of the subsequent days till Sunday, when I awoke from delirium to dreadful anxiety about him, which those about me tried to allay. He was in the other room, the door open between us; so I sometimes saw him raise his hand. On Wednesday, 6th September, we changed rooms, and I saw him

a little, morning and evening, but was awfully startled at his appearance that day. We wanted him to stay in the nicer and more comfortable room; but he did not like it, for some reason or other, and so returned to his old place. On Thursday I lay on the couch in the same room with him, and often could bathe his brow and do little things, but my hand was so shaky and my head still so wandering that I felt afraid of making some mistake; so I could do little. I feared to ask him to speak, on account of the pain it gave him, and he never did so, except to ask for what he wanted, and once he whispered, 'Pray for more strength.'"

He was not in the least unconscious all this time, though totally prostrate. The little boys came into his room every morning, and he kissed them. Once when one of them was rather noisy outside the house, he called out to him from his bed, as the window was open, very much in his old natural voice, and was instantly obeyed, as he always was by his children.

He seems to have somewhat realised his danger, though not to the full extent. His thoughts were about his work and the prospect of his being able soon to resume it, as if he had forgotten that he had come to this solitude for rest. But his weakness was extreme, so that, though the poison had been got rid of, he was unable to rally. The system was giving

way, and the inability to take support of any kind, solid or liquid, without extreme pain, made the case a very difficult one to treat.

On Tuesday, the day after he was taken ill, it had been proposed to ask Miss Mattheson to come to their help from Paris, and to bring with her the physician of the Mission. As, however, no serious alarm had yet been felt, and as both were rather better that day, they waited till Wednesday. Feeling no better then, they telegraphed for her, though neither of the two sick ones was very able even to draw up a telegram, and there was no one else in the house that could write! Mr. Dodds, however, managed to do it. Miss M. was out when the telegram reached Paris, and could not start till next morning. This she did, and arrived on the afternoon of Thursday, bringing the doctor with her, and some needed comforts as well as medicines. Their arrival was like that of two messengers from heaven. Each of the three inmates lay prostrate, incapable of giving help to each other. Two servants had been kindly sent from Mr. David Cannan's (about two miles off) in the forenoon to render them any requisite service; but they had left, and the sufferers were lying in solitude, each in separate rooms, waiting for the arrival of their friends from Paris. The relief afforded by their arrival was unspeakable; and the assiduous tenderness of the subsequent nursing, amid difficulties and discomforts,

is something never to be forgotten. It was a "cup of cold water" indeed.

Details of the following ten days and nights of suffering, till the final relief came, are not necessary. He was conscious to the last, though unable to speak. This "valley of the shadow of death," through which he was passing, was a strange one,—a valley of sadness and silence and mystery. His strength was gone, his lips were sealed, just at the very time when he would have desired to send "last messages" to his friends and to his beloved *ouvriers*. His thoughts towards them remained unspoken. No farewells were permitted to be given. They who loved him must imagine for themselves the affection that was pent up within him, unable to get vent to itself in these days of restlessness, pain, and solitude.

I give Miss Mattheson's touching narrative, written a few days after his death, or the 14th September:—

"On arriving at Le Buisson on Thursday, 31st August, 1882, we found Mr. Dodds, Mrs. Dodds, and the *bonne* all very ill.

"Mr. Dodds received us, saying, 'The Lord has brought us very low; how good of you to come.' He was then so weak and cold, and his voice quite gone. The next few days he rallied a little, and was able to take some nourishment.

"On Friday he remembered the workers' prayer meeting in Paris, and that prayer would be made for them.

"Mrs. Dodds was still ill and unable to nurse him. One day he asked what the doctor's opinion was. On hearing he had good hopes of his recovery, he received it in silence, as if he did not think it could be true.

“He suffered very much all the time from pain and restlessness and sickness, but never a murmur escaped him.

“On Wednesday, the 6th September, in the evening, he said he did not think he could live through the night, he felt so weak. He frequently said he was sorry to give so much trouble.

“On Thursday, when reading part of Isaiah xxxii., sent as a message by Mrs. Bonar to Mr. Dodds, when we came to the words ‘quiet resting-places’ in the 18th verse, he said ‘That’s just for me.’

“He did not speak much, even of the work he loved so well. He was calm and silent, and seemed to have laid every burden down. We felt so sure that all was well with him we did not like to trouble him with questions. Remarking to him one day how strangely different this resting-time was from what he had anticipated, he answered, ‘The Lord is teaching me *so much*.’

“On Friday hæmorrhage came on, and the restlessness was very distressing till within two hours of the end.

“On Saturday afternoon I asked him if all was peace. For a moment there was a look of pain as if he was thinking of all he must leave, but when I added ‘perfect peace in Jesus,’ he assented with a radiant smile.

“The end was peace. Without a struggle he fell asleep in Jesus at half-past six on Saturday evening, the 9th September.

“The French doctor, who attended him, was deeply interested in him, and in the little he heard of his life work. He said of him, ‘C’est un soldat tombe a la brèche,’ ‘He is a soldier fallen in the breach.’”

We in Scotland had heard nothing of the illness for nearly a week after the arrival at Buisson. There was no one to write; and besides, we were out of town.

The same letter that first told us of the illness gave the assurance that the worst was over. And so it would have been had his system been equal to the strain. For he may be said to have thrown off the poison; but, under the weakening effects of it, his strength gave way, acute internal irritation (gastro-enteritis) supervening, occasioning much pain and restlessness, as well as inability to swallow.

The post-cards which reached us from day to day, written by the kind hand of Miss Mattheson, were re-assuring even to the last, when the telegram announcing his death came with a most unexpected blow upon us on the following Monday (the 11th), living as we were at the time some fifty miles out of Edinburgh. The telegram reached Lochee on Sabbath (the 10th), just as afternoon service was beginning, and Mr. Dodds had entered the pulpit.

Miss Coldstream had set off from Edinburgh in the beginning of the week, and reached Buisson on Wednesday. Her arrival greatly cheered the invalids. Weak as he was Mr. Dodds felt her kindness exceedingly. The doctor had not yet given him up, and the two loving nurses watched him day and night, in hope to the very last. Miss Coldstream's account of the last few days is painfully interesting:—

“How Miss M. got through the first six days with the suffering ones it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Dodds at the lowest; Mrs. Dodds delirious for two days; the

bonne hardly able to walk, and the four little children to be cared for. But daily strength was given; and on the Monday a Swiss servant was sent from Paris, who proved the greatest comfort throughout the following week. I followed on Wednesday. Mr. Dodds received me, saying, 'How kind of you to come; I wish we could give you a better welcome.' This was the longest sentence I heard him say. He was very silent. It seemed as if all his strength was needed to endure, and be patient. Not a murmur escaped his lips. The doctor gave us hope to the end, though I believe he really did give him up when hæmorrhage began on Friday, the 8th. We took turns in nursing; but that night we sat up together most of the time. Mrs. Dodds was not fit for nursing, though she was able to sit by her husband for a little while at a time. His restlessness was distressing, and demanded constant change from bed to a couch placed close to him. We bathed his face and hands from time to time, and gave spoonfuls of beef-tea and milk, and latterly champagne. But it became more and more painful for him to swallow. At four on Saturday, the 9th, the doctor came for his daily visit,—the longingly watched-for moment of the day; he was so kind and considerate, and always spent about an hour with us. He brought ice with him, which we would fain have had twenty-four hours sooner. Mr. Dodds seemed to like it; and the doctor advised putting more covering

on him, and hot bottles to his feet. He told us of one who had been worse, and was now well, altogether cheering us. I persuaded Miss M. to come out for a quarter of an hour while Mrs. Dodds was with him; and we had our first quiet tea together. Just as we finished, Mrs. Dodds called us; and a glance at the face on the pillow showed us that our hopes were disappointed. We wet his lips with champagne; but saw that all power to take nourishment was gone. So we knelt beside the poor little bed, and committed the parting soul to God. Not a sigh, not a struggle; we hardly knew the moment of the last breath. I led Mrs. Dodds into a quiet room, and she lay down quite calmly. We then closed his eyes, and did the little things we could while dear good Ida ran to get help at the nearest cottage. The sun was just setting; and it was dark before help came. The dear babes slept soundly that evening. I wrote out the telegrams, five of them, and wrote also to the doctor. At nine Ida and the farm-servant set off in the cart to Salbris, five miles off, to convey the intelligence, and give necessary orders. We lay down and slept a few hours. At four Ida returned and told us that Dr. Jourdain would come in the morning. It was so strange,—that Sunday morning! Our work seemed done; and we were thankful of the lovely day and perfect quiet of the beautiful country to rest and calm us.

“The coffin arrived at midnight; and Miss M. had to rise with Ida. Before the sad duty of laying the body in the coffin, she held a little service in the ‘wee’ sitting-room with the six men who came to help; and she gave them ‘évangiles’ at the close. At five A.M. Mr. Greig arrived on foot from Salbris. It was arranged that we should leave that night at five. It took us every moment of our time to prepare, and Mrs. Dodds was quite helpless. But a Countess Delanbourg, a Roman Catholic, who had occasionally called, came twice that day, and brought flowers for the coffin, which was so simple (unpolished oak raised in the centre), and was beside us in the parlour all the day when we packed. The sunbeams coming in at the open door and falling across the lovely flowers, seemed to speak of glory begun for the weary soldier. At one, a *garde-chasse* (game-keeper) was sent with two little cooked partridges for our dinner. Then Madame Delanbourg reappeared to help us off. Her brother’s carts took the luggage, and we,—that is, Mrs. Dodds, Miss M., Ida, and two babies (the two elder boys had been sent off on Saturday to Versailles, and one was in Scotland), and I occupied the one spring-cart, along a weary drive of five miles over a rough road.* At eight we left Salbris,

* Mr. Greig went down to fetch the remains on Tuesday. I extract from the *Quarterly Record* of the Mission, Mr. Greig’s brief account of his return with the remains:—“As the conveyance bearing

and got to Paris at 2 A.M. Tuesday morning. The funeral service was in the Oratoire on Thursday. A large assembly of rich and poor,—hundreds of the poor people of the ‘Reunions’ being there. At three M. Monod, followed by the pastors and the chief mourners, entered by the vestry. Miss M. led little Horace, and I Boswall; each had a lovely bouquet to lay on the coffin. It was on an erection in the centre of the church, covered by a black and silver pall, and we sat around it. M. Monod gave a beautiful address, telling the story of Mr. Dodds’ coming to Paris, and of his last days. Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Muir of Dalmeny took part in the service. At the grave M. Appia and M. Monod again read, and spoke a few words; and we joined in singing ‘For ever with the Lord’ in French.”

The scene was sadly touching in all its accompani-

the coffin turned off the dreary moor amid whose purple solitudes he had gathered his death, the sun, all hidden behind an envious mist, burst forth gloriously ere it set, and flooded with radiance the livid stretch of heathery sand. . . . The twelve hundred mourners at the Oratoire, the phalanx of fellow-workers and fellow-pastors who bore him to his grave, the hushed silence that fell upon *salle* after *salle* as the mournful news was announced, all bore witness to the deep and genuine impression which his dauntless witness-bearing had stamped on the Parisian heart. And from his grave in the little Passy cemetery where he sleeps the warrior’s hard-earned sleep, the watcher for the dawn of France’s Gospel liberty looks out over gay Paris spread beneath his feet, and cries, ‘O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still!’”

ments; the church, the audience, the hymn, the addresses, the prayers, the tears of the converts; and that which perhaps was only seen by a few, little Boswall playing with the flowers, after he had laid them on his father's bier, in child-like unconsciousness of his loss.

Hearing of all this we are troubled. Wondering at the sorrowful scene we ask, Is this the end? Or is it but the beginning? Is this death the forerunner of life? Is that grave the herald of resurrection to France?

From the Oratoire the mourning company proceeded to Passy Cemetery, near Auteuil (close by the Trocadéro), the south-west suburb of the city, in which Mr. Dodds had for some time resided. The scene at the grave was no less affecting than that in the Church; and some of the men employed in lowering the body into the grave wept as they remembered him for whom they were now doing the last earthly office.

In the *Daily Review* of 18th September Mr. Affleck, of Auchtermuchty, who was present, thus narrates the proceedings:—

“About three weeks ago, when on my way to Switzerland, I attended along with my brother a meeting in the hall Rue de la Tacherie, Rue de Rivoli, in some respects the chief of the stations of the Mission. The meeting was quite full of working people of both sexes, and was presided over and admirably con-

ducted by Mr. Dodds. A number of infidels were present and disposed to be troublesome, but Mr. Dodds bravely faced and soon silenced them. He delivered an eloquent address on courage, explaining what it is, and showing that the Christian is the man of true courage. I thought he was a good embodiment of his subject. His address was delivered with great power, animation, readiness of illustration, and was most evangelical. He showed a wonderful facility in the use of French. He afterwards conducted a Bible class, going over with a number of them the passage in Ephesians vi., about the whole armour of God. He told me many of the people were so ignorant they had to teach them in the simplest way, and to give them the pages in the Bible, as they did not know where to find the various books. I had some conversation with him about the progress of the work, of which he was full of hope. He impressed me as a consecrated man, and I left the meeting with the feeling that in him God had raised up one of high promise for the advancement of His cause here. Little did I think our first conversation was to be the last. This must have been one of the last meetings he addressed, as two days after he left Paris for a few weeks' much-needed repose in the country, at Buisson Luzas, where the sad fatality befell that has so prematurely cut short his hopeful career.

"The funeral service was held in the Temple de l'Oratoire du Louvre this afternoon. Besides the chief mourners, the Rev. Mr. M'All and many of the staff of the Mission, many French pastors and other Protestants, and a large number of the people of the various mission stations where the deceased had laboured, were present. Indeed, the large church was filled, and by a sympathetic and deeply affected audience. The coffin was brought into the church, and the services were as was fitting, conducted in the French manner. They were most appropriate and impressive throughout, but I can only give a very brief account of them. After introductory services and a brief address by a pastor, a plaintive hymn was sung,

the closing lines of which reminded us that he was not lost but gone before. Pastor Théodore Monod then ascended the pulpit, and delivered a beautiful and touching address. He told us that the disaster has arisen from no recklessness on the part of the deceased; for he had twice examined the mushrooms before they were eaten, and the servant also had examined them. He told us that he died in perfect peace, with a radiant smile, relying on that Saviour he had so earnestly preached to others. He pointed out that he had finished his brief ministry at about the same age (32) as our Saviour Himself. He quoted the words of the country doctor that he has fallen like a soldier in the breach; and affectionately addressed the mourning relatives, Mr. M'All, and the other workers of the Mission and the people of the various stations, exhorting the latter, in the name of Mr. Dodds, to decide for Christ. The Rev. Mr. Hitchcock, minister of the American Chapel, followed with a most fitting tribute in English, and the Rev. R. H. Muir, of Dalmeny, closed with an impressive prayer. The long funeral procession then proceeded by the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde, and the back of the Trocadéro, to the cemetery at Passy. The coffin was surrounded by bouquets of beautiful flowers. The people of the Mission, to the number of several hundreds, followed all the long distance on foot, many of them sacrificing a day's wages they could ill afford to lose to show their sorrow for the loss of one who had loved them so well. As the sad procession passed along every head in the busy streets was uncovered. At the grave the Rev. Messrs. Monod and Cook again conducted a brief service, and Pastor Hocart, of the French Wesleyan church, delivered an address full of Christian consolation. The relatives present were Mr. Dodds' father, his two little sons, his brother, and his brother-in-law. The services at the grave were closed by singing 'Pour toujours avec lui,' the French version of 'For ever with the Lord.' Here again, as in the church, many were in tears. It has never

been my lot to attend a funeral where the grief was so evident and so general. Yet he was laid in the dust not with the sorrow of those who have no hope. A strain of Christian faith and hope pervaded the services and helped to cheer our hearts. We lingered, as unwilling to depart, and night was falling when we left the cemetery.

“Scotland gave a noble son to France in Mr. Dodds. And now she can best honour his memory by caring more than ever for the work to which he gave himself and for which he died. He wore himself out in the evangelisation of France, addressing in French, English, and German as many as eight meetings a-week ; for he saw so much to be done and so few to do it. Even in private intercourse he spoke of his work rather than of anything else. Will not some noble-hearted young men feel stirred up to step forward and occupy the place of this gallant soldier of the cross ? From all we know of him we have lost this is the result of his death that would have pleased him best. There is a great field here for Christian workers, and partly in the hope that some may be led to turn their attention to it, I have penned these hasty and imperfect lines, only regretting that they are not more worthy of him whose early and unexpected removal has been the sad occasion of them.”

There were no “last words” in the usual sense ; no dying testimony. His strength was gone. He could not speak. He could only give his assent to the words of faith addressed to him. But his life was the true testimony ; and his believing labour during the past five years was enough to show his consecration of spirit to the Master and His work. Nothing more was needed.

Some who loved him, and who knew that his whole heart was in his work, could not help asking themselves,—would it not have cost him a bitter pang if he had known that he was about to leave it, and to leave it so soon? Would he have been willing to exchange his hard but happy life-work for his Master, even to depart and be with Him? Would he not have said, had the choice been given him, “I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you” (Phil. i. 23). But the choice was not given. The future, though so very near, was hidden from him; yet even amid his prostration of body and spirit, he had perhaps the solemn but quiet presentiment of a speedy departure, and was enabled to cast himself, his family, his beloved *ouvriers*, and his whole work upon the Lord. What passed within him in these silent days of utter helplessness, when all his strength was needed to enable him to endure pain, we know not. But what we know not now we shall know hereafter; when the mysteries of that strange and lonely deathbed,—that premature departure,—shall be made known to us; and he himself shall tell us what thoughts were passing through his mind as he lay tossing in weariness from day to day, unable to utter either his joy or his sorrow. “I am learning

many lessons" is an expression which occurs once and again in his letters; and it came up again on his deathbed; being one of the few low utterances that were audible. He could not speak out to tell what the lessons were, but he was learning them to the last, and listening to "the still small voice" of the Comforter, when incapable of hearing any other.

A glimpse of what, perhaps, was passing through him we get in the following letter from a young friend who worked with him in the previous spring:—"Do you know that the last Sunday that I walked with Mr. Dodds to the Grenelle hall we talked of nothing all the way but of going to be with Christ. He began the subject, saying suddenly, 'Miss —— do you think about *dying* as much as ever?' I said yes, because I thought it must be far better than living; and I added something which made him smile. 'You must not' (he said) 'allow yourself to be carried away by your fancies too much; still, I do think that none of us realises the glory that is before us.' I asked, What does glory mean? and he answered, 'That which will perfectly satisfy.' Then came a question,—perhaps I ought not to have asked it, but I could not help it,—'Mr. Dodds, do you mean that you would like to die?' 'I should like to do God's will,' he answered. 'Yes; but supposing it was God's will for you to die?' 'Then I

should indeed be rejoiced.' His face was all lighted up, I remember, as he said this; and selfishly enough I cried out, 'Oh, I hope you won't though.'"

This was a rare instance in which he spoke of death; though he often spoke of the Lord's coming. He had no morbid wish for the grave, nor presentiment of early death. Rather were all his plans and anticipations those of one looking forward to long life and usefulness. Perhaps he would have been less surprised had these plans been cut short by the Lord's coming, than in the way they were.

The same friend continues:—"The first time I ventured to tell him about what I felt, and to ask him questions, he said: 'I think we ought to rejoice in the thought of the Lord's coming; I like to wait and watch.' 'Then, if you rejoice at the thought of Christ's coming to you, don't you rejoice at the thought of your going to Christ?' He replied, 'You mean death. The Bible does not speak so much of that. But in either case, we shall be with Christ, and that is the chief thing.'"

Many will remember the last meetings in the summer of 1882. They were remarkable. "I go to Grenelle" (writes a worker a year afterwards), "every Sunday night. The meeting is smaller now than it used to be; but, oh, it is good to see some of those who decided for Christ last year, so steadfast and so

happy." But several have already gone up to join their teacher: not only the old man at Gare d'Ivry, and the children's friend, Madame Tamajo, but others.* Yet most, of course, still remain here, and speak in tears of their love and their loss. "One nice man," writes Miss C., "told us with tears he had lost his best friend; that he had never loved any one as he loved Mr. Dodds. This was the man whom Mr. Dodds visited that last Saturday night at Grenelle." And some months after Mr. M'All writes:—"I was at Grenelle last Thursday. At the close of the meeting one and another came round me to speak of him with the tenderest affection. One of them, a tall, stalwart, well-dressed workman, came up with his wife. The wife traced her conversion to the meetings of Lord Radstock. The husband said, with the deepest feeling, 'Mr. Dodds was my spiritual father; I shall never, never forget him.' I believe this man

* Later on (14th July, 1883) Miss M. writes:—"Some over whom we rejoiced last summer have been called home,—two poor women at Grenelle, and Madame Vignon, the tall widow at St. Honoré, who never would give her address. She lived near St. Philippe de Roule, and all her family were in the church, but you know she never missed being at St. Honoré for months last year."

And another writes also:—"A Grenelle woman told me she had been *incrédule*, but that 'Cher Monsieur Dodds' had made her see everything differently, that now she knew that her sins were pardoned; and she ended so sweetly, 'Ah je l'ai beau coup pleuré.'"

was one of those at Grenelle who received Christ *during the last days* in which our dear departed one worked there, just before he left for Salbris."

As Mr. Moody's visit to Paris was one of the last things of which Mr. Dodds spoke when he was laid prostrate, I may here add a few sentences regarding it—though, in doing so, I am anticipating a little. It took place just about a month after Mr. Dodds' death. Mr. Dodds had hoped to be at these gatherings; though I doubt whether, even if he had been spared, his strength would have been equal to the strain. Some movement that would draw English, American, and French Christians together, uniting them in one earnest effort that would tell, not on Paris only, but on all France;—this was what his heart was set upon. But this was what he was denied. How much he would have rejoiced in the immense gatherings in the Oratoire, and still more in joining the song of the multitude night after night,—we may imagine. How eagerly and wisely he would have ministered to the inquirers that flocked around, telling them the good news in his own terse and explicit way, and patiently answering all their questions and doubts, we may conceive. But at present all that is hidden from us.

The following account is from a letter of one of the workers, dated 23rd October, 1882:—

“PARIS, 23rd October, 1882.

“The last fortnight, as you know, was ‘Moody and Sankey fortnight,’ three meetings a-day, besides two after-meetings, and rushes down to our ‘parishes’ to get up French or English audiences, and various other matters between keep us all frightfully busy till near midnight.

“Moody was doubtful at first about the *French* meetings, and did not like to be translated; but after the two days of trial he went on for a week, and was so delighted with the enthusiasm of the French especially that he declared he would have, *if young*, given his life to France.

“I watched the 5000 *crammed* into the old church of the Oratoire,—queer old place,—and yesterday (Sunday) every seat and available *standing* room was filled; for some time the people refusing to leave. Mr. Moody said he had never seen such an audience,—they would not go home, and he almost thought of beginning another sermon. It was grand to hear the swelling ‘Hallelujah! what a Saviour!’ ‘Hallelujah! quel bon Sauveur!’ taken up in English and French together as the chorus, and so on with other hymns. It was strange, but touching and *remarkable*, that the platform of the choir led by Sankey was placed exactly over the last resting-place on earth of dear Mr. Dodds. His coffin stood *there* during the funeral service, and the songs of triumph seem to rise with his spirit from that spot in the centre of the hall.

“Workmen and others from most of the M‘All halls were there, and joined heartily in the singing; indeed, but for *them* the choir alone would have sung; but the general way in which the singing was taken up in *French*, showed the numbers who came from the M‘All *réunions*. Many received blessing and conversion, or assurance they had not enjoyed before, and the effect on the pastors, evangelists, Protestants, and Catholics, seemed very great, quite a stir in many quarters. There were many of the upper classes present, and conversions

both at the Oratoire and the American Chapel, also crammed at 3 P.M.—no standing-room left—with English and French. M. Théodore Monod translated exceedingly well.”

Here is another—

“PARIS, 24th October.

“As night after night we stood or sat in that great assembly in the grand old church of the Oratoire, where a few weeks ago we mourned for him who has been taken from us, I could not help thinking of life from the dead ; and how, though so sorely missed here, as many testified in these grand meetings, he was rejoicing in this reaping time. On the very spot where the coffin rested, on the 14th September, a dear woman of St. Honoré, for whom Mr. Dodds had prayed specially, told us that she had found the Saviour : ‘Je l’ai trouvé maintenant.’ She said Mr. Dodds had helped her so much. It was good to see her peace and joy.

“It was most touching to hear the whole assembly join in the chorus : ‘Take me as I am,’ ‘Prends moi tel que je suis,’ in both languages, then separately. ‘All the English!’ now, ‘All the French!’ Mr. Moody by this time, standing on a chair right in the middle of the church, keeping time with both hands, his countenance beaming with joy. You would have rejoiced to see Réveillaud, Hirsch, Meyer, Cooke, also beaming and joining heart and soul in the refrain while exchanging glances of satisfaction and wonder. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and such as the stately old church has never witnessed before. That night, however, the crowd seemed too great to get *at* the people so much as the previous night when there was a great deal of personal dealing.”

A single sentence more as to these peculiar scenes ;—

“On the platform where the coffin had rested, the choir stood and sang praise, during those meetings, and there the anxious ones came forward to be spoken to. Two sisters, well-dressed, were seen sitting on the step weeping bitterly. ‘Are you weeping for your sins?’ said a worker. ‘Oh no—they are pardoned. We are weeping at the thought of dear Mr. Dodds.’ ‘Was it by his means you were brought to Christ?’ ‘We have attended the Grenelle meeting regularly, and helped the singing, ever since he used to go there, but it was *his death* that brought us to Christ.’”

The marble monument subsequently erected by the subscriptions of more than a thousand of his Paris *ouvriers* is a testimony to their affection. The little Passy cemetery in which it stands will be visited by many from other lands who knew and loved him personally; as also by the many more who, though not knowing himself, knew his work. Many Continental cemeteries contain the ashes of Scotchmen,—Leghorn, Rome, Clarens, Geneva. Here is another. The Scot has been “abroad” in more ways than one, and for more services than one. Here is a spot which he occupies with singular honour. Of such sons Scotland has no reason to be ashamed. In monuments like these she may truly rejoice. The “*Monumentum ære perennius*” is to be found in his self-denying work among the poor. Number up the stations throughout France; number up, if you can, the souls gathered in; number up, if you can, the blessings which have been poured upon his memory

from the loving *ouvriers* whom he led out of unbelief into faith, out of darkness into light ; and then say, “*Si monumentum quæris circumspice.*”

But I return to the narrative. The scene in the Oratoire will not soon be forgotten. The procession of humble *ouvriers* through the streets of Paris has told upon many. The inscription on the marble tombstone has been read by many, and will be read by many more. The tears shed over his grave will bear witness to the affection with which he was regarded. The whole array of events and circumstances, both of his life and death,—so singular and sad,—so out of the common beat,—will perpetuate his memory and make spectators ask, some in faith and some in despondency, Why was it thus ? So, doubtless, reasoned and mourned the disciples over the Baptist’s early grave. Yet no sooner was he taken than twelve were sent out to preach the Gospel, and to lift up the standard that had dropped from his hand.

On the following Sabbath, Dr. Masson, of Edinburgh, preached in the Scotch Church, and gave a loving testimony to the character of his departed fellow-countryman. Dr. Masson was among the first that called attention to the M’All Mission, some eight or nine years ago, in a long and most graphic letter to the editor of the *Scotsman* ; and he has all

along manifested his interest in the work. The funeral sermon for Mr. Dodds came very appropriately from his lips.

Mr. Campbell, of Aberdeen, for some time labouring in Paris as Scotch minister, took a deep interest in the work, and wrote most touchingly concerning the death of one to whom he was deeply attached, and who, I have good reason to know, was no less deeply attached to him. Let me give part of his letters to one of the Aberdeen journals:—

“He threw himself into the work with extraordinary enthusiasm, though his enthusiasm was always directed by a singularly clear, calm, cool judgment. In a very short time he acquired such a knowledge of the French language that he could speak it with the greatest fluency, showing a perfect mastery both of its perplexing idioms and subtle accent. While devoting his chief energy to the special work of the M'All Mission in Paris, he made his influence to be felt by all the Protestant Churches of France, many of whose clergy would, I know, gladly acknowledge how much they have owed to his sage counsels and the contagion of his Christian zeal.

“Mr. Dodds combined in a degree rarely to be met with breadth of view and intensity of conviction. He himself had a clear vision of the truth—he himself stood upon a rock, but none were more kindly, more sympathetic in dealing, as few were better qualified to deal, with those who were still groping—still tempest tossed. His power of work was amazing. The work he crowded into his day made it difficult often to believe that his day had only twenty-four hours in it, like other people's. Yet, however busy he was—and he could not be but busy; with one meeting at least every day, except Satur-

day, often two, always three on Sunday, a vast correspondence, the principal charge after Mr. M'All of all the Mission stations in Paris and its immediate neighbourhood (there are nearly forty of them), a magazine to edit, and much other literary work—he always found time to spare to enter with the keenest interest into all that interested his friends, and, if they were in trouble, to help them. For the English-speaking ministers in Paris, it somehow seemed the most natural thing in the world when they were in any difficulty, wanting some one to lecture or some one to preach, to apply to Mr. Dodds. He never failed them. Whatever his own burden might be, he could always take a lift—a good lift—of his neighbour's burden.

“He will be greatly missed in Paris ; he will be missed by the whole Anglo-American community, by whom he was universally respected and beloved ; he will be especially missed by the members of the Scotch Church, where he himself worshipped and often officiated both as minister and elder ; he will be missed by the French Protestant Churches, whose interests he did so much to advance ; he will be missed all through France by men in all ranks to whom the Gospel as preached by his lips came charged with a message from God ; he will be missed by a wide circle of friends in Scotland, England, and America, to whom his home in Paris, where he dispensed a simple hospitality with so rare a grace, was always open ; of how he will be missed by a narrower circle—wife and children—I cannot trust myself to speak.

“But it is the M'All Mission that will most feel his loss. The faith and Christian courage of its director are, it is well known, equal to almost any strain, but I do greatly fear the effect upon his health of such a blow as is implied for him in the death of Mr. Dodds, who was as his right hand. I do not believe that the work will permanently suffer. We are often ready to say of a work that it hangs upon this man or that,

and God takes them away just to teach the Church that it hangs upon Him. Still the death of Mr. Dodds will undoubtedly be a great blow to the Mission, already undermanned. But it may be that some who, though they heard the voice of my lamented friend pleading eloquently for the Mission to which he had devoted his life gave no response, will feel that they cannot resist the voice that comes from his grave. It is in some such hope as this I pen these words and ask of you a place for them.

“DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

“*late Chaplain of the Scotch Church, Paris.*

“7 HAMILTON PLACE, 12th September, 1882.”

My old and very dear friend, Dr. A. N. Somerville, late of Glasgow, but now “evangelist of the world,” wrote to me on the occasion. He had been in Paris more than once, and had seen the Mission and the workers. His affectionate letter I must give entire :—

“MANSEFIELD, BROUGHTY-FERRY,

11th September, 1882.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — This is a dreadful blow that has fallen on us all. We were stunned as we read in the *Dundee Advertiser* this morning of the unexpected departure from among us of your dear son-in-law. Jesus has received him. Yet, what a stroke this is on wife and children, on Mr. M’All, on France, and, I will say, on the Church at large !

“Mr. Dodds’ astonishing energy, his zeal and good sense, his rapidly-acquired mastery of the French language, his ability in conducting meetings and in managing, along with Mr. M’All, such a gigantic undertaking as that to which the Mission has grown, as well as the sound evangelical strain of his addresses, commended him to the admiration and the

affection, too, of all who knew him. I feel for Mr. M'All. His heart must be sinking in this hour of bereavement.

"Alike in France and when abroad, Mr. Dodds' indefatigable activity and genial manner did much to promote the general interests of the Mission. In five short years, and while yet in his youth, Mr. Dodds had attained to great eminence as a labourer for the welfare of a *whole country*. We tenderly sympathise with Mrs. Dodds and the fatherless. Your own heart and that of Mrs. Bonar must be bowed with grief. Private sorrow is, however, almost swallowed up in the greatness of public loss. The Lord liveth. Our eyes must be set on Him. He, who has so suddenly bereft, must be our stay. He has consolation to give in the darkest hour. I am here for a day or two with my son. With warm affection, I am, yours always, A. N. SOMERVILLE."

From Mr. M'All I received the following warm and touching letter:—

"PARIS, 11th September, 1882.

"MY DEAR DR. BONAR,—My heart fails me as I seek to write to you. I am sure you know already what I would fain tell you of the *affection* I bore to your dear son-in-law, of the *intimately close tie* I felt to subsist between us, cemented by a considerate, self-oblivious course of action on his part towards me, such as only a loving confidence, of which I ever felt myself but too unworthy, could have dictated. It is, indeed, one of my own—my right hand—that God has thus mysteriously taken away. For the great work, he was its spiritual force and centre, its hope, its *future*, so we all deemed! Daily he became more and more a wise and far-seeing counsellor. Alas! how I feel myself *left alone*; human help fails. He, who has taken away, alone can interpose. It is true that my dear colleague had exerted himself immensely during my absence. His zeal had superabounded, his after-

meetings had awakened deep interest, and were yielding evident spiritual fruits, his little time of needed repose had fully come ; but, on my return, I found him full of hope and force, only looking pale and somewhat worn. On any human estimate, had he not been permitted to take that poison, so unsuspectingly, he would to-day be looking onward to his speedy return to the work he loved so much. The very last words he spoke to me, on the night before his departure, were full of cheerful anticipation.

“I cannot tell you how deeply he had come to be esteemed and prized and loved by the people of our various meetings. In the stations to which his chief care was given he had become, indeed, a spiritual guide and overseer. I observed also that, in every case, where he was enabled to give special attention, the work, by God’s blessing, prospered. He had also won a very large share of warm affection from the French pastors. They had come to recognise his great abilities and his true devotion. But you know all this already. Still, it is a kind of relief to recount it to you.

“What shall I say respecting what he was in the *inner circle*, or what he was *to me*? I have often wondered how he bore with me in many things, how patient he was, how considerate when our estimate of any point might differ. We feel, indeed, that one of *our own* is taken away—*my right hand*. I can say no less! From the first day of his arrival in Paris to the last hour he was unwaveringly faithful to the work and to its direction. I always felt and delighted to say, ‘I have in him one in whom I can confide absolutely, without a shadow of reserve.’

“Our heart bleeds for dear Mrs. Dodds, but we know that the Divine arm will be around her and the little children. I cannot tell you, dear Dr. Bonar, what we feel for you and Mrs. Bonar, words fail me altogether. I would rather press your hand *in silence*, while we silently commend each other

and the smitten family, and the work so dear to us, to Him who alone sees beyond this mystery of mysteries.

"Receive, dear Dr. Bonar, for Mrs. Bonar, for yourself, for your family, the assurance of our true affection in Jesus Christ, and of our prayer that His precious love may be the balm of your hearts in this mournful hour!—Ever yours,

"R. W. M'ALL."

One of his fellow-workers, Mr. John Robertson, had frequent opportunities of becoming most intimately acquainted with him. Not long before his death they were returning together from a late meeting at Gare d'Ivry, and as they were walking along Mr. Dodds complained to his friend of his extreme weariness of body, saying "I am so tired to-night." This brief expression of exhaustion Mr. Robertson remembered after his death, and expanded into the following vivid and tender lines:—

"TIRED.

"In Memoriam.

"I'm so tired to-night."—*The late Rev. G. T. Dodds.*

"O Master, I am tired, so tired to-night,
So fierce the fray each weary hour from morn,
So heavy, heavy felt the armour worn—
I drag myself, dear Master, from the fight,—
Tired, so tired !

"Hadst Thou not met me in the morning here,
And given that kiss of love before I went,
That little hour of sweet communion spent
Alone with Thee, I would have dropped, I fear,—
Tired, so tired !

“ But that kept with me as I faced the foe,
The lingering thrill of Thine embrace of love,
The strength of one at least, to raise above
The Babel sounds a voice for Thee, although
Tired, so tired !

“ Ah, me, the Sodom throng that pressed and yelled ;
Ah me, th’ enfeebling blow and dimming aim ;
Ah me, the hellish hate to that dear name,
That told who gave the flashing blade I held,
Tired, so tired !

“ And not unwounded, Lord—the darts so fast
Did pierce me deep, and paining here and here,
Wound after wound—Ah, Lord, the shuddering fear
Of failure and of falling mine at last,
Tired, so tired !

“ But for a moment only, swift the eye
And heart were upward, and I saw Thee stand
For me, as Stephen did, at God’s right hand ;
For me, for me, Thy victory-place on high.
Tired, so tired !

“ And it is over now ; the ‘ rest awhile,’
Dear Master, now I seek—give me that rest
So soft, so sweet, so gentle, on Thy breast,
The lying down with Thine approving smile,
Tired, so tired !

“ Thou giv’st, dear Master, peace, Thine own deep peace
Is mine to-night—oh, joy for me to be
Thus calmly waiting yon eternity,
When fighting, fearing, fainting, all shall cease—
Tired, so tired !

“Ah, yes, dear Lord, soon, soon the tumult wild
Of this earth’s struggle over ; at my gate
I’ll see Thy heavenward Israel-chariot wait,
And hear Thy ‘Now come home with Me, My child,’
‘Tired, so tired !’

* * * * * * *

“And now we’ve seen it come, and upward he
Has mounted with the King, and we below
Strain anxious eyes to see our brother throw
His mantle downward—O our God to see !
Tired, so tired !

“Yes, weary we too, Master—sorely pressed
On every hand, and now our fainting soul
Lifts prayer to Thee for help—is not the whole
Work Thine ? Then help ! It comes !—now, brother,
rest !
Tired, so tired !”

“J. R.”

Widely had the Mission made itself known in all parts of the world, and well had its workers been appreciated. But the death, so strange and sad in all its circumstances, made it still more widely known, sending out the tidings of it everywhere, not only through the religious journals, but through the various channels of the non-religious press. All related the event with sympathy, and had some kindly words to say for the Mission and its workers. The death was spoken of as no common one, and the

Scottish minister well described, as one who had really given up his life in the prosecution of a noble cause. The correspondents of the different newspapers gave it in their letters as a piece of mournful intelligence. The correspondent of an Indian journal was in Paris at the time, and writes his impressions of the funeral. He had been present at a funeral in the beautiful chapel of the Russian Embassy,—the funeral of the girl who shot herself in the presence of the Duc de Morny. The ritual, he says, was rich and impressive. Piles of flowers covered the coffin; hundreds of lights; clouds of incense; strains of melancholy music. The chief mourner was the man who had cast off the poor girl; and his presence made the scene, however attractive, loathsome. So it appeared to the correspondent of the *Lahore Gazette*, who, having witnessed this gorgeous mockery in the morning, was present on the afternoon of the same day at Mr. Dodds' simple but solemn funeral. He thus writes:—

“What a contrast to all this sickening pomp and gorgeous ritual was another funeral that I witnessed the same afternoon, amid the severe simplicities of the Protestant ritual, in the Oratoire of the French Protestant Church! There lay the remains of a Scottish clergyman who had given his life for France, even in a higher sense than was ever done by the bravest of the old Scotch Guard. The late Mr. Dodds, of the M'All Mission in Paris, was a man who might have taken a

high place in the best livings of his native Scottish Church. But he had consecrated himself to the unostentatious labours of the Paris Mission. In French or German, as readily and as fluently as in English, he might, every day of the week, be found at his post, striving, as he was wont to phrase it, to win souls to Christ from these 'white fields of France.' He was so completely exhausted by a life of consecrated toil that he speedily succumbed to the illness from which the rest of his family recovered. The two funerals formed almost a perfect contrast. The ceremonials in church could not have been more entirely different even if the one were a wake and the other a wedding. And just as entirely different were the two funeral processions through the streets of Paris. To the funeral of the poor young actress the whole strength of the Théâtre Français turned out in handsome mourning coaches, drawn by sleek Belgian horses. And all the way to Père la Chaise there was all the pageantry of a public funeral. The other funeral was followed by a couple of cabs filled with the weeping ladies of the Mission, while a long, solemn train of humble converts, on foot, with the looks and tears of genuine sorrow, brought up the rear. These adherents of the M'All Mission were but as yesterday among the worst of the dangerous classes in Belleville and Montmartre. Altogether, it was a strange and suggestive spectacle."*

From America came numerous letters. I can only give an extract from that of Dr. Beard:—

To Mr. J. DICKSON DODDS from Dr. BEARD.

"SYRACUSE, 7th November, 1882.

"... I cannot yet write concerning your brother without

* From the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, 10th November 1882.

inexpressible sadness. The mystery of Providence as the weeks move on is none the less to me. We came into close relationship, when your brother was here, in the plans for his daily tours and conferences, and often he was greatly fatigued, as we all were. But never for a moment was there any modification of his Christian character, and no variance—not the slightest—from the constancy of his nobility and the beauty of a character under the control of a supreme love and faith. We were together most intimately, and the whole intercourse and companionship was unblemished by a single difference of judgment, or by a word that we could have wished recalled.

“I never witnessed a greater fervour of devotion, regulated by cool judgment and steadied by prayerful purpose, in any man. I learned to know as well as to love him. He charmed every one by the felicity of his interpretations of M. Réveillaud’s addresses. They were somewhat difficult to render.

“Dear Mr. Dodds was doing the work of many when I was in Paris. I expostulated with him, but his heart was aflame with zeal. The morning he left for the country where he died, he wrote to me, saying, ‘I *need* the *rest*, and really I am far from well.’

“Oh, he was a noble, splendid man ! I count it among the richest inheritances of my life that I knew him. Often *his* faith made me ashamed of mine. He both humbled and inspired me by his consecration. His picture, which I keep where I can see it daily, quickens me to fidelity and earnestness.”

From Canada came the following from Mr. Heine, who laboured in Paris for some months:—

“How well I remember the bright moonlight when we walked across Paris from the Grenelle Salle. To cheer me,

he spoke freely of the perplexity of heart he sometimes had felt before coming to Paris, but he readily and gladly bore witness to the fact that the Lord had opened up the way and made all plain, and, he added, 'The Lord will do the same for you, fear not.' We talked of the Lord's coming, he telling me how much joy he had in looking for his Lord to come at any time. That night shall not now be forgotten by me."

From one of the French pastors, M. Degremont, came the following, relating to Mr. Dodds' visit to Boulogne in the spring of 1882:—

"8th October, 1882.

"We did not forget at our meeting the stroke which has fallen in so unexpected a manner on your Mission, and the remembrance of several evenings which Mr. Dodds had been able to give to Boulogne made us realise more the greatness of your loss. Some who attend the meeting told me that at his last visit Mr. Dodds sang the Hymn 138 as a solo and playing his own accompaniment. The impression produced must have been great, for on my return from England these friends begged me to let them sing this same hymn, of which, unfortunately, I had not the music at that time. They repeated their request lately; and, thanks to the new edition of your hymn-book, they have learned this hymn which they often ask me to sing. They call it now 'Le Cantique de Monsieur Dodds.

""CANTIQUE 138.

""Quand le ciel devient menaçant,
Parle, Ô Christ, Ô mon Roi.
La crainte cesse en t'écoutant :

"Rassurez-vous, c'est moi !
C'est moi ! C'est moi," "

From two letters of his friend, Mr. Keene, I extract the following passages :—

“7th October, 1882.

“Away from home in London we heard first of the terrible loss of your beloved husband, my dear friend. What he was to me in kindness, in advice, in brotherly affection ! I count it one of the greatest blessings of my life to have met him and to have been allowed to call him ‘friend.’ His vigorous, self-sacrificing life, with all his humility and gentleness drew every one invariably towards him and made one long to be more like him. I have not yet fully realised that he is gone from us, but I found in trying to speak to my people (who so short a time ago had listened to his words) of his noble life and work, how great a loss is mine.”

Referring to the time spent near Liverpool :—

“31st December, 1882.

“We were not at all thrown together, but I occasionally met him at Bank House, and it was impossible to meet him even occasionally and not discover the real nobility of his character. In talking with him he drew one out insensibly, and made one’s crude remarks the germs of meditation on something good and great, while wonderful appreciation of others’ sorrows showed the depth and kindness of his heart.

“I send you two letters—what a characteristic one that is from Lyons ! What a charming correspondent he was. A letter from him was indeed like talking to him for he always *answered* one.”

I should have liked to print several of his addresses ; but space limits me. They are full of

the Gospel ; yet some of them have peculiar subjects and titles. He knew how to tell the "good news" and to show how a believed Gospel brings immediate peace, without waiting or working. It had proved good news to himself, and he made it good news to others. He knew also the French character and modes of thought, and he suited his illustrations accordingly. He was very particular about this. He must not only tell the story well, but he must illustrate it carefully. He must not only illustrate it, so as to suit a Scotchman's line of thought, but so as to recommend it to a Frenchman's taste. *He took great pains in illustration*, feeling how much of the success of his message depended upon this. To get into a Frenchman's *conscience* was his great object. To please him *æsthetically* by well-drawn pictures, or by preaching a Gospel of sweetness and beauty, was a secondary thing.

Sometimes the English Bible was his theme, making use of the rush after the Revised Version as a proof of the wondrous popularity and interest of this book, which Frenchmen do not read. Again, he took up the Bible as the basis of American prosperity; again, the "Pilgrim Fathers;" again Chicago—its engineering wonders and its fire. The titles of some other addresses were the following:—

Le plaisir est il l'objet de la vie ?

La science, est elle l'objet de la vie ?

On ne se moque pas de Dieu.

Jésus Christ ne ressemble à aucun homme.

L'humilité de Jésus Christ.

La sainteté de Jésus Christ.

La spiritualité de la religion de Jésus Christ.

La lutte intérieure.

It was not usual for him to give out a text as the basis of his address. He had a text in his own mind ; but it came last, and after the interest of his audience had been worked up.

He began to write addresses from the first ; but sometimes relieved himself by reading a pointed tract ; sometimes he gave the substance of a book he had been reading. The "Life of Livingstone" furnished him with many a lesson. An address, of course, would serve several meetings ; and after its delivery, he invited the criticism of his fellow-workers, that he might perfect his style. He very soon threw aside his "papers," for he found that a French audience, above all others, must be attracted by the eye of the speaker. Though he soon gained facility in speaking "extempore," yet his subject was always carefully thought out ; and his addresses were written out, though only in outline. The filling up with life and fire, or it might be with new thoughts, was reserved for the delivery. The titles already

given are general; but the usual run of addresses was pointed and telling, such as—

Êtes vous prêt ?

La porte étroite.

Cherchez l'Éternel.

Le besoin du pardon.

Trésor caché.

Douceur de Jésus Christ.

Venez a moi.

Le fils prodigue.

Le bon berger.

He preached a free Gospel; but he preached also an unchangeable law; and dwelt on special sins, such as he knew his audience specially needed to be warned against. In his last year he was earnestly bent on explaining to his people the great truths of the Gospel,—atonement, substitution, and the like,—in a popular form. Every illustration that he could lay hold on he pressed into the service, anxiously desirous that the souls he was gathering in should not only know the Lord Jesus, but be able to give a reason for their faith and hope. How to lead on those “little children” into the manhood of intelligence and faith was a difficult problem, and one which he was only labouring to solve, when he was called away. All that he had read, in science, philosophy, physiology, history, was laid under contribution, in the

one great work to which his life was dedicated—lighting up the mind of the French *ouvrier* with the knowledge of the Gospel.*

His daily dealings with the *ouvriers* had brought very specially under his notice the state of what he calls the “French conscience,” as deadened or rather utterly effaced by Popery. He found he had *no conscience* to appeal to in his conversations and addresses. Rome, as he tells us once and again in his letters, had done this deadly work, making things to be sin which were no sin, and things not to be sin which were sin. This *degeneracy of conscience* had become hereditary; and the long-disused moral faculty had ceased to exist, had dropped out of the system. He felt this state of things most deeply, and was greatly perplexed how to meet it. Hence a good deal of his

* He dreaded the inroads of “free-thinking” among the converts, for France has had enough of unbelief. Lovers of the ancient creeds need to be on their guard against the insidious undermining of modern speculation, whether in Scotland or in France. “Advanced thought” would like to build a tower of Babel, and is now burning its bricks, or rather gathering together stones from all heathen temples. It is busy, as a preliminary, in levelling the temples of Christianity and clearing away the Biblical rubbish which occupies the ground at present. When this is done, we shall hear the old cry, “Go to, let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach to heaven.” How far they may be allowed to proceed in this work of demolition and construction before confusion overtakes them must be decided by Him whose name they are dishonouring, and whose Book they are assailing. Their confusion may come sooner than they think.

preaching was aimed at this terrible evil. But I may here ask, is it Rome only that has tampered with the conscience? And is not the tendency of modern thought working in the same direction? The annealing of the *conscience* by unbelief produces much the same result as the searing of it by Romanism. In both cases the difficulty of reaching it is great. Self-satisfaction is the hopeless condition to which both of these, though in different ways, reduce the spiritual system. Deterioration of conscience is a more disastrous ailment than many may be disposed to admit.

I must make room for, at least, a fragment of one of his discourses. Its title is "Justification." He had begun by drawing a vivid picture of Paul,—a man worthy surely to be heard on such a subject, for the ruling thought of his life was righteousness. He paints Paul the Pharisee,—righteous as to the law; then Paul the Christian,—his whole conception of righteousness changed:—

"Oui," he exclaims, "Oui ! nous l'affirmons, à haute voix,—la paix, la véritable paix, ne peut venir des œuvres. Si vous restez dans l'indifférence et dans le vague, vous pouvez être en paix comme tant d'autres en vous disant que vous êtes un honnête homme, &c. ; mais pour peu que la question du salut vous préoccupe, jamais vous ne serez tranquille en le cherchant dans les œuvres, car vous craindrez toujours de n'en avoir pas assez fait. Voyez ces gens

qui ont passé leur vie à se torturer d'austérités. Leur histoire n'est qu'un long argument contre le salut par les œuvres. Pourquoi y revenaient-ils sans cesse, à ces austérités, à ces tortures? Pourquoi les plus pieux, au lit de mort, auraient-ils voulu vivre encore pour se torturer encore? Parcequ'ils n'avaient pas confiance, au fond, en l'efficacité de ces œuvres douloureuses. Ah s'ils avaient seulement réalisé ce que Dieu dit :

“N'est-ce pas moi l'Eternel ! Il n'y a point d'autre Dieu que moi. Je suis le seul Dieu juste et qui sauve. Tournez-vous vers moi, et vous serez sauvés : vous tous qui êtes aux extrémités de la terre.”

“Dieu sauve et Dieu justifie sans les œuvres par la mort salutaire de Jésus Christ. Etant donc justifié par la foi, nous avons la *paix* avec Dieu par Jésus Christ notre Seigneur. Un regard vers Jésus, un regard dégagé de la préoccupation des œuvres vous donnerait plus de paix que cent ans d'œuvres et de tortures.

“C'est par la chute d'un seul ou par l'offense d'un seul, que la condamnation a atteint tous les hommes,—*de même* par un *seul* acte de justice, la justification qui donne la vie s'étend à tous les hommes.

“Un seul, la justice d'un *seul*, la grâce d'un *seul*, l'obéissance d'un *seul*—4 fois du v. 15 au v. 19 la même idée et le même mot. Essayez de trouver là une place pour les mérites des saints. Voyez si St. Paul aurait pu mieux dire et redire que Jésus est seul absolument *seul*, l'ouvrier de notre salut.

“C'est par grâce que nous sommes sauvés. ‘Mais si c'est par grâce, ce n'est plus par les œuvres, car autrement la grace n'est plus grâce.’ Ah cette doctrine répugne à l'homme naturel, qui ne renonce pas facilement à compter sur ses œuvres : mais une fois comprise elle devient la source des plus pures joies. Il est infiniment plus doux de se sentir sauvé par l'amour de Dieu, et par le sang de Christ, que de s'imaginer qu'on le sera par soi-même et par ses œuvres.”

For a young man he had a remarkable library, in some respects quite unique. When the French Churches, on his return from America, presented him with a number of books, chosen by himself, his selection comprised the newest books of Pictet, works on the Indo-European languages, and the origin of history, Lenormant's "*La langue primitive de la Chaldée et les idiomes touraniens*," and five other works of this same author connected with Oriental philology; Pictet's "*Les Origines Indo-Européennes ou les Aryas primitifs*;" Hovelacque's "*L'Avesta, Zoroastre et le Mazdéisme*;" Marius Fontane's "*Histoire Universelle Inde Védique*;" Eichhoff's "*Grammaire Générale Indo-Européenne*;" Chabas, "*Études sur l'antiquité historique*;" Bernhardt's "*Gothische Bibel*;" Mospéro, "*Histoire Ancienne*." *

These are but a few of the many peculiar works to be found in his library. He had, indeed, little time for such studies as these volumes indicated. Yet he kept up his philology to the last. During the last two years his reading was chiefly done in a Paris

* Mr. Greig thus writes in reference to these matters:—"About his philological studies, I feel scarcely competent to speak; a glance at the list of books he took out from the University and New College libraries might help you more efficiently. Besides Müller and Sayce, he read Grimm, Bopp, Mäzner, Ficke, Swegler, and a number more, whose very names I cannot recollect. Then about Ulphilas, he read, or got me to read for him, literally everything that had been written on the subject."

omnibus. Even at night he would secure a seat at the further end of the car, close to the lamp, where he sometimes prepared an address, and sometimes studied some rare work of the day; for he had his eye upon all new publications of the philological or historical kind. He kept "abreast" with literature of every sort, much more than many who make it their boast to do so.*

He laid hold on every volume that came within his reach, though but for five minutes; and he had a great facility in mastering the contents of a book, and no less readiness in clearly stating his judgment on its contents. A man is known by his *books* as well as by his *friends*. By both Mr. Dodds was known. No less was he known by the books which he borrowed from acquaintances, or obtained from libraries. A list of these would be curious and illustrative, but too long for the pages of this volume.

A minister's library is a good index of the minister himself. Its shelves reveal his studies, his tastes, and his literary habits, and, not least, his spiritual condition. Light literature, ephemeral journals, novels, newspapers lying on his table, do not indicate the student or the man of thought. And

* He had his eye on all missions,—specially in the revived Churches of Asia Minor; keeping up correspondence with Djegigian and Jacopian, whom he had met in Edinburgh. The French mission in Africa also engaged his interest to the last.

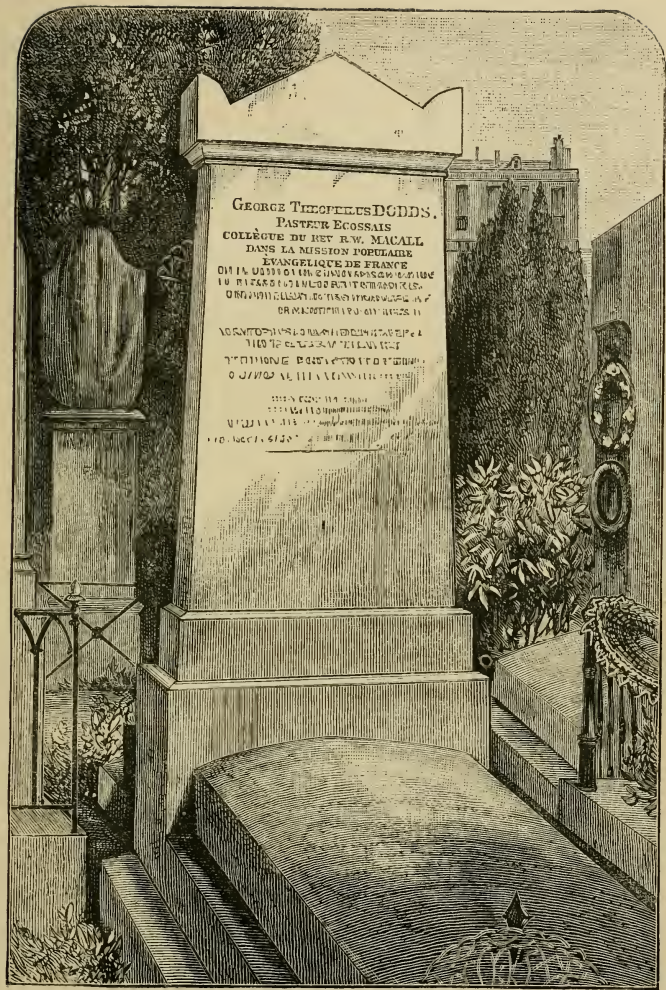
when a young man *begins* with superficial reading he generally goes on with it through life, or rather it grows upon him till it becomes a serious disease, emasculating his intellect, and hindering spiritual progress. Mental effeminacy is the result; an effeminacy but seldom shaken off in later life, if permitted to grow in youth. The power of robust thinking diminishes daily, and *thorough study* becomes irksome, if not impossible. Mr. Dodds' table did not groan under the weight of newspapers or the flying journalism of the day. He preferred something more durable. Even his "home" newspapers sometimes lay days on his table before he could find time to read them. The libraries of *men in earnest* are generally choice. Literary levities do not help them in their GREAT LIFE MISSION.

Farewell, brave soldier of the cross! Our intercourse is for a season broken up. Our walks in the Passy wood, or the Bois de Boulogne, are at an end. Our *voyages* on the quiet Seine are past; you resting from your labours, I, though more than twice your age, to remain a little longer here. Our walks on the green "fortifications," our *wanderings* through the intricate alleys, in which you were my guide, or the pleasant boulevards, or the romantic Buttes de Chaumont, or the sunny St. Cloud, or the splendid Versailles, cannot

now be repeated. Thy laborious five years in the two million city made thee thoroughly acquainted with every street and lane,—not going in pursuit of pleasure, but seeking the lost and building up the gathered ones. Thou retest from thy labour; and it was not too soon. For few have known so fully what toil and weariness are. Yes, thou retest, and thy works do follow thee. Paris will miss thee and will long remember thee. Not many, in so short a time, have so told upon the spiritual history, or made so deep a mark upon the religious life of a people.

“Life,” says a non-religious writer, “is a Divine matter, of sacred significancy; each life a wondrous verse in God’s Bible.” They who have felt the truth of this, and acted on it, have been men who have done something for their world as they passed through it; they who have never realised this have neither done nor spoken great things, but have gone through their earthly career, it may be idly, it may be busily, without telling upon their generation, or leaving any brightness behind them.

“An epistle known and read of all men” should every Christian reckon himself to be. “*Litera scripta manet;*” and the best of letters for generations yet to come is the legible and expressive life. The story of the soldier that fell in the breach will not be lost upon the comrades who survive.



Inscription on the upright stone :—

GEORGE THEOPHILUS DODDS,

PASTEUR ECOSSAIS,

Collègue du Rev. R. W. M^cALL,

Dans la Mission Populaire

Evangelique de France.

Où il a travaillé avec un devouement

admirable, pendant cinq ans

pour répandre la connaissance

de l' évangile.

Né à Lochee (Ecosse) le 2 Juin, 1850.

Mort à Salbris (Loir et Cher) le 9 Sep., 1882.

Ses collaborateurs

Et plus de mille personnes

Qui ont entendu ses chaleureux appels

Ont érigé ce monument à sa memoire.

On the horizontal stone :—

Je n' ai point honte de l' évangile

de Christ puisque c'est

la puissance de Dieu

pour le salut de tous ceux

qui croient.

S. PAUL. ROM. ch. i. v. 16.

Cela va bien, bon et fidèle serviteur. JESUS CHRIST.

S. MATT. ch. xxv. v. 21.

Heureux les morts qui meurent dans le

Seigneur. Ils se reposent de leurs

travaux, et leurs œuvres les suivent.

APOC. ch. xiv. v. 13.

IN JESU CHRISTO OBDORMIVIT.

APPENDIX.

ULPHILAS.

HIS monograph on Ulphilas was meant for publication, and perhaps may yet see the light. It is very elaborate and minute; but I could not venture to give a specimen of it here. There are, however, several important letters relating to it, addressed to his friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. C. E. Greig, that I should like to print as an appendix to the present volume. They will give the reader some idea of his philological studies and acquirements:—

“LESNEWTH RECTORY, BOSCASTLE,
CORNWALL, *27th April*, 1875.

“MY DEAR GREIG,—I got yours yesterday, and was glad to hear from you. I am in such an outlandish part of the world that I hear seldom, and at long intervals, from anybody. We are sixteen miles from Launceston, whence I, having come by train, was driven, on a lovely moonlight night, through a wild and open country, till we reached this charming rectory, considerably after decent evening hours. I am enjoying my stay here very much. Such a rest after all the toil and lectures of the session! I must congratulate you most heartily on having come

off with first-class honours, and hope you will be content with these, and not go mad after philosophy. About Sanscrit, I have had a great fancy to do something of that kind ; and I think that we may manage to do something together. But you are mistaken if you think me fit to teach it. I really did barely any work for Aufrecht after I was so knocked up in the end of January. It needed no end of application, which I had not strength to give. However, we might arrange to go over Aufrecht's notes, which are very good ; and then there is the charm of philology to add to the interest. So we shall say, 'Sidhis Sadyê,' 'success in all we are to do ;' or, if you are heathenish enough, you may add, 'Prasâdaltasya Dhurjatê,' 'by the favour of Siva ;' only the wish cannot be brought about unless you can pronounce these 'good old Sanscrit words' correctly. I must not, however, make you think that I have a great deal of time for it. . . . This is rather a romantic place. Arthurian legends cling with tenacity to the old castles, which are, of course, more real than the legends.

"I saw some old crosses the other day, some of them more than 1000 years old. A Saxon inscription on one was interesting, but I had not time to make it out. One was being hewn out by a farmer for a pig-trough ; the marks of the Vandal's tools are very visible. At the entrance to the churchyard—the lichgate (Germ. leich = corpse)—the old stocks are laid down, in which defaulters were held fast."

"EDINBURGH, 16th April, 1877.

"MY DEAR GREIG,—I set off this morning to find you,

but failed. Many thanks indeed, for your letter. You have just begun where I had reached to, and your results are valuable and of great help; but I suspect that you too may have to give in to Bessell's* subtle suggestions when you take the whole and look at it as one proof, the parts of which are mutually related. However, I am quite determined to take up his views cautiously; I think that there is too much of what the French term 'plaidoyer' in his method. Waitz† is not so critical as Bessell, who has the advantage there. At the same time, I feel that a man who turns up and proves to be wrong most of the contemporary historians, does go a little too far, and one is inclined to attempt a *harmony* of the historians' views rather than accept Bessell's emendations in their place. I am sure his way of treating the question of Ulfila's nationality at the end of the book is most unjustifiable, and might be used to destroy any similar evidence. I will let you have Bessell as soon as I have finished it. As long as that book is unfinished and uncomprehended, I am most uncomfortable, and as long as I delay finishing it, the rest of the work, with the exception of the part on the language, is delayed; so I must set to and finish this. I have a good deal in my head about the use of the word 'Naseins' and 'Nasjands'—'Salvation' and 'Saviour.' It has struck me very much how the idea of salvation being *health* took hold of the Teutonic mind. Even in the passage—'His name shall be called Jesus,' the Saxon gospels put Hælend, and never use, except, it may be, in one or two solitary instances, the

* Ueber das Leben des Ulfilas, Göttingen, 1860.

† Ueber das Leben des Ulfilas, Hann., 1840.

name Jesus, but always Hælend; of course it is the Greek καλός, and Sanscrit kalyas, literally and philologically *healthy*; cf. hale, hallow, whole—where, by-the-by, the ‘w’ should not be, or, if written, should be ‘hwhole’—Chaucer ‘hool,’ and has also ‘halwes’ for ‘saints;’ Scottice, Hallows, in ‘All-Hallows eve.’ But what is interesting is, that it shows not only their idea of salvation, but throws much light, in a philological point of view, on the theological subject of *holiness*. I have often thought of writing an article on the relations of Theology and Philology. Regarding holiness, compare ‘Salvus,’ Sanscrit ‘Sarva’ (r=l), Persic Harva; have these any connection with ὁλός, solus? If I remember, Aufrecht thought they had, also with these σώζω, σώω, σωτηρία, with sanus, sundheit, sound, and back again to Gothic ‘nisan,’ to heal, Germ. genesan. What is most notable in the whole is that holiness is ‘separation from,’ isolation; and so health is separation from disease, from the *unhealthy*; and so to be holy is to be separate. ‘For their sake I sanctify myself.’ I suspect Hebrew would yield much the same; ‘אָγιος’ would also: what about ὅσιος? Does it strike you that τέμενος, templum, a grove or a temple, is a piece of land cut off, separated; and so a temple is holy? How often the idea recurs! What do you think of this? It is a vein that might be worked.—I wrote to Bagster that it could not be ready till June, so if you come here in June I shall have a good deal of *stuff* for you to examine, I only hope it won’t be ‘unthoroughfaresome.’ D—— proposed that I should write to Upsala where the silver Codex is, and ask for a *rubbing* on tissue paper of the embossed por-

trait on silver of Ulfila ! and put it at the beginning of the volume. Nous verrons,—Yours ever very sincerely.”

“23rd May, 1877.

“MY DEAR GREIG,—I have been very busy with divers subjects and questions, and what with visiting and exhorting confirmed drunkards, and warning others that show evidence of having almost undergone that episcopal rite, and finally with sermonising, and reading Gothic literature, I am hard up for time. My experiences regarding Ulphila have been somewhat after the fashion of ‘O’er hills, o’er dales, o’er rocks, o’er crags, I go.’ It is truly a hilly country, and one can almost feel the necessity of ‘living a hundred winters,’ as these sturdy Teutonic Aryans expressed it, for the completion of such an investigation. I think you will change your mind on reading the whole of Bessell. I don’t see how you can safely form so decided an opinion as you gave after reading only a part. There is much said afterwards which is very clear. One thing damages Waitz : it is pretty evident that Maximinus *searched* the Codex Theodosianus for the laws, not knowing which to take, and even changed them to suit his purpose ; and again, Bessell pretty well shows that Philostorgius is after all the most accurately informed on Ulfila’s life, and its epochs and events. Though Bessell is very arbitrary in rejecting Philostorgius’ statement of the Cappadocian origin of Ulfila. I have got Massmann on the ‘Skeireins,’ a first-rate book. You seemed to think that *Hæland* might lead to the admission that there was no forensic element in the salvation plan. Now what has that to do with justification

any more than σωτήρ, or σώζω, or σωτηρία—the forensic element is found in δικαιοσύνη; the Gothic, *e.g.*, in Luke vii. 29, is ‘Domidedun Guth,’ ‘justified God,’ *i.e.*, recognised and *declared* Him just. Domjan is not only to ‘think one just,’ but to declare and give the privilege of *justification*. I do not see how any Anglo-Saxon idea of a forensic nature could be *shown*, or any prejudice against it *involved*, in the choice of such a word as Hæland. Such a conception is confined in the Greek to a different class of words, and so it would not be granting anything to M. Arnold to say that Hæland is not a forensic term, it would be tantamount to granting that the word Arnold itself was not forensic; but perhaps I don’t see what you are driving at. Would you like Bessell? if you could abstract part of it, it would be of the greatest service to me. I have gone over it most carefully, and though the whole question is not easy, he has the weight of evidence—well, I shall only say probability—on his side.”

“EDINBURGH, 20th July, 1877.

“MY DEAR GREIG,—I got your note this morning; your news is cheering and reassuring. I shall try and have the opponent of the ‘privat-docent’ Waitz abstracted also, and we shall have, I hope, an expiscation of the mystery. I shan’t be sorry if we can get a good fling at Bessell for his audacity and refined ingenuity. I hope also to have the notes about ‘Hæland’ and ‘Hallow,’ and ‘nasjan’ done. I am going to write to Aufrecht about some of these ‘good old vôrds’ he used to declaim to me in his private room, but I want to hear some more

of them. I find in a book by Schœbel, 'La Religion première de la race Indo-Iranienne,' that Persian 'harva,' Skr. 'sarva,' Latin 'salvus,' Greek 'ὅλος,' signifying in all 'completeness,' 'perfect isolation,' was used in the Persian word 'haurvatât,' 'immortality,' which shows how the root branches off into another idea than *salvus*, though here there remains a similarity also.

"Do you think that there is a connection between *δέχομαι* and *δικαιοσύνη*? It might be shown thus: 'dico' (i.e., 'deico' in old Latin) is Greek 'δείκνυμι'; the idea of *pointing* or *showing* giving rise to saying 'δίκαιος' is 'straight,' indicating the right; cf. our 'righteousness'—the same root is in 'δεξιός' the right hand, with which one points; but it is also in 'δέχομαι' to take, to receive—the hand we take with being the 'right hand' (in fact, I suppose *δέχομαι* is our 'take,' according to Grimm). Do you think this is made out? I have not got Curtius to verify, but my object is to lead to a comparison between 'a justified man,' 'δίκαιος,' and 'δεκτός,' approved (Phil. iv. 18 *θυσίαν δεκτὴν*), and then to the opposite 'ἀδόκιμος' 'reprobate,' 'rejected.' I don't know that I shall get Ulfila dragged into this, but it would be a good illustration of the connection of philology and theology; the same might be done for the Indian and Persian (Iranic) idea of 'holiness';—our white being 'Špento'—Š = H., p = v (n having crept in) we have Gothic 'Hweits.' I pray you to put a bridle on any of these speculations if they need it, but I think they are so far correct. Ever your very sincere friend."

“MILLDOWN, COLDINGHAM,
BERWICKSHIRE, 11th August, 1877.

“MY DEAR GREIG,—I came here last Thursday, half dead with packing and thinking, and have got quit of Edinburgh for a while; am in despair, having lost all this week with ague and intermittent fever—my old enemy; slowing recovering, and turning my attention to Ulfila. I enclose Aufrecht’s letter. Isn’t it a high honour to be asked by a philologue of European fame to go to the Western Islands and Shetland? probably he intends to bore the inhabitants about ‘good old vōrds,’ and make researches into the etymology of ‘fey.’ You will be amused at his saying that he has his own ideas as to the etymology of ‘Guth,’ but he has not published them yet; but he is no worse than Krafft, whose name should be English in its meaning, out of whom it seems impossible to get any information as to why he has changed his views from 318 to 313, and not to 311 A.D., though he has read that ‘privat-docent’s’ lucubration. I am glad that he gives a more satisfactory derivation for ‘nasjan,’ as I always felt that the comparison of sa-nus σά-ος and sound, and nasjan was far-fetched. Curtius gives νέ-ο-μαι, νό-σ-ο-μαι, νόσ-τος, which means ‘heimkehr,’ a name for death among Northmen. Νέσ-τωρ is ‘führer’ or ‘heimführer,’ a fine touch of feeling.

“Could you send me your abstract or extract of Bessell and Waitz, to be here by Thursday? I should be much obliged, as I must begin to do something to that part. Do you know anything about the use of νόστος, or connected verbs in Greek prose: what is Nestor’s exact mythological position? You can return Aufrecht’s note

when you like—that is, when you have laughed over it and laid up in memory these roots. I hope you are well, and enjoying a rest.”

The note of Aufrecht's referred to contains the following sentences :—

“Hailan is the literal rendering of *Salvare*, as hail of *salvus*. *Salvus* and *wllus* are ὅλος, Skr. *sarva*, Zend *hawrva*. *Salus*—’tis as in Sansk. *sarvatat*, Zend, *hawrvatat*, integrity. *Solus*, alone, has nothing in common with *salvus*. There is no etymology for *sarwa*.

“Nothing that is in any way probable has been produced about the etymology of *Guth*. The word was originally a neuter, which is remarkable. It has nothing in common with gods, or *gudh*, or *κεῦδω*, still less with *chota*. I have my own ideas about it, but have not published them yet.—Yours truly,

“H. AUFRECHT.”

“MILLDOWN, COLDINGHAM, BY AYTON,
17th August, 1877.

“MY DEAR GREIG,—I thank you very much indeed for your thorough work, and most kind help—the abstract is capital; both I shall find most useful, and shall make an elaborate acknowledgment of your services, somewhere between the beginning and end of the book! If Aufrecht had only given me a tithe of the help you have given about *Guth* I should be content.

“I am in rather a bad temper with my ague, having lost ever so many days thereby. As to the etymologies

of Guth which Aufrecht floors, I drew up the list, which makes it all the more mournful. He had no scruple in denying each of my suggestions, but would suggest nothing in return. Pictet in the 2nd volume of '*Les Aryas Primitifs ou Les Origines des Indo-Européennes*' gives a list. He says there is no co-relative in Oriental tongues (Aryan) to Guth, except it may be the Persian *chôda*. Burnouf refers to Zend *qadhata*, *i.e.*, *créé de soi-même* = Skr. *svadâta*; but Gothic 'g' cannot correspond to Zend 'q' or Skr. 'şv.' Pott gives Guth, cf. Skr. root *gudh* = *purificari*, but this would be 'hud' in Gothic, according to Grimm. Pictet hazards Skr. *gudh* = *guh* = Grk. *ξέυθ-*, *tegere*, *i.e.*, God a hidden being, and also compares Guth and root of 'to sacrifice,' *θύω χεύω χυτήρ*, Gothic *giutan*, to pour out (German *giessen*), and so on; but these I think are far-fetched. Do you know Pictet? it is a splendid work; what he says on the religion of the primitive Aryans is very good. I'm awfully ignorant of the numerals and their philology; hope to see you at Lochee.—Ever yours very truly, &c."

Post-card of 19th September:—

"ST. ANDREWS.

"MY DEAR G.,—Mrs. D. came yesterday, and brought your letter and your 'screed,' which is very good, and worthy of a better name: if I were remaining in this country you and I would turn out another Gabelenz and Loebe, and write conjointly on Wulfla! Atta is, I think, an onomatapoetic; I mean an infantine sound, like Abba. So Adelung thinks in his *Mithridates*, but he is antiquated. I shall make a last effort to dispose of Wulfla

completely, and likely shall take the MSS. with me to London to Bagster. After I have once corrected the proof-sheets in Paris, I shall leave it mostly in your hands, and you can put in any etymologies you like !”

The letter of 15th October is the most important, as showing the state of his work just before leaving for Paris :—

“MY DEAR GREIG,—You will think me an ungrateful scoundrel, but I’ve been mentally and heartily blessing you again and again these few weeks past. I wish to let you know how matters stand. I have been subject to endless interruptions, and in the prospect of soon going off am doubly busy, and often with anything but *Wulfila*. But the state of progress is this : I’ve finished *Wulfila’s life*, rather carefully done in scroll-pencil, twenty-six pages of common essay paper, I fancy, because it is on rough long sheets. I’ve got about fifty on the state of literature among the Goths (the question whether *Wulfila* invented the A B C or not, and all connected with it), the various MSS. and their history, which is a most engrossing part ; then a general review of the Version, its peculiarities, excellencies, the genius of the language, its graphic expression, its Greek order and idiom, the sources he drew from, &c. &c. I have still to write the philological discussion on special Gothic words used to express theological ideas, but that is already in notes, and its place is well in my mind ; that may come to forty pages more. I’ve got an account of the *Skeireins*, and a discussion on its authorship. Then, considerable notes

on the Goths ; their origin ; Christianity among them ; their Arianism. These notes are still to be reduced to a scroll, and the discussion on Bessell and Waitz, which I regard as very important as an *Erklärung* on the whole question, is still to be written, but that is at my fingers' ends. So that the book will contain, according to an approximate reckoning :—

	Pages.
“The Goths’ History and Religion,	35
Christianity, Introduction among Goths, including their Arianism,	20
Waitz and Bessell, A Discussion,	20
Life of Wulfila,	25
Introduction to Bible Version, General Examination of, and Estimate ; Discussion of Words,	80
The Arianism of Wulfila from the Version, Skeireins, and other Sources ; Auxentius ; Krafft’s ‘De fontibus Arianismi Wulfila,’ &c.,	30
As this is a narrow computation, add	10
	220

That is, of essay paper at least 200 pages, it may be boiled down to 150 in print. Now, my idea is this. I cannot get it finished before going to France. Whether is it better to finish completely what I’ve got so far, *i.e.*, write out for MSS. what I have in scroll, or write as much in scroll here as I can, and copy out in Paris ? I think the latter I must adopt. I’ll find time to copy, but not to study in Paris : indeed I fear I may have to

study for the first chapter at least. Now, I should have liked to have put some in your hands before I went away, but since I do not expect to do that now, I let you know; and my proposal is, that when I send it from Paris, you take it under review, and while I correct the proof sheets at least once, you will also keep an eye on it going through the press.

“I had no idea that it was a work of such labour and research. But though I am vexed at its being so late, I am determined it shall not be half done, or imperfectly. I wish it to be complete as far as possible, and I think I’ll manage it with your help. I think it might be out in February, 1878. I am in great haste, and must stop. I’m waiting results and news from France before I know when we shall go. Your MS. in the Magazine is very suggestive, and very good. I’ll send it soon. I’ve partly taken a hint from it, and from Max Müller, and prepared an account of the Goth’s life, and habits, and civilisation, &c., from the Version alone.”

From Paris :—

“Really I find that being here, and in such work, one’s mind and heart are truly enlarged. I am *not a whit* less a Presbyterian, but I am more and more disposed to sink those matters which so much divide us at home, and to join with every evangelical Christian who is seeking to advance our Redeemer’s kingdom. Here the elements of primitive Christianity come more into light and prominence, and we have less of the sterile features of religious controversy.

"I am not inclined to talk about Wulfila just now, and I have not much to say. I have not got it looked at since I wrote, and none of it is in a fit state for publication."

To his brother :—

"9th April, 1878.

"No one could be more sorry than I am about Ulfila, but it is unavoidable. Settling down and learning my work shoved every other thing out of the way, and week after week I expect to begin, and then engagements turn up, and nothing is done. It would be impossible to publish what I have just now. Only one chapter is written, the rest and most important part is entirely in notes. One cannot publish on a subject like that what is disjointed and imperfectly arranged. The philological and critical would not tolerate it.

"Now that my labours are less, I hope to get it looked at, and a little done day by day."

I give in a note here the following fragment of a letter regarding Ulfilas, though it is out of its proper date.*

Apart from philology, the different branches of sciences were taken up by him.

* "To Rev. T. B. D."

"27th March, 1877.

"Ulfila makes progress, but there is much to be done. His word for Redemption is *Faurbauht*—forbought; 'He forbought us.' For Justification or justify, the word is *Garaihts domjan*, to *deem* or judge righteous, a striking proof that he knew what forensic justification meant."

Chemistry was a great subject of interest to him at one period.

Among letters referring to his studies when with Mr. Wood's family is one to his sister, half amusing, half instructive. It is dated:—

“BANK HOUSE, MAGHULL,
FRIDAY, 17th November, 1871.

“Did I ever tell any of you about a moonstone which I took away, and which Mrs. Wood has offered to get set for me as a Christmas present?

“It seems that moonstones, agates, and opals are crystals which have become combined with water—the name of all these jewels is ‘silicon,’ or they may be called each a ‘silicate.’ An amethyst is a silicate coloured by some organic matter, or it would be quite colourless. When the amethyst is brown it is known as a cairngorm stone. When they have lost their transparency or brilliancy they are called calcedony and carnelian—that shows that some iron has found its way into them. The onyx, which makes cameos, is another kind of silicate with water in it. Again, flint, that hard substance, is just silicon with some colouring substance. Sand is silicon in powder; white sand is purest, and where it has a yellow or brown colour it is owing to oxide of iron. If you have ever noticed houses built of sandstone, coloured or stained in a very ugly manner here and there, you may be sure iron is in the stone, and has done it. You would hardly think that flint or silicon is found in many plants, especially grasses and cereals—that is, wheat, barley, &c.: it can easily be seen by looking at the outer sheaths of the stems—you

will observe shining particles, which are silicon, or flint, or sand ; so that flint, which is a very hard substance, and forms the greater part of the rocks, is also found in the frail and tender grass or reed. It is a remarkable provision for plants, for soils in which these cereals grow are found to contain a great amount of silicon ; and this proves that silica, so hard, is yet soluble, for plants never absorb through their capillary vessels substances which cannot be dissolved. Silica is found in the neighbourhood of hot springs, and coats the earth round about with a layer. Silica or sand, of course, makes glass, and glass when it cools is known to be good by its not crystallising. In some bad glass it does so, and then the glass becomes dark and opaque. So you see what a curious thing this silicon is—how it is so hard as to scratch glass, and yet is so soft under certain conditions that it can be obtained in the form of a jelly !

“I think you should be able to understand all this lecture, which I am going to give to my pupils in time ; you have got it first. I hope your German is prospering. I have been reading in philology a good deal, and may give you the results of my reading by-and-by. What would you think is the derivation of ‘bed-ridden’? I haven’t time to give you it fully, as it is close on post time. You should study that book you have, ‘*Craik on the English Language*,’ well, especially the specimens at the end of Old English. Also, if you could get hold of ‘*Trench on Words*’ you would find it very interesting, or ‘*Max Müller’s Lectures on the Science of Language*.’ I must stop, and with love to all.—Ever your affectionate brother.”

II.

I add in this Appendix some miscellaneous letters which I omitted in their proper place :—

“ NEWHAVEN, CONN., U.S.

Monday, 10th October, 1880.

“ MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—You should have had a second letter much sooner than this, but travelling has been incessant, and I have had so little sleep that I am glad to tumble into bed whenever I can. My old enemy—ague—came on rather severely, with constant sick headache and disgust at food, and I feel very far from well. At Norwich I saw a doctor who wished me to rest, but I said I should first try his medicine ; and for the first time since landing I feel clear about the head and free from fever.

“ We are here, Réveillaud and I, staying with Dr. Bacon, the Nestor of New England Congregationalism, a fine old man, seventy-nine years of age, but as lively and active as a boy, with a wonderful memory and keen intelligence. He is a well-known author and a religious poet. This is the city where Yale College stands, the oldest University, and wearing already a look of antiquity which is rarely met with in this new—and often *bran-new*—world. They gave us a reception in the chapel of the College on Saturday evening ; we met many distinguished men. Dr. Noah Porter, a well-known writer on mental science ; Professor Fisher, whose books on the Reformation and the beginnings of Christianity are exceedingly good. I met also Professor Weylland,

son of the Weylland whose book on 'Mental and Moral Science' was not so long ago used and approved in Scotland ; and I spoke last night with Réveillaud in Dr. Todd's church (he is a son of the well-known Dr. John Todd, the writer of books for children), a queer sort of man, with all sorts of machines in his house, telegraph, telephone, &c. To-day, I've been dining with Professor Whitney, the first of the few philologists whom America has produced. I found him a most interesting man ; he knows Aufrecht, under whom I studied in Edinburgh ; and so we fraternised. I got many questions answered ; he is a very learned man.

"The American churches are large and well attended. They have organs and, generally, a paid choir ; some of their sopranos and contraltos get immense salaries. One is paid, in Dr. Taylor's Tabernacle in New York, about £100 I think, and is driven at the church's expense to the church from her home every Sunday morning. The choir sing solos and quartettes, and, altogether, it is a kind of theatrical performance in a church,—which I *don't* like, however artistic and perfect may be the singing. The congregation join, however, in the common singing, though at other times they are content to be sung to. Yet many of the Congregational ministers are good men and faithful pastors. I attended the meeting of their Board for Foreign Missions at Lowell, and liked it better than the Philadelphia Council, where there was really too much disposition to joke and to exalt Presbyterianism. At Lowell, there was great earnestness and deep interest in the work of missions, and in the speeches an assertion of orthodoxy which was refreshing.

“We spent a Sunday in Providence ; it is a fine old town. On the Sunday afternoon we drove to Pawtucket, an Indian-named suburb, and there had a large congregation, and one meets generous and unbounded hospitality everywhere. I enjoyed much being at Norwich. The charm of these American ‘cities’ comes from the houses being so scattered, that when looked at from a height you do not see buildings crowded together, but white-painted houses surrounded with trees, and occupying double the space which any English town of the same size would fill. At Norwich, the lowlands and cliffs and forest were in a glory of autumn tints,—the maple was sometimes of a light-pale yellow colour, oftener as red as fire, and variegated with every shade between these two. The hill behind was a perfect mass of colour,—maples, and hickory, and feathery beeches, and white and black oak. When the sun set over the brow of the hill, which was covered with dark pines, I understood what I have often heard of the beauties of an American ‘Fall.’ I found a most exquisite gentian, with long petals fringed at the edge, and folding up in a spiral form in the evening. The sassafras was in abundance,—a scented plant, wrongly called scented fern, and another myrtle-looking bush from which bay-rhum is made; the berries yielded wax, of which the Jesuits who came to America long ago made candles for their altars, considering it a most wonderful providence that such a thing should be conveniently at hand !

“At a missionary meeting at Norwich, General Armstrong exhibited twenty or thirty Indian boys and girls whom he had received from savagery, and is educating to useful trades and Christianity. The *Jewish* faces of

some of them, especially the girls, struck me much. They repeated the 23rd Psalm in English, and then two of them spoke by the sign-language. I could see the drawing of a bow, and fitting the arrow to it, and the act of scalping. It seems that often this is the only mode of communication among the tribes, who do not understand each others' dialect. They can talk for hours in this fashion without uttering a syllable. The Roman Catholics build splendid churches, but the free atmosphere of the Republic is modifying the power of the priests to a considerable extent, which may well explain the statement of an Irish bishop, that he feared the emigration of the Irish most of all for his Church."

In December he thus writes :—

"We left New York after a week of tremendous work; here's an outline of it:—On Monday, the 13th December, we left Mr. Jessup's, where we had been dining, and started for Boston at 10.30. Arrived in the morning, wrote letters, lunched with Mr. Kimball, an old friend of Mrs. Lundie Duncan, went to see Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. Mr. Perkins took us to see the Boston Museum, which is a fine building, built partly in stone and coloured bricks; it is a sort of Byzantine stone; he is one of the directors, and was a capital guide. There is a very fine collection of Egyptian antiquities; one thing struck me very much, the 'robe of justification,' which the dead put on when they entered the judgment hall of truth. It was coarse, white linen. What is the origin of such an idea? Renouf, the Egyptologist, says that their first religion was monotheistic, quite against the modern theories of man's descent, or rather ascent, from a savage worshipping

a fetish. After dining with the Perkins', off to our meeting in Phillips Brooks' Chapel, then off to New York. We went to Philadelphia, returning on Saturday morning again by train, arriving about seven. . . . On Thursday to New York. Went to a clergyman's meeting—Presbyterian, and a select affair; they call it 'Chi Alpha.' It meets every Saturday at five in private houses. Most of the notable New York clergymen were there—Dr. Schaff, Dr. Shedd, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Taylor, and others. After translating for R., I addressed them on 'How we preach in Paris,' giving them an outline of Théodore Monod's address on 'Jésus laïque,' which was much appreciated. I see that our way of going to work has something fresh and new in it even for those enterprising Yankees. On Sunday we had three services—in the morning in the Church of the Covenant, Dr. Vincent's, where we got 700 dollars. Mr. W. E. Dodge, a well-known New York citizen, took us to his house to lunch. He is a good man,—a great deal of the quiet, refined English gentleman; a great temperance advocate. In the afternoon we crossed to Brooklyn, and spoke in Mr. Cuthbert Hall's church. Our M'All Mission has a flourishing Auxiliary in Mr. Cuthbert Hall's church, formed by Miss Beach; and I met all the 'M'All ladies,'—as we call them in Paris. In the evening I spoke alone in a Dr. Wilson's church: the very image he is of Théodore Monod, of Paris. R. had a large audience to speak to in the *French* Episcopal Church. The Episcopalians have given us a very warm welcome.

"We arrived in Washington on Monday morning. But it was a very unfavourable day for seeing the capi-

tal ; for hardly had we breakfasted with Dr. Childs when it began to snow, and snowed heavily all day, blinding everything and drifting everywhere. However, we went out first to see the White House. We had an introduction to the President ; but he was absent. I should have liked to see Mrs. Hayes, of whom every one speaks well. Garfield, the new President, who does not enter into office until March, is said to be a decided Christian.

“The White House is a very ordinary building. America has not yet got the style of royalty ; but I liked the ‘Blue Room.’ There was an unmistakable odour of tobacco-smoke, though I was told that smoking was prohibited. Perhaps it was the ghosts of former cigars, though the smell was only in the lobbies. These new State buildings are fine, and the architecture chaste and beautiful. The pillars all round at the entrance had capitals of the simplest but most exquisite design. I wish I could reproduce it, it struck me as so beautiful. Thereafter we went to the Capitol, and saw both the Senate and House of Representatives ; and in the first I heard their three best speakers. . . . They accentuate their words too much, even the smallest, and the result is a continual unchanging sound on one note at one pitch, with none of the easy flow, or climax, or melody in enunciation so necessary to oratory. It is because the French do not accent their words, but their sentences, that their language is so oratorical. Even when Réveillaud spoke by translation he was elegant. Every sentence was climactic, however small ; it rose as it went on to the end.

“The Americans in their Senate and House of Representatives would need to observe the canon ‘decently and in order,’ the page-boys sat on the edge of the president’s platform, indulging in fun and fights of their own, rushing about among the members, one of whom I saw whacking one of the boys on the back with a roll of journals, and behaving as if they were anywhere else than in the chief court of the nation! The members, too, whirled about in their revolving chairs, and rolled cigars in their mouths (not being allowed to light them), and kept clapping their hands to call the pages, which peculiar custom we uninitiated creatures thought to be perpetual applause.

“You’ll think me very critical, but I find such a mixture of all things in America, which is quite natural in a people who try everything, and seem to have money enough to do so.

“Washington is a city of ‘magnificent distances,’ as the Americans say, and I should have liked to stay longer in it, but after one or two meetings (one of the Ladies’ Association for our Mission) we started. I remained in my sleeping-car at Philadelphia till about seven, when I got up to find my way to Dr. Ott’s house. He is a Southerner and a good man. He was conducting family-worship and catechising his four or five boys about ‘Ole Saul,’ which epithet father and sons used with equal indifference. We had our meeting in Trinity Episcopal Church; it gave me an opportunity of getting the Episcopalians interested in our work. Then I lunched with Mrs. Mariné J. Chase, the president of the M’All Auxiliary. She stays with Dr. Lea, a well-known man in the scientific world, especially as a concho-

logist, a fine old man of eighty-nine years of age, a Quaker. There are many of them still in Philadelphia, wearing the dress and keeping up the same habits. I love that quiet Quaker city, although its people may be slow and not easily waked up. I should like to live there.

“Then I left for New York in time to dine at Professor Charlier’s, who has been our host all along and very kind. Then off to our farewell meeting held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. We had a strong support from the principal men in New York. Dr. Storrs made a most eloquent speech, and altogether it was a very good meeting. We have succeeded in exciting a good deal of interest in France, which will not die out, and something permanent will be done to send aid. We have made and left friends wherever we have been. Our secretary, Dr. Beard, has done all that could be done.”

A year later he thus writes :—

“GUILLESTRE, HAUTES-ALPES,
Wednesday, 14th September, 1881.

“MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—You will have got my card from Dormilhouse ; but I must send a fuller account of my sojourn in this Alpine department of France. It was on Friday last week when I left Clermont-Ferrand, at six o’clock in the morning. It is a much easier thing to go from Paris to Gap than from Clermont-Ferrand, as my route lay across country, so that I did not reach Gap till Saturday at eleven, having got to Lyons on Friday between two and three, and waiting there till eleven at night. I spent the intervening

hours with Mr. Simpson, the pastor of the English church. When I got to Grenoble, at half-past five in the morning, I had to change for Gap, but the early moving about was nothing to go through, for the route is magnificent and the air pure and bracing. It is a good height above the sea and above Lyons, at Gap, and the mountain chains that rise up to the higher Alpine summits in the Hautes-Alpes, are a sight never to be forgotten. I saw a bright sunrising over their grey, rocky flanks, lighting up a most beautiful and peaceful valley. It was all most enjoyable, except that I always find pleasure in this region, and specially in the districts far removed from busy teeming towns like Paris or Lyons, alloyed though it is with the painful thought that the Gospel is unknown, and that especially in this part of France, it has been quenched with the blood of many martyrs. I found Réveillaud and Pastor Schell waiting for me at Gap, once a Roman town, Vapincum,—a good philological example of the change of ‘V’ into G. We dined—a very good dinner—at the Hôtel de la Poste, and soon after we set off in the diligence for St. Laurent, one of the parishes of Felix Neft’s diocese; we had met an old pupil of Neff in Gap, and he was to tell the pastor of our coming. It rained very heavily, and we were on the *impériale*; yet the heavy covering—‘bâche’—which they stretch over the roof, raised like a tent, kept us from being wet; the driver, who turned out to be a Protestant, covered our knees with his great coat, and thus equipped we crossed the ‘Col’ or neck of the ridge of mountains which lay between Gap and St. Laurent. They put us down at an ‘oratoire,’ after a long drive,

that is a sort of broad pillar, with a recess in it, and a grating over it containing a saint; the Catholics place these oratoires and often crosses besides, all over this country, wherever there are Protestants especially. A little further on we found one of these crosses, a cock on the top, a head of the Christ in the centre crowned with thorns, a sword, hammer, ladder, rod with sponge, nails, &c., all over the wood, planted in 1859. They tried to plant one at Dormilhouse,—a wholly Protestant village, in 1864; the bishop went up with a procession to do the thing solemnly; the pastor gathered the entire population into the church, which was once a Roman Catholic church (the fount for the ‘eau bénite’ is still shown), and placing himself against the door talked to them till the bishop had finished his work. The people obeyed him, but they were so enraged that it is a question if the bishop’s life would have been safe. The pastor entreated them also not to touch the cross, but that night it was taken away,—no one ever knew how, or by whom, and the pieces of it were never found. So much for the missionary zeal of the Catholics. We reached St. Laurent soon after, and were met by Pastor Charpiot, a most venerable old man, who welcomed us very warmly, and gave us dinner; he is seventy-five years of age, and is there only until his son, who is nominated to the charge, comes to replace him. But we were very tired, and soon went to bed to sleep soundly till morning, when the good man appeared again, bringing me a bit of soap and a mirror not one-third the size of this page. We went to church at ten o’clock, in the schoolroom, as a new “temple” is being built; the room was full and the

lobby also. I shall never forget that service, the attentive devout congregation, the plaintive singing of the old Huguenot psalms and hymns: had it not been for the language, and to a very limited extent the dress, I could have imagined myself in a Scotch church at Yarrow, or in the Highlands. Réveillaud spoke, and I also addressed them, telling them of our persecutions and our Church. Many of them came to us at the end to shake hands,—grave, dignified, intelligent, and determined men. What France has lost in driving out thousands like these, no one can tell. One of them drove us back to Gap, at least, so far as the summit of the ridge, for Réveillaud had a meeting at Gap that evening. We walked the rest of the road, talking on all subjects, and specially on Roman Catholicism, which Réveillaud analysed and commented on as only a converted Catholic could do. As we went to our hotel we saw a French ‘charletan,’ haranguing a crowd on the merits of his panacea from his gilded carriage, a clever rascal, and as impudent as clever: but both Réveillaud and I agreed that if some evangelists would only put half the energy and determination of this scamp into their addresses, their work would be more fruitful and more joyful.

“We had a queer meeting in the evening in the Café du Cerale; the men and women were round the table, smoking and drinking; however, they stopped while Réveillaud spoke and told them truths they had never heard before, with a vigour and eloquence, in classic French, all extempore, leaning on the back of a chair, such as they had certainly never heard from ‘curé’ or ‘conférencier.’ Gap is a *clerical* town, and even those who

hate the priests are afraid to do anything. They were caught that night, and forced to listen, whether they would or not.

“We left Gap that same evening, or rather Monday morning, at half-past twelve o’clock, and journeyed all night in the diligence, which had a coupé, an intérieur, and a rotonde; we were in the intérieur, and slept part of the way, but that was not very easy, and I awoke every now and then to call Réveillaud’s attention to some magnificent views in the clear moonlight,—often of a small village nestling among trees at the foot of a great mountain, a wild rocky torrent running along our course all the way, on which the moon shone, darting in streaks of light across the current, or resting on the dark deep pools. It was light very early, and we had a magnificent drive in the lumbering diligence until we got to La Roche, where we got out, as we were going to the Val de Fressinières; but first of all we had breakfast, melon, omelette, squirrel, and mutton chops, cooked in a dirty inn, but very good for hungry travellers; I forgot to add that M. Réveillaud made me eat saucisson d’âne, and said that our interior was becoming a Noah’s ark, when we got to the squirrel, which was very good and like rabbit.—Here I began this letter, and lo, it must be finished in Italy.

“Our ascent to the Valley of Fressinières was very pleasant; it was a bright afternoon, there are few parts of Switzerland finer than these valleys of the Hautes Alpes, so seldom visited. I did not wonder that the French Vaudois chose this valley for their refuge. Coming up the valley of the Durance from Gap, none

would ever imagine that a wide fertile valley lay behind the mountain, any more than when in Fressinières one would imagine that there was also the Valley of Dormilhouse. We soon found our way to Pallons, where the minister, M. Brunel, stays, though his church is at Les Violins, a little distance further on. He has a 'Salle de culte' at Pallons, and a church at Dormilhouse, and in winter the distances are not only difficult, but dangerous, so that his pastorate is one of self-denial. I had a letter from Mr. Lundie, and Réveillaud's name was enough; besides, M. Dardier of Geneva had preceded us and announced our arrival. So we had a cordial welcome. He was alone (M. Brunel); his wife, and children being away in the north of France. The pastors are not at all what we would call well off, but a committee at Lyons and English friends have done something for them, and altogether their position is much better than it was in Felix Neff's time. He died at his post, of hardships endured in his too extensive diocese. M. Brunel's *presbytère* is large and beautifully situated, looking towards the range of Alps towards Embrun. He has a large garden in which apples, pears, and plums grow in great abundance, and even melons, and cucumbers, and grapes. In this way they eke out their living, and that, even when they are poor, is not difficult. He has got a cow, and can get a mule from his parishioners, but that is one side of the picture only. I must give you the other in another letter. It is better this should go to you unfinished, as it is, than that I should delay any longer. We stay here, La Tour or Torre Pellici, till Monday morning, when we go to Turin, and then to Briançon, on

our way to Clermont-Ferrand and Paris respectively. Réveillaud is asleep, and I got none last night, having had to fight a useless battle with an unseen enemy. My love to all of you—of whom I often think in these my journeyings. *Deus noster nos custodivit ; benedicatur nomen ejus.*—Your ever loving son,

“GEORGE THEOS. DODDS.”

ERRATUM.

At page 258, the Latin quotation should run thus :—

“Hîc cestus artemque repono.”

DATE DUE

AUG 2 1995

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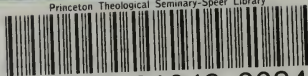
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